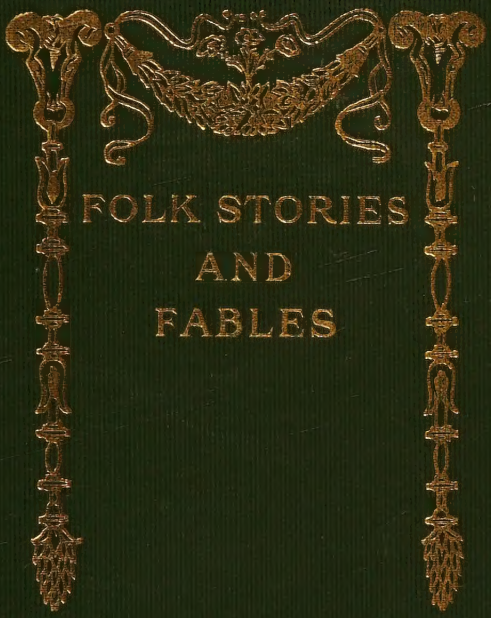

FOLK STORIES
AND
FABLES

$1.00

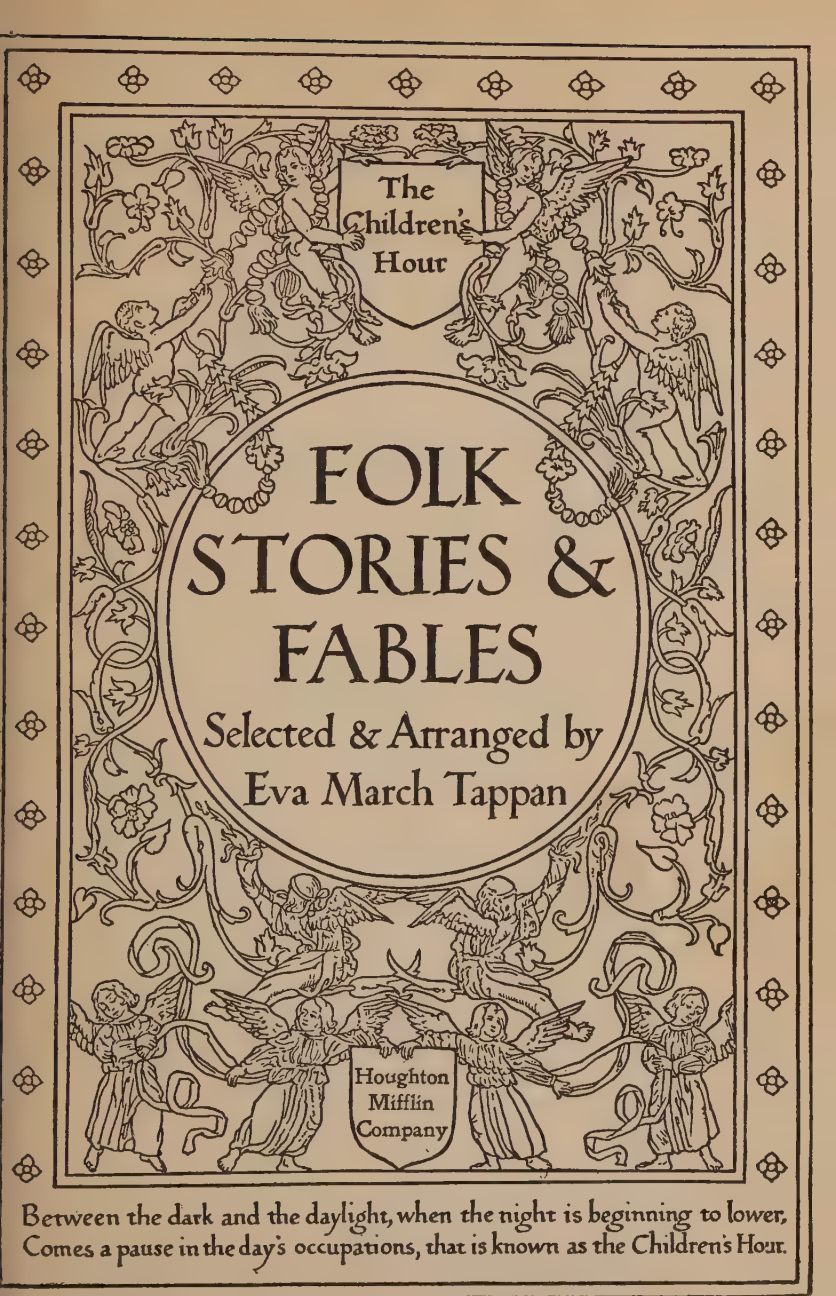
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN TEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine, (page xxiv)



Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE MOTHERS AND FATHERS

I SUPPOSE that the reason why all children like to read either through their own eyes or through the eyes of others, is simply a healthy desire to know about the marvelous world in which they find themselves. The traveler is intensely interested in a new country with its strange peoples and customs; but his interest is feeble indeed when compared with the utter absorption of a child in a favorite book.

A child's natural taste is extremely catholic and also extremely critical. He is interested in anything, if only the subject is laid before him in such wise as to arouse his interest. A girl of twelve once told me that she "could n't bear poetry." I read her "The Forsaken Merman" and asked if she did not like that. "Of course I do," she declared with emphasis, and added with appreciation as sincere as her expression of it was ambiguous, "But that's not poetry; *that 's good.*" It had chanced that the poetry put into her hands had not been of a nature to win her interest; that was all.

But catholic as is the taste of a child in subjects, he is exceedingly critical of the manner of treatment. The story is the literary form that especially appeals to him; and it is hardly too much to claim that any

subject, treated in narrative fashion with beginning, middle, and end, and in any degree adapted to his understanding, will meet with appreciation. The power of the story, then, is almost unbounded; and there would be far less responsibility, far less need of care and of thought in selecting essays or histories or biographies for grown folk than stories for children.

Upon what basis, then, do we choose a child's story, a story of a real person, for instance, a biography? It must be truthful and accurate, of course, and it must be well written. I believe that no one appreciates a good sentence more keenly than a child. He cannot give learned reasons for the faith that is in him, but he knows that one form of words gives him pleasure and that another does not. Let him have the best. There is nothing like being so accustomed to the best that we instinctively cast away the second-rate. Besides all this, the biography must be of such nature that it will bring the hero and the child together; it must show the child that the hero is "only a boy grown tall." There is an anecdote of General Frémont that when he was elected senator, he slipped away from the circle of enthusiastic friends and set off in darkness and storm on a wild gallop of one hundred and forty miles to inform his wife of his election. Any boy who has ever hurried home to "tell mother" of some small honor of the school or the playground that has fallen to his lot will be interested in a story like this and will ever afterwards feel that he and the great pathfinder have something in common.

A child needs to know biography that he may re-

spect and imitate. There is little in this world that is more deserving of tender, reverential touch than a child's first hero-worship. He demands pictures in the boldest outline, however. His heroes must be men who have achieved something tangible, who have encountered adventures and surmounted obstacles. "Dickon Daredevil, the Ruffian of the Rockies," may set him longing for revolvers and bowie knives, may fill his brain with images of robbers and caves, of tightly bound captives, of midnight hold-ups, and the like; but no story of an adventure that came along in the course of a man's duty or had a worthy object ever harmed a boy or led him into wild attempt at foolish imitations. How a fireman fights a fire, how a hero met the threatenings of an angry mob, how a pilot shoots the rapids, how a naturalist escaped from the attacks of some furious alligators,—such stories as these fairly throb with excitement; but it is a clean, healthy excitement with plenty of oxygen in it, with revelations of quick thought and resource that will flash back into the boy's mind when his own time of peril and need has arrived.

There are heroes of legends, and of legends so old and so well narrated that we call them classics. These, too, are full of power and also of tenderness. The Cid dashed down upon his enemies like a very whirlwind of flame; but when the leper in the quagmire cried aloud for help, the savage warrior stretched forth his hand in aid; and like the brave and gentle hero of one of those stories that are counted among us as holy, he "set him on his own beast, and brought him

to an inn, and took care of him." Beowulf wrestled with the monster under the sea, but it was to win safety for the aged Hrothgar and his men. He fought with the fire-breathing dragon, but it was to gain treasures for his followers, not for himself. There are sound lessons of faithfulness and patriotism in the old tales. Æneas does all that a man can do to save his country; then, raising his feeble old father to his shoulder, he seeks the mountains, and later sets out with unfaltering courage to found a second Troy in a distant and unknown country. Here, too, is the stirring tale of Cincinnatus, the "minute-man" of Roman days; of that Marcus Curtius who saved Rome by springing into the chasm which threatened to engulf the city; of Horatius and those other two who held the bridge so resolutely that again the city was rescued from destruction.

Such tales as these are historic or semi-historic; but children need more than a knowledge of facts, no matter how thrillingly they may be told or what moral or patriotic significance may in them lie. Fancy, imagination, ability to see that which is invisible, must be cultivated. Nothing else plays so important a part in every-day life as the imagination. The civil engineer must build the bridge in his mind before he attempts to form any structure of wood or of stone; the sculptor must see the image in the marble, or all his wielding of the mallet will be in vain; nothing will be revealed by the chisel that has not already been formed within his own mind. The inventor must dream and fancy and wonder before he can make the first begin-

nings of his invention. Science especially owes its very existence to the imagination. Every law is at first a vague, shadowy possibility abiding in the mind of the scientist. Each new fact either blurs its outlines or strengthens them. It is said that when Agassiz started for the South to make his study of the structure of the Florida reefs, he carried Shakespeare's "Tempest" with him that his imagination might be aroused and stimulated to suggest all possible theories of their formation. Even in so simple a work as translating from one language to another, he is most likely to catch the real spirit of the author who can forget himself and his own thought and let his imagination be so in accord with the author that it will glide in advance of the printed word and whisper hints and suggestions of what is to come. "I love to lose myself in other men's minds," said Charles Lamb. It is good to be able to slip away from petty annoyances and monotonous repetitions and find a joy and delight in the golden land of fancy. It is one thing to read; it is quite a different thing to become absorbed in what one is reading. This is a function of the imagination which may brighten and sweeten the life of every day. It is a power that is well worth cultivating; and for children the simplest, most natural method of cultivation is by reading the myths and folk-stories and fables that belonged to the childhood of the world and are the rightful heritage of every child that is born into the world. "I do not see how thee can deliberately sit down and read a story that thee knows is not true," declared a genial but much perplexed critic; but these old tales are in

their essence as true as the truth itself. Even to the child the fascination with which they glow is two-fold, — that of the story and that of the meaning which underlies the story and shines through it here and there in gleams and flashes. The road from "the boy with the mud pony" to "the ugly duckling," and thence to tales of mighty Thor and mischief-loving Loki, or to the more polished stories of the Greek and Roman mythology, is a long and winding way. Every turn reveals new delights and affords glimpses of new pleasures. That literature is full of allusions to these exquisite fancies, that sculptors and painters and poets have delighted in choosing them for subjects, are utilitarian reasons for becoming acquainted with them, — a knowledge of myths and folk-lore explains and enriches all one's future reading, — but more than that, it enriches the mind and the fancy with beautiful pictures and poetic imaginings. And if one would demand also a moral reason for knowing them well, with the familiarity which comes only from many childish perusals, it is found in the stern justice that lies behind all the charming fancies. Arachne ventures to claim equality with a goddess and is punished for her audacity by a terrible fate; Psyche must journey over lonely mountains and through gloomy valleys, and perform many a heavy task in penalty for her doubt and curiosity before she is again permitted to dwell with Cupid. Pandora opens the forbidden box, and hosts of Troubles swarm around her.

To cultivate the imagination, to fill the mind of the child with beautiful fancies and with the conviction

of justice, is, then, the mission of myths and folk-lore stories to the children. This is much to require of a simple tale, but there is only one species of composition that can bestow more of mingled pleasure and profit, and that is the poem. In the very nature of the poem, however, it is more difficult for the child than prose. Its wording is almost always more or less unlike that of his every-day speech, and even of the best prose that he reads. The old familiar order of the words is often changed. This is where the children need the interpreter. Remember that a poem was never meant to appeal to the eye, but to the ear; that only one who has long read and long loved poetry can hope to find in the printed page anything approaching the same enjoyment that would come from reading it aloud. If you would have the boys and girls love poetry, read it to them. "Lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy voice." Thus it is that children gain not only the pleasure of poetic thought and phrase, but also that marvelous overtone of enjoyment, as real as unexplainable, which comes from harmony and rhythm, from the right sound in the right place. "There is no academy on earth equal to a mother's reading to her child," said Horace E. Scudder. It is especially the things that cannot be taught which are learned in this academy, such as this same love of harmony and rhythm. Little children are often very sensitive to this pleasure. Many a grown person can recall the delight that he felt as a child in saying over and over again musical words or phrases that had chanced to strike his fancy. "Thanatopsis," "The

Spacious Firmament on High," and many a passage of Milton or Shakespeare which are in thought far beyond the understanding of ordinary children, charm their ears by the glorious sweep of the rhythm. It gives them a present delight, and also a musical touchstone that will greatly aid in making cheap rhymes distasteful to them in all the years that are to come. Such is the power of a line of verse over a child. There lies the necessity of choosing the best. Walter Crane says that the impression made upon children by first books and first pictures is well-nigh ineffaceable; and it is by this first impression that their later reading will be tested and judged.

It is with thoughts like these in mind that the following selections have been made, of biography, adventure, legend, myth, and poetry. The fine old favorites, "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," and the like are not forgotten, even among the press of modern stories; and a corner has been saved for the old-fashioned tales and poems that have pleased the last two or three generations. The selection has been made carefully and critically; and yet of greater authority than all the theories, all the formal canons of literary and pedagogical wisdom, are the memories of what stories and poems were dearest to my own childhood. To recall when and where I entered into the world of marvel and delight that lay between the covers of each, to think of the many children who have felt the same pleasure in these beloved little volumes, and then to lay the books happily side by side, has been a rare

enjoyment. The work has been a gladsome little journey back into the happy land of childhood; and when I recall it in days to come, it will not seem work, but will take its name from the collection itself, and be to me "a pause in the day's occupations that is known as The Children's Hour."

Eva March Tappan.

The Children's Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape, they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine.
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed bandit!
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,

But put you down into the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

Henry W. Longfellow

TO THE CHILDREN

THIS book is full from cover to cover of fables and folk-stories. A fable is a short story, generally about animals or things that are spoken of as thinking and talking much like people. That is what you see in a fable the first time you read it. If you read it a second time and think about it and dream about it a little, then you see that it is more than an ordinary short story, that it has a deeper meaning. For instance, there is a fable about a fox that tried hard to get some grapes. He could not reach them, so he went off saying, "They 're sour. I don't want them." When you think of this a little, you see that the fox is like some people. When they cannot get what they want, they say, "I don't care. I don't want it," though all the time they do want it very much.

The greater part of the fables in this book are said to have been composed by a slave named Æsop, who is thought to have lived about twenty-five hundred years ago. All sorts of stories are told of him. One is that he and two other slaves were brought into the market to be sold.

"What can you do?" one Xanthus asked, who was buying slaves.

The other two boasted so much of what they could do that Æsop had no chance to speak. When at last they were silent, Xanthus asked him the same question.

"Nothing," he replied cheerfully. "The others do everything, and there's nothing left for me to do."

"Will you be good and honest if I buy you?"

"I will whether you buy me or not," declared Æsop.

"Won't you run away?"

"Did you ever hear of a bird in a cage that told his master he meant to escape?"

Xanthus bought him. It was not long before the master was in need of all his slave's wisdom. He learned one morning that the night before, when he had drunk too much wine, he had wagered his house and lands that he would drink the ocean dry. "What shall I do?" he asked his sharp-witted slave. Æsop told him, and he promised to follow his advice.

The next morning a great crowd stood on the shore to see what Xanthus would do. His agreement to drink the ocean was drawn up and read aloud. He filled a cup with salt water and held it to his lips. Then he stopped suddenly and said, "But there is one thing that must come first. I said I would drink the ocean dry, but I will not drink the rivers and creeks that flow into it. Stop those up and I will do my part." The house and lands were saved, and I hope that the slave had a generous reward.

Folk-stories are the stories that children hear from their mothers, that the mothers heard from the grandmothers, that the grandmothers heard from the great-grandmothers, and so on, no one knows how far back; and no one knows who composed them in the first place. Some of the stories in this book come from America, some from India, some from Scandinavia, and some

from Germany and elsewhere. Those from Germany were collected by two brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. They were very learned men; they wrote a grammar and a dictionary and many other wise books. But they were more than learned; they were gentle, kindly people. They liked flowers. Wilhelm cared most for primroses, and Jakob for heliotropes; but they always liked to have flowers of some sort on their writing tables. Then, too, they liked to have pictures of their friends, and the little gifts that had been sent them by those whom they loved; and sometimes among all these mementos the profound manuscripts had a hard time to find a place.

These two brothers liked to tell stories. They were also good listeners, and people who remembered any old tales were always ready to relate them to such hearers. They carried paper and pens and ink about with them, so they might be ready to write at any moment. Whenever a story is marked "Grimm" we may think of these two kindly men sitting in a little cottage in Germany, the home of some woman who knew the old stories that had been handed down from mothers to children for many centuries. The inkhorns of the brothers hang by their sides, and they write with their quill pens as fast as ever they can, looking up once in a while at some bit of the story that they particularly like. I do not believe the children neglected such a chance as that. I am sure that, even if they were not allowed to crowd into the cottage, they peered in at the door and the windows and had just as good a time as if all the story-telling was meant for them and the two

learned men were at home writing grammars and dictionaries.

The way that the stories from Norway and Sweden came to us is a story in itself. It begins, "Once upon a time there were two little boys who went to school together. Their names were Peter Christen Asbjörnsen and Jörgen Moe." These boys had no idea that one of them would become a learned naturalist and the other a bishop. They helped their fathers at home, they studied their lessons, and very likely grumbled a little when the lessons were hard. They had good times with the other boys, but they were never quite so happy as when they could persuade some one to tell them stories. As the two friends grew older, they made long walking tours far into the country. They stayed in the peasants' cottages, they went to bridal feasts and christening feasts, they talked with boatmen and wanderers of all sorts; and before good-by had been said, they had usually succeeded in hearing a new-old story. In almost every little village there was some old man or woman who could remember the ancient legends. These people, too, were persuaded to relate their stories. Generally they did not need much urging, for they were proud to find that the two young men from the city listened to them as eagerly as did the peasants. Fortunately for us, the young men did more than listen. When the story was done, they slipped away to some quiet place and wrote it. By and by they ventured to publish a little book of these stories. The people who read it were somewhat surprised at first, for it was not written in long, polished

sentences which seemed as if great pains had been taken with them by the author, but in every-day language, so simple and natural that when we read them we can almost fancy that we are listening to the story-tellers of some tiny village hidden away in the deep valleys of the Scandinavian mountains.

Asbjörnsen published several other volumes, and it was not long before people found out that these stories made very delightful reading; and now when you ask at a public library for a collection of them, you will generally find that the book is not one of the trim, elegant, fresh-looking volumes, that make a shelf look so well. It is almost sure to be a little lopsided and pretty well worn; and that is positive proof that it is a great favorite.

Most of the stories from Denmark were written by Hans Christian Andersen. Some of them he wrote as he remembered hearing them, others he made up. The first that we know of him, he was a little boy with long, bright golden hair. "He is to be a tailor," said his mother; but he wanted to be an actor, and he built a tiny theatre in which he acted plays with dolls that he made and dressed himself.

There were three times in his boyhood when he was very happy. One was when he walked up the aisle of the church, hearing the beautiful squeaking of his new boots at every step. The second was when he acted in a real play and had his name printed on a real programme. He carried the programme to bed with him and put it under his pillow, and now and then he touched it to hear it rustle. The third time was when he was

out among the beech trees one spring morning. The sun shone through the young leaves, the birds sang, the breeze blew softly against his face; and he was so happy that he threw his arms around a tall beech tree and kissed it.

His father had died and he was very poor; but there was always some one ready to help him, for whoever met him loved him. By and by he wrote tales for grown folk, then he wrote stories for children. The grown folk, however, would not let the children have them all to themselves. "The Constant Tin Soldier," "The Ugly Duckling," and many others were recited to audiences of grown-ups by actors on the stage of the Royal Theatre. The great sculptor Thorwaldsen used to ask the author, "Shall we little ones hear any tales to-night?" One of the many pleasant stories told of him is that one day some children were reading one of his books when suddenly he appeared. He sat down in the centre of the group and began, "Once upon a time." He told them a good long story; then he said "Good-by," and in a moment he was gone, while the children stared at one another and wondered whether they had only dreamed that he had been there. They must have been glad — and we may be glad, too — that his books did not vanish with him.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITES

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature ever seen. Her mother was very fond of her, and her grandmother doted on her even more. This good old woman had made for her a little red riding-hood, which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard and a little pot of butter." Little Red Riding-Hood set out at once to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood she met Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but durst not because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest.

He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mother."

"Does she live far off?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes," said Little Red Riding-Hood; "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf; "and I will go and see her too. I will go this way, and go you that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice, "who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent you by my mamma."

The good grandmother, who was in bed because she was ill, cried out: —

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and in jumped the wolf, who fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, as he had not tasted food for three days. He then shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time after, and knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid, but believing her grandmother had a cold, and was hoarse, answered: —

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,

who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter which mamma sends you."

The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down by me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and got into bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her: —

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon poor little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

THE THREE BEARS

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

IN a far-off country there was once a little girl who was called Silver-hair, because her curly hair shone brightly. She was a sad romp, and so restless that she could not be kept quiet at home, but must needs run out and away, without leave.

One day she started off into a wood to gather wild flowers, and into the fields to chase butterflies. She ran here and she ran there, and went so far, at last, that she found herself in a lonely place, where she saw a snug little house, in which three bears lived; but they were not then at home.

The door was ajar, and Silver-hair pushed it open and found the place to be quite empty, so she made up her mind to go in boldly, and look all about the place, little thinking what sort of people lived there.

Now the three bears had gone out to walk a little before this. They were the Big Bear, and the Middle-sized Bear, and the Little Bear; but they had left their porridge on the table to cool. So when Silver-hair came into the kitchen, she saw the three bowls of porridge. She tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too cold; then she tasted the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and found it too hot; then she

tasted the smallest bowl, which belonged to the Little Bear, and it was just right, and she ate it all.

She went into the parlor, and there were three chairs. She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too high; then she tried the middle-sized chair, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and she found it too broad; then she tried the little chair, which belonged to the Little Bear, and found it just right, but she sat in it so hard that she broke it.

Now Silver-hair was by this time very tired, and she went upstairs to the chamber, and there she found three beds. She tried the largest bed, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too soft; then she tried the middle-sized bed, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and she found it too hard; then she tried the smallest bed, which belonged to the Little Bear, and found it just right, so she lay down upon it, and fell fast asleep.

While Silver-hair was lying fast asleep, the three bears came home from their walk. They came into the kitchen, to get their porridge, but when the Big Bear went to his, he growled out, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!"

and the Middle-sized Bear looked into his bowl, and said, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!"

and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has tasted my porridge and eaten it all up!*"

Then they went into the parlor, and the Big Bear growled, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

and the Middle-sized Bear said, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it all to pieces!*"

So they went upstairs into the chamber, and the Big Bear growled, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!"

and the Middle-sized Bear said, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!"

and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has been tumbling my bed, and here she is!*"

At that, Silver-hair woke in a fright, and jumped out of the window and ran away as fast as her legs could carry her, and never went near the Three Bears' snug little house again.

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead; the second, Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people; and the youngest, Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes, one of them being also in the middle of the forehead. But because Little Two Eyes looked no different from other people her sisters and mother could not bear her. They said, "You with your two eyes are no better than anybody else; you do not belong to us." They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and food which was left over from their own meals; in short, they vexed her whenever they could.

It happened that Little Two Eyes had to go out into the fields to look after the goat; but she was still quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. She sat down on a hillock and began to cry, and cried so much that a little stream ran down out of each eye. And as she looked up once in her sorrow a woman stood near her, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

Little Two Eyes answered, "Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother cannot bear me; they push me out of one corner into the other, give me shabby clothes, and nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry."

The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you something which will keep you from ever being hungry more. Only say to your goat, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise!' and a neatly laid table will stand before you with the most delicious food on it, so that you can eat as much as you like. And when you are satisfied and do not want the table any more, only say, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away!' and it will all disappear before your eyes." Then the wise woman went out of sight.

Little Two Eyes thought, "I must try directly if it be true what she has said, for I am much too hungry to wait." So she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise!" and scarcely had she uttered the words, when there stood before her a little table, covered with a white cloth, on which were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The most delicious food was there also, and smoking hot, as if just come from the kitchen. Then Little Two Eyes said the shortest grace that she knew, "Lord God, be our Guest at all times, Amen," began to eat, and found it very good. And when she had had enough, she said as the wise woman had taught her, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away!" In an instant the little table, and all that stood on it, had disappeared again. "That is a beautiful, easy way

of housekeeping," thought Little Two Eyes, and was quite happy and merry.

In the evening, when she came home with her goat, she found a little earthen dish with food, which her sisters had put aside for her, but she did not touch anything — she had no need. On the next day she went out again with her goat, and let the few crusts that were given her remain uneaten. The first time and the second time the sisters took no notice; but when the same thing happened every day, they remarked it, and said, "All is not right with Little Two Eyes; she always leaves her food, and she used formerly to eat everything that was given her; she must have found other ways of dining."

In order to discover the truth, they resolved that Little One Eye should go with Little Two Eyes when she drove the goat into the meadow, and see what she did there, and if anybody brought her anything to eat and drink. So when Little Two Eyes set out again, Little One Eye came to her and said, "I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture."

But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, saying, "Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down; I will sing you something." Little One Eye sat down, being tired from the unusual walk and from the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes kept on singing, "Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye?" Then Little One Eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep. And when Little Two Eyes saw that Little One Eye

was fast asleep, and could not betray anything, she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise!" and seated herself at her table, and ate and drank till she was satisfied; then she called out again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away!" and instantly everything disappeared.

Little Two Eyes now woke Little One Eye, and said, "Little One Eye, you pretend to watch, and fall asleep over it, and in the mean time the goat could have run all over the world; come, we will go home." Then they went home, and Little Two Eyes let her little dish again stand untouched; and Little One Eye, who could not tell the mother why her sister would not eat, said as an excuse, "Oh, I fell asleep out there."

The next day the mother said to Little Three Eyes, "This time you shall go and see if Little Two Eyes eats out of doors, and if any one brings her food and drink, for she must eat and drink secretly."

Then Little Three Eyes went to Little Two Eyes, and said, "I will go with you and see if the goat be taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, and said as before, "We will sit down here, Little Three Eyes; I will sing you something." Little Three Eyes seated herself, being tired from the walk and the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes began the same song again, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?" But instead of singing then as she should, "Are you asleep, Little *Three* Eyes?" she sang through carelessness, "Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" and

went on singing, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" So the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep, but the third did not go to sleep, because it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe to go to sleep, but only through slyness; for she winked with it, and could see everything quite well. And when Little Two Eyes thought that Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said her little sentence, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise!" ate and drank heartily, and then told the little table to go away again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away!" But Little Three Eyes had seen everything.

Then Little Two Eyes came to her, woke her, and said, "Ah! Little Three Eyes, have you been asleep? you keep watch well! come, we will go home." And when they got home, Little Two Eyes again did not eat, and Little Three Eyes said to the mother, "I know why the proud thing does not eat: when she says to the goat out there, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise!' there stands a table before her, which is covered with the very best food, much better than we have here; and when she is satisfied, she says, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away!' and everything is gone again; I have seen it all exactly. She put two of my eyes to sleep with her little verse, but the one in my forehead luckily remained awake."

Then the envious mother cried out, "Shall she be better off than we are?" fetched a butcher's knife, and stuck it into the goat's heart, so that it fell down dead.

When Little Two Eyes saw that, she went out full

of grief, seated herself on a hillock, and wept bitter tears. All at once the wise woman stood near her again, and said, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

"Shall I not cry?" answered she. "The goat who every day, when I said your little verse, laid the table so beautifully, has been killed by my mother; now I must suffer hunger and thirst again."

The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, I will give you some good advice; beg your sisters to give you the heart of the murdered goat, and bury it in the ground before the house door, and it will turn out lucky for you." Then she disappeared, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, give me some part of my goat; I don't ask for anything good, only give me the heart."

Then they laughed, and said, "You can have that, if you do not want anything else." Little Two Eyes took the heart, and buried it quietly in the evening before the house door, after the advice of the wise woman.

Next morning, when the sisters woke, and went to the house door together, there stood a most wonderfully splendid tree, with leaves of silver and fruit of gold hanging between them. Nothing more beautiful or charming could be seen in the wide world. But they did not know how the tree had come there in the night. Little Two Eyes alone noticed that it had grown out of the heart of the goat, for it stood just where she had buried it in the ground.

Then the mother said to Little One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather us some fruit from the tree."

Little One Eye climbed up, but when she wanted

to seize a golden apple, the branch sprang out of her hand; this happened every time, so that she could not gather a single apple, though she tried as hard as she could.

Then the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, do you climb up; you can see better about you with your three eyes than Little One Eye can."

Little One Eye scrambled down, and Little Three Eyes climbed up. But Little Three Eyes was no cleverer, and might look about her as much as she liked — the golden apples always sprang back from her grasp. At last the mother became impatient, and climbed up herself, but could touch the fruit just as little as Little One Eye or Little Three Eyes; she always grasped the empty air.

Then Little Two Eyes said, "I will go up myself; perhaps I shall prosper better."

"You!" cried the sisters. "With your two eyes, what can you do?"

But Little Two Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not spring away from her, but dropped of themselves into her hand, so that she could gather one after the other, and brought down a whole apron full. Her mother took them from her, and instead of her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, behaving better to poor Little Two Eyes for it, they were only envious because she alone could get the fruit, and behaved still more cruelly to her.

It happened, as they stood together by the tree, one day, that a young knight came riding by on a fine horse.

"Quick! Little Two Eyes," cried the two sisters, "creep under, so that we may not be ashamed of you!" and threw over poor Little Two Eyes, in a great hurry, an empty cask that stood just by the tree, and pushed also beside her the golden apples which she had broken off.

Now as the knight came nearer, he proved to be a handsome prince, who stood still, admired the beautiful tree of gold and silver, and said to the two sisters,—

"To whom does this beautiful tree belong? She who gives me a branch of it shall have whatever she wishes."

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. Both gave themselves a great deal of trouble, but it was of no use, for the branches and fruit sprang back from them every time. Then the knight said, —

"It is very wonderful that the tree belongs to you, and yet you have not the power of gathering anything from it."

They insisted, however, that the tree was their own property. But as they spoke, Little Two Eyes rolled a few golden apples from under the cask, so that they ran to the feet of the knight; for Little Two Eyes was angry that Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes did not tell the truth.

When the knight saw the apples, he was astonished and asked where they came from. Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that they had another sister, who might not, however, show herself,

because she had only two eyes, like other common people. But the knight desired to see her, and called out, "Little Two Eyes, come out!" Then Little Two Eyes came out of the cask quite comforted, and the knight was astonished at her great beauty, and said,—

"You, Little Two Eyes, can certainly gather me a branch from the tree."

"Yes," answered Little Two Eyes, "I can do that, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up and easily broke off a branch, with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight.

Then the knight said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Oh," answered Little Two Eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from early morning till late evening; if you would take me with you and free me, I should be happy."

Then the knight lifted Little Two Eyes upon his horse, and took her home to his father's castle; there he gave her beautiful clothes, food, and drink, as much as she wanted, and because he loved her so much he married her, and the marriage was celebrated with great joy.

Now, when Little Two Eyes was taken away by the handsome knight, the two sisters envied her very much her happiness. "The wonderful tree remains for us, though," thought they; "and even though we cannot gather any fruit off it, every one will stand still before it, come to us, and praise it." But the next morning the tree had disappeared, and all their hopes with it.

Little Two Eyes lived happily a long time. Once

two poor women came to her at the castle, and begged alms. Then Little Two Eyes looked in their faces, and recognized her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about, and seek their bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes, however, bade them welcome, and was very good to them, and took care of them; for they both repented from their hearts the evil they had done to their sister in their youth.

HENNY-PENNY

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

ONE day Henny-penny was picking up corn in the corn-yard when — whack! something hit her upon the head. "Goodness gracious me!" said Henny-penny; "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king."

So she went along, and she went along, and she went along till she met Cocky-locky. "Where are you going, Henny-penny?" says Cocky-locky. "Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-penny. "May I come with you?" says Cocky-locky. "Certainly," says Henny-penny. So Henny-penny and Cocky-locky went to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky-daddles. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky?" says Ducky-daddles. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. "May I come with you?" says Ducky-daddles. "Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey-poosey. "Where are

you going to, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles?" said Goosey-poosey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles. "May I come with you?" said Goosey-poosey. "Certainly," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, and Ducky-daddles. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey-lurkey. "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. "May I come with you, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" said Turkey-lurkey. "Oh, certainly, Turkey-lurkey," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy-woxy, and Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey, "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey?" And Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey said to Foxy-woxy, "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling." "Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny-penny, Cocky-

locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey," says Foxy-woxy; "I know the proper way; shall I show it you?" "Oh, certainly, Foxy-woxy," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, Turkey-lurkey, and Foxy-woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling. So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy-woxy's cave, but Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey, "This is the short way to the king's palace: you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey." "Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey.

So Foxy-woxy went into his cave, and he did n't go very far, but turned round to wait for Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So at last at first Turkey-lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He had n't got far when "Hrumph!" Foxy-woxy snapped off Turkey-lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey-poosey went in, and "Hrumph!" off went her head and Goosey-poosey was thrown beside Turkey-lurkey. Then Ducky-daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph!" snapped Foxy-woxy, and Ducky-daddles' head was off and Ducky-daddles was thrown

alongside Turkey-lurkey and Goosey-poosey. Then Cocky-locky strutted down into the cave, and he had n't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-woxy, and Cocky-locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey, and Ducky-daddles.

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky-locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but did n't kill him, he called out to Henny-penny. But she turned tail and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

I

THE BEANS ARE PLANTED

IN the days of King Alfred a poor woman was living in a country village in England. She had an only son, Jack, who was a good-natured, idle boy. She was too easy with him. She never set him at work, and soon there was nothing left them but their cow. Then the mother began to weep and to think that she had brought up her boy very ill.

"Cruel boy!" she said. "You have at last made me a beggar. I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread. We cannot starve. We must sell the cow, and then what shall we do?"

At first Jack felt very badly and wished he had done better. But soon he began to think what fun it would be to sell the cow. He begged his mother to let him go with the cow at once to the nearest village. She was not very willing. She did not believe Jack knew enough to sell a cow, but at last she gave him leave.

Off went Jack with the cow. He had not gone far when he met a Butcher.

"Where are you going with your cow?" asked the Butcher.

"I am going to sell it," said Jack. The Butcher, as they talked, held his hat in his hand and shook it. Jack looked into the hat and saw some odd-looking beans. The Butcher saw him eye them. He knew how silly Jack was, so he said to him: —

"Well, if you wish to sell your cow, sell her to me. I will give you all these beans for her."

Jack thought this a fine bargain. He gave the Butcher the cow and took the beans. He ran all the way home and could hardly wait to reach the house. He called out to his mother to see what he had got for the cow.

When the poor woman saw only a few beans, she burst into tears. She was so vexed that she threw the beans out of the window. She did not even cook them for supper. They had nothing else to eat and they went to bed hungry.

Jack awoke early the next morning and thought it very dark. He went to the window and could hardly see out of it, for it was covered with something green. He ran downstairs and into the garden. There he saw a strange sight.

The beans had taken root and shot up toward the clouds. The stalks were as thick as trees, and were wound about each other. It was like a green ladder, and Jack at once wished to climb to the top.

He ran in to tell his mother, but she begged him not to climb the bean-stalk. She did not know what would happen. She was afraid to have him go. Who ever saw such bean-stalks before?

But Jack had set his heart on climbing, and he told his mother not to be afraid. He would soon see what it all meant. So up he climbed. He climbed for hours. He went higher and higher, and, at last, quite tired out, he reached the top.

II

JACK CAPTURES A HEN

Then he looked about him. It was all new. He had never seen such a place before. There was not a tree or plant; there was no house or shed. Some stones lay here and there, and there were little piles of earth. He could not see a living person.

Jack sat down on one of the stones. He wished he were at home again. He thought of his mother. He was hungry, and he did not know where to get anything to eat. He walked and walked, and hoped he might see a house.

He saw no house, but at last he saw, far off, a lady walking alone. He ran toward her, and when he came near, he pulled off his cap and made a bow. She was a beautiful lady, and she carried in her hand a stick. A peacock of fine gold sat on top of the stick.

The lady smiled and asked Jack how he came there. He told her all about the bean-stalk. Then she said: —

"Do you remember your father?"

"No," said Jack. "I do not know what became of him. When I speak of him to my mother, she cries, but she tells me nothing."

"She dare not," said the lady, "but I will tell you.

I am a fairy. I was set to take care of your father, but one day I was careless. So I lost my power for a few years, and just when your father needed me most I could not help him, and he died."

Jack saw that she was very sorry as she told this story, but he begged her to go on.

"I will," she said, "and you may now help your mother. But you must do just as I tell you."

Jack promised.

"Your father was a good, kind man. He had a good wife, he had money, and he had friends. But he had one false friend. This was a Giant. Your father had once helped this Giant, but the Giant was cruel. He killed your father and took all his money. And he told your mother she must never tell you about your father. If she did, then the Giant would kill her and kill you too.

"You were a little child then, and your mother carried you away in her arms. I could not help her at the time, but my power came back to me yesterday. So I made you go off with the cow, and I made you take the beans, and I made you climb the bean-stalk.

"This is the land where the Giant lives. You must find him and rid the world of him. All that he has is yours, for he took it from your father. Now go. You must keep on this road till you see a great house. The Giant lives there. I cannot tell you what you must do next, but I will help you when the time comes; but you must not tell your mother anything."

The fairy disappeared and Jack set out. He walked all day, and when the sun set, he came to the Giant's

house. He went up to it and saw a plain woman by the door. This was the Giant's wife. Jack spoke to her and asked her if she would give him something to eat and a place where he could sleep.

"What!" she said. "Do you not know? My husband is a Giant. He is away now, but he will be back soon. Sometimes he walks fifty miles in a day to see if he can find a man or a boy. He eats people. He will eat you if he finds you here."

Jack was in great fear, but he would not give up. He asked the Giant's wife to hide him somewhere in the house. She was a kind woman, so she led him in. They went through a great hall, and then through some large rooms. All was grand and gloomy. They came to a dark passage, and went through it. There was a little light, and Jack could see bars of iron at the side. Behind the bars were wretched people. They were the prisoners of the Giant.

Poor Jack thought of his mother and wished himself at home again. He began to think the Giant's wife was as bad as the Giant, and had brought him in to shut him up here. Then he thought of his father and marched boldly on.

They came to a room where a table was set. Jack sat down and began to eat. He was very hungry and soon forgot his fears. But while he was eating, there came a loud knock at the outside door. It was so loud that the whole house shook. The Giant's wife turned pale.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "It is the Giant. He will kill you and kill me too! What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," said Jack. There was no fire under it, and Jack lay in the oven and looked out. The Giant came in and scolded his wife, and then he sat down and ate and drank for a long time. Jack thought he never would finish. At last the Giant leaned back in his chair and called out in a great loud voice, —

"Bring me my hen!"

His wife brought a beautiful hen and placed it on the table.

"Lay!" roared the Giant, and the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" and the hen laid another. So it went on. Each time the hen laid a larger egg than before. The Giant played with the hen for some time. Then he sent his wife to bed, but he sat in his chair. Soon he fell asleep, and then Jack crept out of the oven and seized the hen. He ran out of the house and down the road. He kept on till he came again to the beanstalk, and climbed down to his old home.

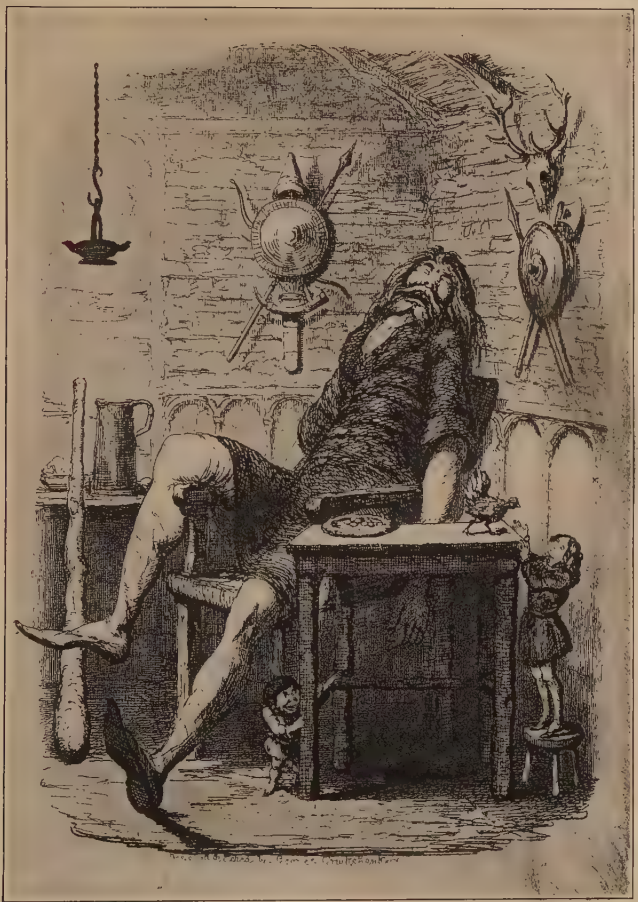
III

THE GIANT'S MONEY-BAGS

Jack's mother was very glad to see him. She was afraid that he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother," said he. "Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Lay!" he said to the hen, and the hen laid an egg of gold.

Jack and his mother now had all they needed, for they had only to tell the hen to lay, and she laid her



THE HEN LAID AN EGG OF SOLID GOLD. THE GIANT PLAYED WITH THE HEN FOR SOME TIME. THEN HE SENT HIS WIFE TO BED, BUT HE SAT IN HIS CHAIR. SOON HE FELL ASLEEP, AND THEN JACK CREPT OUT OF THE OVEN AND SEIZED THE HEN. HE RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE AND DOWN THE ROAD. HE KEPT ON TILL HE CAME AGAIN TO THE BEANSTALK, AND CLIMBED DOWN TO HIS OLD HOME

golden egg. They sold the egg and had money enough. But Jack kept thinking of his father, and he longed to make another trial. He had told his mother about the Giant and his wife, but he had said nothing about the fairy and his father.

His mother begged Jack not to climb the bean-stalk again. She said the Giant's wife would be sure to know him, and he never would come back alive. Jack said nothing, but he put on some other clothes and stained his face and hands another color. Then one morning he rose early and climbed the bean-stalk a second time.

He went now straight to the Giant's house. The Giant's wife was again at the door, but she did not know him. He begged for food and a place to sleep. She told him about the Giant, and then she said, —

"There was once a boy who came just as you have come. I let him in, and he stole the Giant's hen and ran away. Ever since the Giant has been very cruel to me. No, I cannot let you come in."

But Jack begged so hard that at last she let him in. She led him through the house, and he saw just what he saw before. She gave him something to eat, and then she hid him in a closet. The Giant came along in his heavy boots. He was so big that the house shook. He sat by the fire for a time. Then he looked about and said, —

"Wife, I smell fresh meat."

"Yes," she said. "The crows have been flying about. They left some raw meat on top of the house." Then she made haste and got some supper for the Giant.

He kept talking about his hen, and was very cross. So it went on as before. The Giant ate and drank. Then he called to his wife,—

"Bring me something. I want to be amused. You let that rascal steal my hen. Bring me something."

"What shall I bring?" she asked meekly.

"Bring me my money-bags; they are as heavy as anything." So she tugged two great bags to the table. One was full of silver and one was full of gold. The Giant sent his wife to bed. Then he untied the strings, emptied his bags, and counted his money. Jack watched him, and said to himself, —

"That is my father's money."

By and by the Giant was tired. He put the money back into the bags and tied the strings, and then he went to sleep. He had a dog to watch his money, but Jack did not see the dog. So when the Giant was sound asleep, Jack came out of the closet and laid hold of the bags.

At this the dog barked, and Jack thought his end had come. But the Giant did not wake, and Jack just then saw a bit of meat. He gave it to the dog, and while the dog was eating it, Jack took the two bags and was off.

IV

THE HARP

It was two whole days before he could reach the bean-stalk, for the bags were very heavy. Then he climbed down with them. But when he came to his

house the door was locked. No one was inside, and he knew not what to do.

After a while he found an old woman who showed him where his mother was. She was very sick in another house. The poor thing had been made ill by Jack's going away, but now that he had come back, she began to get well, and soon she was in her own house again.

Jack said no more about the Giant and the bean-stalk. For three years he lived with his mother. They had money enough, and all seemed well. But Jack could not forget his father. He sat all day before the bean-stalk. His mother tried hard to amuse him, and she tried to find out what he was thinking about. He did not tell her, for he knew all would then go wrong.

At last he could bear it no longer. He had changed in looks now, and he changed himself still more. Then, one bright summer morning, very early in the day, he climbed the bean-stalk once more. The Giant's wife did not know him when he came to the door of the house, but he had hard work to make her let him in.

This time he was hidden in the copper boiler. The Giant again came home and was in a great rage.

"I smell fresh meat!" he cried. His wife could do nothing with him, and he began to go about the room. He looked into the oven, and into the closet, and then he came to the great boiler. Jack felt his heart stop. He thought now his end had come, surely. But the Giant did not lift the lid. He sat down by the fire and had his supper.

When supper was over, the Giant told his wife to bring his harp. Jack peeped out of the copper and saw a most beautiful harp. The Giant placed it on the table, and said: —

"Play!"

Jack never heard such music as the harp played. No hands touched it. It played all by itself. He thought he would rather have this harp than the hen or all the money. By and by the harp played the Giant to sleep. Then Jack crept out and seized the harp. He was running off with it, when some one called loudly: —

"Master! Master!"

It was the harp, but Jack would not let it go. The Giant started up, and saw Jack with the harp running down the road.

"Stop, you rascal!" he shouted. "You stole my hen and my money-bags. Do you steal my harp? I'll catch you, and I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Catch me if you can!" said Jack. He knew he could run faster than the Giant. Off they went, Jack and the harp, and the Giant after them. Jack came to the bean-stalk. The harp was all the while playing music, but now Jack said "Stop!" and the harp stopped playing. He hurried down the bean-stalk with the harp. There sat his mother by the cottage, weeping.

"Do not cry, mother," he said. "Quick, bring me a hatchet! Make haste!" He knew there was not a minute to spare. The Giant was already coming down. He was halfway down when Jack took his hatchet and cut the bean-stalk down, close to its roots. Over fell

the bean-stalk, and down came the Giant upon the ground. He was killed on the spot.

In a moment the fairy was seen. She told Jack's mother everything, and how brave he had been. And that was the end. The bean-stalk never grew again.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

I

THE BIRD CARRIES OFF THE APPLES

A KING had a fair garden, and in the garden was a tree, and the tree bore apples of gold. Every morning these apples were counted; and every morning there was one apple less. The king grew very angry and bade the gardener keep watch all night under the tree.

The gardener set his oldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the second son was told to watch; at twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the third son said he would watch. The gardener would not let him at first, for fear some harm would come to him. But at last he gave him leave, and the young man lay down under the tree to watch.

As the clock struck twelve, he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying toward him. The bird was of pure gold, and snapped at one of the apples with his beak. The gardener's son jumped up, and shot an arrow at the bird, but did it no harm. Only a golden feather fell to the ground from its tail, as the bird flew away.

In the morning the feather was carried to the king. All the wise men were called together, and they said the feather was worth all the wealth of the kingdom. But the king said: —

"One feather is of no use to me; I must have the whole bird."

II

TWO BROTHERS SET OUT TO FIND THE BIRD

Then the gardener's eldest son set out to find the golden bird. He had gone but a little way when he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a Fox. So he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the Fox said: —

"Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel. I know what you want; you wish to find the golden bird. You will come to a village in the evening. When you get there you will see two inns over against each other. One of them is pleasant to look at; go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it seem to you very poor and mean." But the eldest son thought to himself: —

"What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot his arrow at the Fox, but he missed aim. The Fox set up its tail over its back and ran into the wood. Then the eldest son went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were. In one of them were people singing and dancing and feasting; the other looked poor and mean.

"I should be very silly," he said, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this pleasant place." So he went into the smart house, and ate and drank and took his ease, and forgot the golden bird and his own home.

Time passed on. As the eldest son came not back, and no tidings were brought of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the Fox, who gave him the same advice. But when he came to the two inns, his elder brother was standing at the window where the sport was going on, and called to him to come in. He could not resist, but went in and forgot the golden bird and his own home.

III

THE YOUNGEST SON SEEKS THE GOLDEN BIRD

Time passed on again, and the youngest son wished to set out into the wide world to seek the golden bird; but for a long while his father would not hear of it; he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill luck would happen to him also, and prevent him from coming back.

At last he let him go, for the boy would not rest at home. He too went to the wood and met the Fox, and heard the same words. But he thanked the Fox, and did not shoot at him, as his brothers had done.

"Sit upon my tail," said the Fox, "and you will travel faster." So he took his seat on the Fox's tail;

the Fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the youngest son followed the counsel of the Fox, and went straight into the shabby inn, and rested there all night. In the morning the Fox met him, as he was about to set out, and said, —

"Go straight on, until you come to a castle, with a troop of soldiers fast asleep before the gate. Take no heed of them, but go into the castle, and pass on and on until you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage. Close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, or you will surely repent of it." Then the Fox stretched out his tail again, and the youngest son sat on it, and away they went over stock and stone, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

IV

THE BIRD IS FOUND AND LOST

It was as the Fox had said. There was the castle, and before it the troop of soldiers fast asleep. The youngest son pushed in and came to the room where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage. Near by stood a golden cage, and the golden apples that had been lost were lying by it. Then he thought to himself, "It would be odd to bring away such a fine bird

in a shabby cage." So he opened the door, and took hold of the bird to put it into the golden cage. At that the bird set up a scream. All the soldiers awoke and seized the youngest son, and carried him off to the king.

The next morning the court sat in judgment. They heard what he had done, and then they sentenced him to death, unless he should bring the king the golden horse, which could run as swiftly as the wind. If he did this, he was to live, and was to have the golden bird for his own.

V

THE GOLDEN HORSE

So the youngest son set out once more on his travels. He was in a sad state of mind, when on a sudden his friend, the Fox, met him, and said: —

"You see now what happened because you did not heed my words. But I will tell you how to find the golden horse, only you must do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall. By his side will lie the groom fast asleep. Take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leather saddle upon him, and not the golden one which is close by."

Then the youngest son sat upon the Fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

All went well. There was the golden horse in his stall, and there lay the groom asleep, with his hand

upon the golden saddle. But when the youngest son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leather saddle upon him.

"I will give him the best one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it." So he took up the golden saddle; but as he did this, the groom awoke and cried aloud; all the guards ran in and made him prisoner, and in the morning he was brought before the court. His doom was to die, but the judges said that he might live if he could bring to the king the beautiful princess; not only should he live, but he was to have the golden bird and the golden horse for his own.

VI

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

The youngest son went his way very sad, but the old Fox came to him again, and said: —

"Why did you not listen to me? If you had listened, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse. But attend. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess will come into the hall. Go up to her, and take her hand, and she will let you lead her away. But take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the Fox stretched out his tail, and away they went over stock and stone, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

They came to the castle, and all was as the Fox had said. At twelve o'clock the youngest son met the

princess as she came into the hall. He took her hand, and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father and mother.

At first he would not, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented. But the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and took the youngest son prisoner. He was brought before the father of the princess, who said: —

"You shall never have my daughter, unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window."

Now this hill was so big that a thousand men working a thousand days could not take it away; but the youngest son went to work. When he had digged for seven days, the Fox came to him and said: —

"Lie down, and go to sleep. I will work for you."

In the morning the youngest son awoke, and the hill was gone. So he went merrily in, and told the father of the princess that now he must give him his daughter. The father said he would keep his word, and away went the youngest son and the princess.

VII

THE PRINCESS, THE HORSE, AND THE BIRD

Then the Fox came and said: —

"We will have all three, — the princess, the horse, and the bird."

"Ah," said the youngest son, "that would be a fine thing! but how will you bring it about?"

"If you will only listen, it can soon be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very joyful, and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. When you take her hand, lift her quickly upon the horse; seat her behind you, clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went well. Then the Fox came to him again, and said: —

"When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door; you will ride in and speak to the king. When he sees that you are on the golden horse he will bring out the bird. But you must sit still and say that you want to look at it, to see if it be the true golden bird. When you get it in your hand, ride away."

This too happened as the Fox had said. They carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the Fox came and said: —

"Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet."

But the youngest son would not do this. So the Fox said: —

"I will at any rate give you good counsel. Beware of two things. Do not save any one from being hanged, and sit down by no river." Then away he went.

VIII

HOW THE YOUNGEST SON LOST EVERYTHING

"Well," thought the youngest son, "it is no hard matter to keep such advice as that." He rode on with the princess till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. There he heard a great uproar, and when he asked what was the matter the people said: —

"Two men are to be hanged."

As he came near, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers, so he asked: —

"Cannot they in any way be saved?"

But the people said, "No," unless he would give all his money to buy liberty for the rascals. He did not stop to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him toward their home.

As they came to the wood where the Fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the brothers said:

"Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest awhile, to eat and drink." The youngest son forgot the Fox's counsel and said "Yes," and sat down by the side of the river. He was fearing nothing, when the brothers came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king, their master.

"All this have we won by our labor," they said, and then was there great joy. But the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

IX

THE YOUNGEST SON COMES TO THE THRONE

Now the youngest son fell to the bottom of the river. Luckily, it was nearly dry, but he was badly bruised, and the bank was so steep that he could not climb out. Then the Fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice.

"Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here. So lay hold of my tail, and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he stood upon the bank: —

"Your brothers have set watch to kill you if they find you in the kingdom."

So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came in secret to the king's court. Scarcely was he within the doors when the horse began to eat, the bird began to sing, and the princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king and told him what rogues his brothers had been. The king seized the brothers and clapped them into prison. The youngest son got the princess again, and after the king's death he was heir to the kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the wood. The Fox, now grown old, met him, and begged him with tears in his eyes to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. At last, being much urged, he did so, and lo! the Fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the princess's brother, who had been lost a great many years.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once a wood-cutter and his wife who had seven children, all boys. The eldest was only ten years old, the youngest but seven, and they were thus a burden to their poor parents, for they could as yet do nothing to earn their living. The youngest of all was very delicate, and spoke so seldom that his parents thought him dull, when really he had very good sense. He was so very little when he was born, scarcely bigger than one's thumb, that he got the name, "Hop-o'-my-Thumb." The little fellow had to take the blame of everything that went wrong. Yet he was the most sensible of all the children, for he was listening when the rest were speaking. There came a very bad harvest, and there was great scarcity of food, so that these poor people determined that they must get rid of their children. One evening, when they were all in bed, the wood-cutter was sitting close to the fire with his wife, and said to her with an aching heart,—

"Thou seest plainly that we can no longer find food for our children. I cannot see them die of hunger, and I am resolved to lose them to-morrow in the wood, which can easily be done, for while they are busy tying up the fagots we can slip away and leave them."

"Ah!" exclaimed his wife, "hast thou the heart to

lose thy own children?" Her husband begged her to remember how very poor they were; she would not consent, — she was poor, but she was their mother. Then he bade her think how she must see them die of hunger, and so at length she assented and went weeping to bed. Now Hop-o'-my-Thumb had heard everything that was said; for being in bed and hearing them talk, he had stolen quietly to his father's stool and sat under it, where he could listen without being seen. He went to bed again, but he could not sleep a wink all night, so busy was he thinking what he should do. He rose early and went to the banks of a brook near by, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then returned home. The family all set out together as usual, but Hop-o'-my-Thumb said nothing to his brothers of what he had heard. They entered a very thick forest, so dense that one need go but a few steps to be lost. The wood-cutter began to cut wood and the children to gather the sticks into bundles of fagots. The father and mother, when they saw them busily engaged, stole away gradually and then fled suddenly by a small, winding path. Presently the children found themselves alone and began to cry with fear. Hop-o'-my-Thumb alone had no tears, for he knew the way home. As they came, he had dropped all along the road the little white pebbles which he had brought in his pocket.

"Fear not, brothers," he said, "our father and mother have left us here, but I will lead you safely home. Only follow me." Thereupon he led them back to the house by the same road that they had taken into

the forest. They feared to enter immediately, but placed themselves close by the door to hear what their father and mother might be saying.

Now, just as the wood-cutter and his wife reached home, the lord of the manor sent them ten crowns, which he had been owing them a long time, and they had given up all hopes of ever getting. They were ready to starve but for this, and the wood-cutter sent his wife quickly to the butcher's to buy some meat. As it was many a day since they had tasted meat, she bought three times as much as two persons could need. When they had eaten and were satisfied, the thought of her poor children rushed back upon her, and the wood-cutter's wife cried,—

"Alas! where now are our poor children? There is enough here and to spare. It was thou, husband, that wouldst lose them. Did I not say we should repent it? What are they now doing in the forest? Alas! perhaps the wolves have already devoured them! Thou hast destroyed my children!"

She said this twenty times over, until the wood-cutter became exceedingly impatient, and threatened to beat her if she did not hold her tongue. But the more angry he was the more she reproached him. She wept bitterly and cried out loudly,—

"Alas! where are now my children, my poor children?" The children, who were close by the door, heard this, and began to call out eagerly,—

"Here we are! here we are!"

She ran quickly to open the door, and threw her arms about them, exclaiming,—

"O my dear children, how happy I am to see you again! How tired and hungry you must be! and Peter, how dirty you are! Come and let me wash you." Peter was the eldest of the children, and the one she loved most. They sat down to supper, and ate eagerly with an appetite that delighted their father and mother. They began all to speak at once, and to tell how frightened they were in the forest, and how glad to find their way home again. The good people were overjoyed at getting their dear children back, and so long as the ten crowns lasted they were all happy together; but at length the money was spent and they were once more in despair; and now the wood-cutter and his wife determined to lead their children farther still from home, so as to lose them altogether.

They could not talk of this so privately but that Hop-o'-my-Thumb overheard them, and trusted to do as he had done before. But though he got up very early to collect the little pebbles, he could not get out of the house, for the door was double-locked. He knew not what to do when the wood-cutter's wife gave them each their last piece of bread for breakfast, when he suddenly thought of using crumbs of his bread instead of pebbles, and so he put his piece in his pocket. His father and mother led them into the thickest and darkest part of the wood, and then finding a by-path, slipped away from them unnoticed, as before. Hop-o'-my-Thumb was not much troubled by this, for he thought he should easily lead his brothers back by means of the crumbs which he had dropped along the way. But when he came to look not a crumb was to be seen.

The birds had eaten it all! Then were the children in distress. The more they wandered the deeper they plunged into the forest. Night came on and the wind began to howl, so that they fancied wolves were all about them. They huddled close together, scarcely daring to speak. Then it began to rain heavily and they were drenched to the skin. They slipped about in the mud and scrambled out of pits, tired and dirty. Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed a tree to see if he could make out anything from the top of it, and looking all about he saw a little light like that of a candle, but it was far away on the other side of the forest. He came down again and then could not see the light from the ground; but he knew the direction in which it was, and they all walked toward where they supposed it to be, and at length, coming out of the woods, they saw the light and presently came to the house where it was. They knocked at the door, and a good woman came to open it. She asked them what they wanted. Hop-o'-my-Thumb told her they were poor children who had lost their way in the forest, and begged a night's lodging for charity. The woman, seeing they were all so pretty, began to weep and said, —

"Alas! my poor children, do you know to what you have come? This is the house of an ogre who eats little boys!"

"Alas! Madam," answered Hop-o'my-Thumb, trembling from head to foot as his brothers did, "what shall we do? If we stay in the forest the wolves will devour us before the morning. We had rather be eaten by the gentleman; perhaps he may have pity upon us

if you but ask him." The ogre's wife, for so she was, was a kind-hearted woman, and fancied she could hide them from her husband till the next morning, so she brought them into the house, and led them to a fine fire, where a whole sheep was on the spit roasting for the ogre's supper. Just as they were beginning to get warm, they heard two or three loud knocks at the door. It was the ogre, who had come home. His wife immediately made the children hide under the bed, and went to open the door. The ogre asked at once if his supper was ready, and if she had drawn the wine, and with that he sat down to his meal. The mutton was all but raw, but he liked it the better for that. He began to sniff right and left and said that he smelt fresh meat.

"It must be the calf I have just skinned that you smell," said his wife.

"I smell fresh meat, I tell you again," replied the ogre, looking sharply at his wife. "There is something here that I don't understand." Saying this he rose from the table and went straight to the bed. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "thou art deceiving me, wretched woman! I know not what hinders me from eating thee also, except that thou art old and tough. Here is some game which comes in good time for me to entertain three ogres of my acquaintance, who are coming to see me in a day or two." He dragged the children from under the bed one after the other. They fell on their knees begging for mercy, but he was the most cruel of ogres, who felt no pity for them, but devoured them already with his eyes, and said to his wife that they

would be dainty bits when she had made a good sauce for them. He went to fetch a great knife, and as he returned to the poor children, he whetted it on a long stone which he held in his left hand. He had already seized one, when his wife said to him,—

"Why do you do it at this hour of the night? Will it not be time enough to-morrow?"

"Hold thy peace," replied the ogre, "they will be all the more tender."

"But you have already so much on hand," she persisted. "Here is a calf, two sheep, and half a pig."

"Thou art right," said the ogre. "Give them a good supper, that they may not fall away, and put them to bed." The good woman was greatly rejoiced and brought the children plenty for supper, but they could eat nothing, so terrified were they. As for the ogre, he seated himself to drink again, much pleased to think that he had such a feast in store for his friends, and drained a dozen goblets more than usual, so that his head began to ache, and he went to bed.

The ogre had seven daughters, who were still very young. They had the most beautiful complexions, in consequence of their eating raw flesh like their father, but they had very small round gray eyes, hooked noses, and very large mouths with long teeth, exceedingly sharp and wide apart. They were not very vicious, as yet, but they showed that they would be, for they had already begun to bite little boys. They had been sent to bed early, and were all seven in a large bed, each wearing a crown of gold on her head. In the same room was another bed just as large. Into this the ogre's

wife put the seven little boys to sleep, while she went off to her husband.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb had noticed that the ogre's daughters all wore golden crowns on their heads, and in the middle of the night, fearing that the ogre might come up in the dark and despatch them, he got up, took off the nightcaps from his and his brothers' heads, and went very softly to the bed where the little ogresses were sleeping; then he removed their golden crowns and put on their heads the nightcaps, after which he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and crept into bed again. Matters turned out just as he had expected. The ogre grew impatient and could not wait for morning to come. He jumped out of bed, and seizing his great knife, said,—

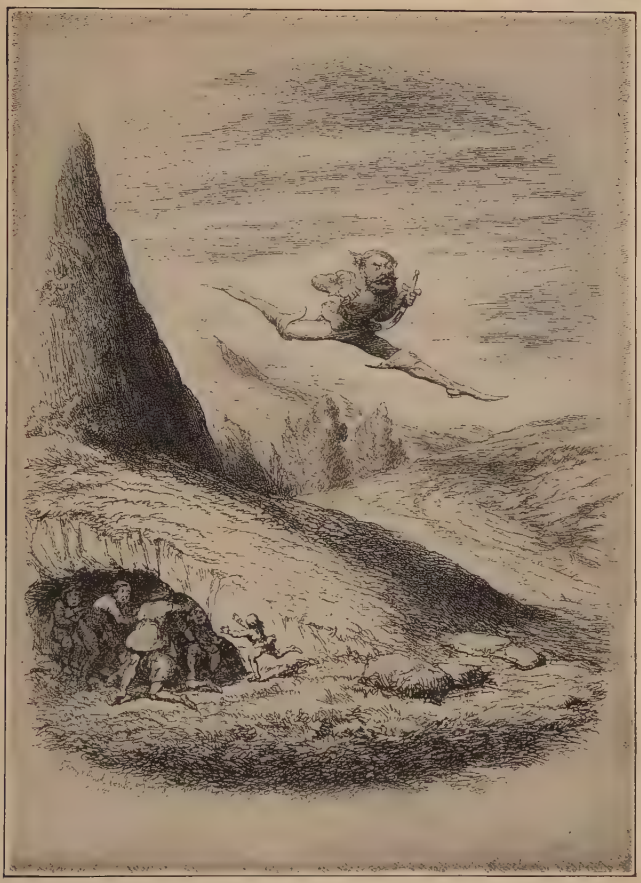
"Let us go and see how our young rogues are now; we won't make two bites at a cherry." So he stole on tiptoe up to the chamber, and came to the bed where the little boys lay, who were all asleep except Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He was dreadfully frightened when the ogre placed his hand upon his head to feel it, as he had in turn felt those of all his brothers. The ogre, who felt the golden crowns, was puzzled.

"Truly," said he, "I was about to do a pretty job. I must have drunk too much last night. He then went to the bed where his daughters slept, and passing his hand over their heads, felt the little nightcaps. "Aha!" he cried, "here are our young wags. Let us to work at once." So saying, he immediately cut the throats of his seven daughters, and then wiping his knife with satisfaction, went back to bed again. As soon as Hop-

o'-my-Thumb heard the ogre snoring, he woke his brothers and bade them dress themselves quickly and follow him. They went down softly into the garden and jumped over the wall. They ran all the rest of the night in fear and trembling, not knowing whither they should flee.

The ogre, on awaking in the morning, said to his wife, "Get upstairs and dress the little rogues you took in last night." She was much astonished at the kindness of her husband, not suspecting the sort of dressing he meant, and supposing he had ordered her to go and put their clothes on them. She went upstairs quickly, and there she saw their seven daughters all dead in their beds. She fainted away at the sight, and the ogre, waiting and wondering why his wife did not come, went upstairs to see what was the matter.

"Ha! what have I done!" he exclaimed. "But these wretches shall pay for it speedily." He threw a basin of water in his wife's face to revive her and said, "Quick! get me my seven-league boots that I may go and catch them!" He set out, and after running in every direction came at last upon the track of the poor children, who were not above a hundred yards from their father's house. They saw the ogre striding from hill to hill, and stepping over rivers as easily as if they were brooks. Hop-o'-my-Thumb, discovering a hollow rock close by where they were, bade his brothers hide in it, while he crept in afterward and kept watch at the entrance. The ogre by this time was very tired, for seven-league boots are fatiguing to the wearer, and sat down to rest upon the very rock in which the



THEY SAW THE OGRE STRIDING FROM HILL TO HILL, AND STEPPING OVER RIVERS AS EASILY AS IF THEY WERE BROOKS. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB, DISCOVERING A HOLLOW, BADE HIS BROTHERS HIDE IN IT, WHILE HE CREPT IN AFTERWARD AND KEPT WATCH AT THE ENTRANCE. THE OGRE BY THIS TIME WAS VERY TIRED, FOR SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS ARE FATIGUING TO THE WEARER

little boys had hidden themselves. There he fell sound asleep, and began to snore so dreadfully that the children were quite as frightened as when they were in his house.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb whispered to his brothers to run quickly into their house and not be uneasy about him. They did as he told them, and were soon in the woodcutter's home. Then Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when he saw them safely housed, stole up to the ogre, pulled off his boots, and got into them himself. The boots, to fit the ogre, were very large and very long, but being fairy boots, they had the knack of exactly fitting every leg they were put on, so they were just the right size for Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He went straight to the ogre's house, where he found the ogre's wife weeping bitterly over her daughters.

"Your husband," said he, "is in great danger, for he has been seized by a band of robbers who threaten to kill him if he does not give them all his gold and silver. At the moment they had their daggers at his throat, he discovered me, and begged me to come and tell you the plight he was in, and to give me all the money he had, else they would kill him without mercy. He bade me wear his seven-league boots, which you see I have on, that I might make haste, and that you might know I was not imposing on you."

The good woman, very much alarmed, immediately gave him all the money there was in the house, for the ogre was a good husband to her in spite of his temper and his fondness for little boys. So Hop-o'-my-Thumb, laden with treasures, hastened back to his father's

house, where they lived ever after happily together. As for the ogre, he had grown so heavy that he could not get about without his seven-league boots, so there he lay in the sun, and the crows came after he died and picked all the skin off his bones.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

IN the reign of the famous King Edward III there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust of bread.

Now Dick had heard many, many very strange things about the great city called London; for the country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies; and that there was singing and music there all day long; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this wagon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage, and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could

not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would, so off they set together.

So Dick got safe to London, and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold that he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner; but ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold; for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change; so he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, and should then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and had quite forgot his friend the wagoner; but at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Little Dick was all night in the streets; and next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny; so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for the want of victuals.

In this distress he asked charity of several people, and one of them said crossly, "Go to work for an idle rogue." "That I will," said Dick; "I will go to work for you, if you will let me." But the man only cursed at him and went on.

At last a good-natured-looking gentleman saw how

hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick. "That I would, but I do not know how to get any," answered Dick. "If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman, and took him to a hayfield, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before; and being almost starved again, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so she called out to poor Dick: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? there is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water; I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

Just at that time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him; "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for the want of food."

"Poor fellow, get up; let me see what ails you."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten any food for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street.

So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given him, and be kept to do what work he was able to do for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook. She used to say, "You are under me, so look sharp; clean the spit and the dripping-pan, make the fires, wind up the jack, and do all the scullery work nimbly, or "— and she would shake the ladle at him. Besides, she was so fond of basting that, when she had no meat to baste, she would baste poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who told the cook she should be turned away if she did not treat him kinder.

The behavior of the cook was now a little better; but besides this, Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was tormented with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat, and asked her, "Will you let me have that cat for a penny?" The girl said, "Yes, that I will, master, though she is an excellent mouser."

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her; and in a short time he had no more trouble with the rats and mice, but slept quite sound every night.

Soon after this his master had a ship ready to sail;

and, as it was the custom that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the parlor and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing. For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said, "I will lay down some money for him, from my own purse;" but her father told her, "This will not do, for it must be something of his own."

When poor Dick heard this, he said, "I have nothing but a cat which I bought for a penny some time since of a little girl."

"Fetch your cat, then, my lad," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain. "For," he said, "I shall now be kept awake all night by the rats and mice." All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for him, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him, "Do you think your cat will sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat you?"

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, the first of November. He walked as far as Halloway; and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called "Whittington's Stone," and began to think to himself which road he should take.

While he was thinking what he should do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time were only six, began to ring, and at their sound seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work, before the old cook came downstairs.

We must now follow Miss Puss to the coast of Africa. The ship with the cat on board was a long time at sea; and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people were the Moors, unknown to the English. The people came in great numbers to see the sailors, because they were of different color to themselves, and treated them

civilly, and when they became better acquainted were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was loaded with.

When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain to the palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, and devoured all the meat in an instant. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these vermin were not unpleasant.

"Oh, yes," said they, "very offensive; and the king would give half his treasure to be freed of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they assault him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping, for fear of them."

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the king he had a creature on board the ship that would despatch all these vermin immediately. The king jumped so high at the joy which the news gave him that his turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," says he; "vermin are dreadful in a court, and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Mrs. Puss. He

told his majesty: "It is not very convenient to part with her, as when she is gone the rats and mice may destroy the goods in the ship — but to oblige your majesty, I will fetch her."

"Run, run!" said the queen; "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got ready. He put Puss under his arm, and arrived at the palace just in time to see the table full of rats. When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few minutes laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in their fright scampered away to their holes.

The king was quite charmed to get rid so easily of such plagues, and the queen desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought to her, that she might look at her. Upon which the captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and she came to him. He then presented her to the queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature that had made such a havoc among the rats and mice. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and cried, "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English. He then put her down on the queen's lap, where she purred and played with her majesty's hand, and then purred herself to sleep.

The king, having seen the exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed that her kittens would stock the whole country, and keep it free from rats, bargained

with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

The captain then took leave of the royal party, and set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

One morning, early, Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and seated himself at the desk, to count over the cash, and settle the business for the day, when somebody came, tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other. "I come to bring you good news of your ship Unicorn." The merchant, bustling up in such a hurry that he forgot his gout, opened the door, and whom should he see waiting but the captain and factor, with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading. When he looked at this the merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked Heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

They then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich present that the king and queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants,—

> "Go send him in, and tell him of his fame;
> Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny; it is his own, and he shall have it to a farthing."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook, and was quite dirty. He would have excused himself from coming into the counting-house, saying, "The room is swept, and my shoes are dirty and full of hob-nails." But the merchant ordered him to come in.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and so he began to think they were making game of him, and at the same time said to them, "Do not play tricks with a poor simple boy, but let me go down again, if you please, to my work."

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news that these gentlemen have brought you; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, and said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own; and I have no doubt but you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune; but they would not, and at the same time told him they felt great joy at his good success. But this poor fellow was too kind-

hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, and even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for a proper tailor, and get himself dressed like a gentleman; and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage; and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor, and were very happy. They had several children. He was sheriff of London, thrice Lord Mayor, and received the honor of knighthood by Henry V.

He entertained this King and his Queen at dinner, after his conquest of France, so grandly. that the King

said, "Never had prince such a subject;" when Sir Richard heard this, he said, "Never had subject such a prince."

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison at Newgate, which he built for criminals.

THE THREE SILLIES

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she had gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw a mallet stuck in one of the beams. It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a-thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that mallet there, for she said to herself, "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the settle crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why, whatever is the matter?" said her mother.

"Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down to the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down aside of the daughter and started a-crying too. Then after a bit the father began to wonder that they did n't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself, and there they two sat a-crying, and the beer running all over the floor. "Whatever is the matter?" says he. "Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid mallet. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar, too, to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said, "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?" "Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow

up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than before. But the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and reached up and pulled out the mallet, and then he said: "I've traveled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-by, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he traveled a long way, and at last he came to a woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durst not go. So the gentleman asked the woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it." "Oh, you poor silly!" said the gentleman, "you should cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the woman thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he had n't gone far when the

cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast halfway and was smothered in the soot.

Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveler was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again, and could n't manage it; and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh, dear," he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on; and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way.

So that was another big silly.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again; and he came to a village, and outside the village there

was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pitchforks, reaching into the pond; and the gentleman asked what was the matter. "Why," they say, "matter enough! Moon 's tumbled into the pond, and we can't rake her out anyhow!" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they would n't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than those three sillies at home. So the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter, and if they did n't live happy forever after, that's nothing to do with you or me.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

WHEN good King Arthur reigned, there lived near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, a farmer who had one only son, called Jack. He was brisk and of ready, lively wit, so that nobody or nothing could worst him.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge giant named Cormoran. He was eighteen feet in height, and about three yards round the waist, of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He lived in a cave in the midst of the Mount, and whenever he wanted food he would wade over to the mainland, where he would furnish himself with whatever came in his way. Everybody at his approach ran out of their houses, while he seized on their cattle, making nothing of carrying half-a-dozen oxen on his back at a time; and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of tallow-dips. He had done this for many years, so that all Cornwall was in despair.

One day Jack happened to be at the town hall when the magistrates were sitting in council about the giant. He asked, "What reward will be given to the man who kills Cormoran?" "The giant's treasure,"

they said, "will be the reward." Quoth Jack, "Then let me undertake it."

So he got a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and went over to the Mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, when he fell to work, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and nearly as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straw. Then he strewed a little mould over it, so that it appeared like plain ground. Jack then placed himself on the opposite side of the pit, farthest from the giant's lodging, and just at the break of day he put the horn to his mouth, and blew, Tantivy, Tantivy. This noise roused the giant, who rushed from his cave, crying, "You incorrigible villain, are you come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for this. Satisfaction I will have, and this it shall be: I will take you whole and broil you for breakfast."

He had no sooner uttered this, than he tumbled into the pit, and made the very foundations of the Mount to shake.

"Oh, giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Oh, faith, you are gotten now into Lob's Pound, where I will surely plague you for your threatening words; what do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?" Then, having tantalized the giant for a while, he gave him a most weighty knock with his pickaxe on the very crown of his head, and killed him on the spot.

Jack then filled up the pit with earth, and went to search the cave, which he found contained much trea-

sure. When the magistrates heard of this they made a declaration he should henceforth be termed

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

and presented him with a sword and a belt, on which were written these words, embroidered in letters of gold:

"Here's the right valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the west of England, so that another giant, named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if ever he should light on him. This giant was the lord of an enchanted castle situated in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months afterwards walking near this wood in his journey to Wales, being weary, seated himself near a pleasant fountain, and fell fast asleep. While he was sleeping, the giant, coming there for water, discovered him, and knew him to be the far-famed Jack the Giant-killer by the lines written on the belt. Without ado, he took Jack on his shoulders and carried him towards his castle. Now, as they passed through a thicket, the rustling of the boughs awakened Jack, who was strangely surprised to find himself in the clutches of the giant. His terror was only begun, for on entering the castle he saw the ground strewed with human bones, and the giant told him his own would ere long be among them. After this the giant locked poor Jack in an immense chamber, leaving him there while he went to fetch another giant, his brother, living in the same wood, who might share in the meal on Jack.

After waiting some time, Jack, on going to the win-

dow, beheld afar off the two giants coming towards the castle. "Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or my deliverance is at hand." Now, there were strong cords in a corner of the room in which Jack was, and two of these he took, and made a strong noose at the end; and while the giants were unlocking the iron gate of the castle he threw the ropes over each of their heads. Then he drew the other ends across a beam, and pulled with all his might, so that he throttled them. Then, when he saw they were black in the face, he slid down the rope, and drawing his sword, slew them both. Then, taking the giant's keys, and unlocking the rooms, he found three fair ladies tied by the hair of their heads, almost starved to death. "Sweet ladies," quoth Jack, "I have destroyed this monster and his brutish brother, and obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys, and so proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Jack made the best of his way by traveling as fast as he could, but lost his road, and was benighted, and could find no habitation until, coming into a narrow valley, he found a large house, and in order to get shelter took courage to knock at the gate. But what was his surprise when there came forth a monstrous giant with two heads; yet he did not appear so fiery as the others were, for he was a Welsh giant, and what he did was by private and secret malice under the false show of friendship. Jack, having told his condition to the giant, was shown into a bedroom, where, in the dead of night, he heard his host in another apartment muttering these words: —

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light:
My club shall dash your brains outright!"

"Say'st thou so?" quoth Jack; "that is like one of your Welsh tricks, yet I hope to be cunning enough for you." Then, getting out of bed, he laid a billet in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a corner of the room. At the dead time of the night in came the Welsh giant, who struck several heavy blows on the bed with his club, thinking he had broken every bone in Jack's skin. The next morning Jack, laughing in his sleeve, gave him hearty thanks for his night's lodging. "How have you rested?" quoth the giant; "did you not feel anything in the night?" "No," quoth Jack, "nothing but a rat, which gave me two or three slaps with her tail." With that, greatly wondering, the giant led Jack to breakfast, bringing him a bowl containing four gallons of hasty pudding. Being loath to let the giant think it too much for him, Jack put a large leather bag under his loose coat, in such a way that he could convey the pudding into it without its being perceived. Then, telling the giant he would show him a trick, taking a knife, Jack ripped open the bag, and out came all the hasty pudding. Whereupon, saying, "Odds splutters hur nails, hur can do that trick hurself," the monster took the knife, and, ripping open his belly, fell down dead.

Now it happened in these days that King Arthur's only son asked his father to give him a large sum of money, in order that he might go and seek his fortune in the principality of Wales, where lived a beautiful

lady possessed with seven evil spirits. The king did his best to persuade his son from it, but in vain, so at last gave way and the prince set out with two horses, one loaded with money, the other for himself to ride upon. Now, after several days' travel, he came to a market town in Wales, where he beheld a vast crowd of people gathered together. The prince asked the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for several large sums of money which the deceased owed when he died. The prince replied that it was a pity creditors should be so cruel, and said, "Go bury the dead, and let his creditors come to my lodging, and there their debts shall be paid." They came in such great numbers that before night he had only twopence left for himself.

Now Jack the Giant-Killer, coming that way, was so taken with the generosity of the prince that he desired to be his servant. This being agreed upon, the next morning they set forward on their journey together, when, as they were riding out of the town, an old woman called after the prince, saying, "He has owed me twopence these seven years; pray pay me as well as the rest." Putting his hand into his pocket, the prince gave the woman all he had left, so that after their day's food, which cost what small store Jack had by him, they were without a penny between them.

When the sun got low, the king's son said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we lodge this night?"

But Jack replied, "Master, we'll do well enough,

for I have an uncle lives within two miles of this place; he is a huge and monstrous giant with three heads; he'll fight five hundred men in armor, and make them to fly before him."

"Alas!" quoth the prince, "what shall we do there? He'll certainly chop us up at a mouthful. Nay, we are scarce enough to fill one of his hollow teeth!"

"It is no matter for that," quoth Jack; "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you; therefore stop here and wait till I return." Jack then rode away at full speed, and coming to the gate of the castle, he knocked so loud that he made the neighboring hills resound. The giant roared out at this like thunder, "Who's there?"

Jack answered, "None but your poor cousin Jack."

Quoth he, "What news with my poor cousin Jack?"

He replied, "Dear uncle, heavy news, God wot!"

"Prithee," quoth the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly like chaff before the wind."

"Oh, but," quoth Jack, "here's the king's son a-coming with a thousand men in armor to kill you and destroy all that you have!"

"Oh, cousin Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed! I will immediately run and hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys until the prince is gone." Having secured the giant, Jack fetched his master, when they made themselves heartily merry whilst the poor giant lay trembling in a vault under the ground.

Early in the morning Jack furnished his master with a fresh supply of gold and silver, and then sent him three miles forward on his journey, at which time the prince was pretty well out of the smell of the giant. Jack then returned, and let the giant out of the vault, who asked what he should give him for keeping the castle from destruction. "Why," quoth Jack, "I want nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers which are at your bed's head." Quoth the giant, "You know not what you ask; they are the most precious things I have. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will tell you all you want to know, the sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. But you have been very serviceable to me, therefore take them with all my heart." Jack thanked his uncle, and then went off with them. He soon overtook his master and they quickly arrived at the house of the lady the prince sought, who, finding the prince to be a suitor, prepared a splendid banquet for him. After the repast was concluded, she told him she had a task for him. She wiped his mouth with a handkerchief, saying, "You must show me that handkerchief to-morrow morning, or else you will lose your head." With that she put it into her bosom. The prince went to bed in great sorrow, but Jack's cap of knowledge informed him how it was to be obtained. In the middle of the night she called upon her familiar spirit to carry her to Lucifer. But Jack put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, and was there as soon as she was. When she entered the place of the demon, she gave the handkerchief to him, and he laid it upon a shelf, whence Jack

took it and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady next day, and so saved his life. On that day she gave the prince a kiss and told him he must show her the lips to-morrow morning that she kissed last night, or lose his head.

"Ah!" he replied, "if you kiss none but mine, I will."

"That is neither here nor there," said she; "if you do not, death's your portion!"

At midnight she went as before, and was angry with the demon for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," quoth she, "I will be too hard for the king's son, for I will kiss thee, and he is to show me thy lips." Which she did, and Jack, when she was not standing by, cut off Lucifer's head and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who the next morning pulled it out by the horns before the lady. This broke the enchantment, and the evil spirit left her, and she appeared in all her beauty. They were married the next morning, and soon after went to the Court of King Arthur, where Jack for his many great exploits was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Jack soon went searching for giants again, but he had not ridden far when he saw a cave, near the entrance of which he beheld a giant sitting upon a block of timber, with a knotted iron club by his side. His goggle eyes were like flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks like a couple of large flitches of bacon, while the bristles of his beard resembled rods of iron wire, and the locks that hung down upon his brawny shoulders were like curled snakes or hissing adders. Jack alighted from his horse, and, putting on the coat of darkness,

went up close to the giant, and said softly, "Oh! are you there? It will not be long before I take you fast by the beard." The giant all this while could not see him, on account of his invisible coat, so that Jack, coming up close to the monster, struck a blow with the sword at his head, but, missing his aim, he cut off the nose instead. At this the giant roared like claps of thunder, and began to lay about him with his iron club like one stark mad. But Jack, running behind, drove his sword up to the hilt in the giant's back, so that he fell down dead. This done, Jack cut off the giant's head, and sent it, with his brother's also, to King Arthur, by a wagoner he hired for that purpose.

Jack now resolved to enter the giant's cave in search of his treasure, and, passing along through a great many windings and turnings, he came at length to a large room paved with freestone, at the upper end of which was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand a large table, at which the giant used to dine. Then he came to a window, barred with iron, through which he looked and beheld a vast number of miserable captives, who, seeing him, cried out, "Alas! young man, art thou come to be one amongst us in this miserable den?"

"Ay," quoth Jack; "but pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity?"

"We are kept here," said one, "till such time as the giants have a wish to feast, and then the fattest among us is slaughtered! And many are the times they have dined upon murdered men!"

"Say you so," quoth Jack, and straightway unlocked the gate and let them free, who all rejoiced like con-

demned men at sight of a pardon. Then, searching the giant's coffers, he shared the gold and silver equally amongst them and took them to a neighboring castle, where they all feasted and made merry over their deliverance.

But in the midst of all this mirth a messenger brought news that one Thunderdell, a giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his kinsmen, had come from the northern dales to be revenged on Jack, and was within a mile of the castle, the country people flying before him like chaff. But Jack was not a bit daunted, and said: "Let him come! I have a tool to pick his teeth; and you, ladies and gentlemen, walk out into the garden, and you shall witness this giant Thunderdell's death and destruction."

The castle was situated in the midst of a small island surrounded by a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, over which lay a drawbridge. So Jack employed men to cut through this bridge on both sides, nearly to the middle; and then, dressing himself in his invisible coat, he marched against the giant with his sword of sharpness. Although the giant could not see Jack, he smelt his approach, and cried out in these words:—

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

"Say'st thou so," said Jack; "then thou art a monstrous miller indeed."

The giant cried out again, "Art thou that villain who

killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, suck thy blood, and grind thy bones to powder."

"You'll have to catch me first," quoth Jack, and throwing off his invisible coat, so that the giant might see him, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he ran from the giant, who followed like a walking castle, so that the very foundations of the earth seemed to shake at every step. Jack led him a long dance, in order that the gentlemen and ladies might see; and at last, to end the matter, ran lightly over the drawbridge, the giant, in full speed, pursuing him with his club. Then, coming to the middle of the bridge, the giant's great weight broke it down, and he tumbled headlong into the water, where he rolled and wallowed like a whale. Jack, standing by the moat, laughed at him all the while; but though the giant foamed to hear him scoff, and plunged from place to place in the moat, yet he could not get out to be revenged. Jack at length got a cart rope and cast it over the two heads of the giant and drew him ashore by a team of horses, and then cut off both his heads with his sword of sharpness, and sent them to King Arthur.

After some time spent in mirth and pastime, Jack, taking leave of the knights and ladies, set out for new adventures. Through many woods he passed, and came at length to the foot of a high mountain. Here, late at night, he found a lonesome house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by an aged man with a head as white as snow. "Father," said Jack, "can you lodge a benighted traveler that has lost his way?" "Yes," said the old man; "you are right welcome to my poor cottage." Whereupon Jack entered, and down they sat

together, and the old man began to speak as follows: "Son, I see by your belt you are the great conqueror of giants, and behold, my son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle; this is kept by a giant named Galligantua, and he, by the help of an old conjurer, betrays many knights and ladies into his castle, where by magic art they are transformed into sundry shapes and forms. But above all, I grieve for a duke's daughter, whom they fetched from her father's garden, carrying her through the air in a burning chariot drawn by fiery dragons, when they secured her within the castle, and transformed her into a white hind. And though many knights have tried to break the enchantment, and work her deliverance, yet no one could accomplish it, on account of two dreadful griffins which are placed at the castle gate and which destroy every one who comes near. But you, my son, may pass by them undiscovered, where on the gates of the castle you will find engraven in large letters how the spell may be broken." Jack gave the old man his hand, and promised that in the morning he would venture his life to free the lady.

In the morning Jack arose and put on his invisible coat and magic cap and shoes, and prepared himself for the fray. Now, when he had reached the top of the mountain he soon discovered the two fiery griffins, but passed them without fear, because of his invisible coat. When he had got beyond them, he found upon the gates of the castle a golden trumpet hung by a silver chain, under which these lines were engraved:—

"Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall soon the giant overthrow,

IN THE MORNING JACK AROSE AND PUT ON HIS INVISIBLE COAT AND MAGIC CAP AND SHOES, AND PREPARED HIMSELF FOR THE FRAY. WHEN HE REACHED THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN HE SOON DISCOVERED THE TWO FIERY GRIFFINS, BUT PASSED THEM WITHOUT FEAR, BECAUSE OF HIS INVISIBLE COAT. WHEN HE HAD GOT BEYOND THEM, HE FOUND UPON THE GATES OF THE CASTLE A GOLDEN TRUMPET HUNG BY A BEAUTIFUL SILVER CHAIN

And break the black enchantment straight;
So all shall be in happy state."

Jack had no sooner read this but he blew the trumpet, at which the castle trembled to its vast foundations, and the giant and conjurer were in horrid confusion, biting their thumbs and tearing their hair, knowing their wicked reign was at an end. Then, the giant stooping to take up his club, Jack at one blow cut off his head; whereupon the conjurer, mounting up into the air, was carried away in a whirlwind. Then the enchantment was broken, and all the lords and ladies who had so long been transformed into birds and beasts returned to their proper shapes, and the castle vanished away in a cloud of smoke. This being done, the head of Galligantua was likewise, in the usual manner, conveyed to the Court of King Arthur, where, the very next day, Jack followed, with the knights and ladies who had been delivered. Whereupon, as a reward for his good services, the king prevailed upon the duke to bestow his daughter in marriage on honest Jack. So married they were, and the whole kingdom was filled with joy at the wedding. Furthermore, the king bestowed on Jack a noble castle, with a very beautiful estate thereto belonging, where he and his lady lived in great joy and happiness all the rest of their days.

PUSS IN BOOTS

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once a miller, who, at his death, had nothing to leave to his three children but his mill, his ass, and his cat; so he called in no lawyer, and made no will. The eldest son took the mill; the second the ass; while the youngest had nothing but the cat, who seemed more likely to prove a burden than a boon to his new master. The poor fellow was quite downcast and said to himself, "My brothers, by putting their goods together, will be able to earn an honest livelihood; but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat, and sold his skin, what is there left? then I shall die of hunger."

The cat, who was sitting on the window-seat, overheard these words, without seeming to do so, and, looking up, said to him with a very serious, sober air, "Nay, dear master, do not be downcast at your future prospects. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, such as other folks wear, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for."

Although the cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, yet he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice,— such as hanging stiff by his hind legs, to make believe he were

dead, and concealing himself in the meal-tub, as if he were nowhere about,— that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes. Besides, he knew not what else to do, and there was no harm in trying this.

As soon as the cat was provided with what he asked for, he drew on his boots, and, slinging the bag round his neck, took hold of the two strings with his forepaws, and set off for a warren that he knew of, plentifully stocked with rabbits. He filled his bag with bran and sow-thistles, and then stretched himself out as stiff as though he had been dead, waiting patiently till some simple young rabbit, unused to worldly snares and wiles, should see the dainty feast and never think of the cat. He had scarcely lain a few moments in ambush before a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait, and went headlong into the bag, whereupon the cat drew the strings, and immediately strangled the foolish creature. The cat was vastly proud of his victory, and immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and said, "Sire, this is a rabbit from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas" (such was the title the cat took it into his head to bestow on his master), "which he desired me to present to your majesty."

"Tell your master that I am obliged by his courtesy, and that I accept his present with much pleasure," replied the king, looking graciously at him.

Another time the cat went and concealed himself in a cornfield, and held his bag open as before, and, very shortly after, two partridges were lured into the trap,

when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king, as he had done the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously, and ordered the messenger to be rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months Puss continued to carry game every now and then to the king, always presenting it in the name of his master, the Marquis of Carabas, who, he said, was a famous sportsman. At last he happened to hear that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world; and he said to his master, "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is as good as made. You need only go and bathe in the river at the spot that I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him, though it was too much for him to say what it was all coming to. Just as he was bathing the king came driving past, when Puss began to bawl out as loud as he could, "Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him!"

On hearing this, the king looked out of the carriage-window, and, recognizing the cat who had so frequently brought him game, ordered his bodyguards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While the poor marquis was being fished out of the river, Puss stepped up to the royal carriage, and informed his majesty that, during the time his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out "Stop thief!" with all his might. The

rogue had really only hidden them under a large stone. The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses for the Marquis of Carabas.

When the marquis, who was a well-grown, handsome young fellow, came forth gayly dressed, he looked so elegant that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and said the politest things in the world to him, while the princess was so struck with his appearance that my Lord Marquis of Carabas had scarcely made his obeisance to her, and looked at her once or twice with a very tender air, before she fell over head and ears in love with him.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. Puss, highly delighted at the turn things were taking, and determined that all should turn out in the very best way, now ran on before, and, having reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass, he thus accosted them: "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

When the carriage came by, the king put his head out, and asked the mowers whose good grassland that was. "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath, for the cat's threats had frightened them mightily.

"Upon my word, marquis," observed the king, "that is a fine estate of yours."

"Yes, sire," replied the marquis, with an easy air, "it yields me a tolerable income every year."

Puss, who continued to run on before the carriage, presently came up to some reapers. "I say, you reapers," cried he, "mind you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or else you shall, every one of you, be chopped into mincemeat."

The king passed by a moment after, and inquired to whom those cornfields belonged.

"To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," replied the reapers.

"Faith, it pleases our majesty right well to see our beloved marquis is so wealthy!" quoth the king.

Puss kept still running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the laborers he met, and the king was astounded at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas, and kept congratulating him, while the new-made nobleman received each fresh compliment more lightly than the last, so that one could see he was really a marquis, and a very grand one, too.

At length Puss reached a magnificent castle belonging to an ogre, who was immensely rich, since all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. Puss, having inquired what sort of a person the ogre might be, and what he was able to do, sent in a message asking leave to speak with him, adding that he was unwilling to pass so near his castle without paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as it is in the nature of an ogre to do, and bade him rest himself. "I have been told," said Puss, "that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant." "So I have," replied

the ogre sharply; "do you disbelieve it? then look, and you shall see me become a lion at once."

When Puss saw a lion before him, he was seized with such a fright that he scrambled up to the roof, although it was no easy job, owing to his boots, which were not intended for walking in a gutter and over tiles.

At last, perceiving that the ogre had returned to his natural shape, Puss came down again, and confessed he had been exceedingly frightened.

"But I have also been told," said Puss, "only I really cannot believe it, that you likewise possess the power of taking the shape of the smallest animals, and that, for instance, you could change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but that is really too much to believe; it is quite impossible."

"Impossible, indeed!" quoth the ogre, now put upon his mettle; "you shall see!"

So saying, he immediately took on the shape of a mouse, and began frisking about the floor, when Puss pounced upon him, gave him one shake, and that was the end of the ogre.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. Puss, hearing the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, now ran out to meet the king, saying, "Your majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

"What! my lord marquis," exclaimed the king, "does this castle likewise belong to you? Really, I never saw anything more splendid than the courtyard and the

surrounding buildings; pray let us see if the inside be equal to the outside."

The marquis gracefully handed out the princess, and, following the king, they mounted a flight of steps, and were ushered by Puss, who danced before them, into a vast hall, where they found an elegant feast spread. Some of the ogre's friends were to have visited him that day, but the news went about that the king had come, and so they dared not go. The king was positively delighted, the castle was so magnificent and the Marquis of Carabas such an excellent young man; the princess, too, was evidently already in love with him; so, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, his majesty hemmed and said,—

"You have only to say the word, my lord marquis, to become the-son-in-law of your sovereign."

The marquis bowed and looked at the princess, and that very same day they were married, and the old king gave them his blessing. Puss, who had brought it all about, looked on mightily pleased, and ever after lived there a great lord, and hunted mice for mere sport, just when he pleased.

TOM THUMB

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once a poor woodman sitting by the fire in his cottage, and his wife sat by his side spinning. "How lonely it is," said he, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves without any children to play about and amuse us, while other people seem so happy and merry with their children!" "What you say is very true," said the wife, sighing, and turning round her wheel; "how happy should I be if I had but one child! and if it were ever so small, nay, if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be very happy, and love it dearly." Now it came to pass that this good woman's wish was fulfilled just as she desired; for some time afterwards she had a little boy who was quite healthy and strong, but not much bigger than her thumb. So they said, "Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly;" and they called him Tom Thumb.

They gave him plenty of food, yet he never grew bigger, but remained just the same size as when he was born; still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a clever little fellow, who always knew well what he was about. One day, as the woodman was getting ready to go into the woods

to cut fuel, he said, "I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me, for I want to make haste." "O father!" cried Tom, "I will take care of that; the cart shall be in the wood by the time you want it." Then the woodman laughed, and said, "How can that be? you cannot reach up to the horse's bridle." "Never mind that, father," said Tom: "if my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear, and tell him which way to go." "Well," said the father, "we will try for once."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse to the cart, and put Tom into his ear; and as he sat there, the little man told the beast how to go, crying out "Go on," and "Stop," as he wanted; so the horse went on just as if the woodman had driven it himself into the wood. It happened that as the horse was going a little too fast, and Tom was calling out "Gently! gently!" two strangers came up. "What an odd thing that is!" said one, "there is a cart going along, and I hear a carter talking to the horse, but can see no one." "That is strange," said the other; "let us follow the cart and see where it goes." So they went on into the wood, till at last they came to the place where the woodman was. Then Tom Thumb, seeing his father, cried out, "See, father, here I am, with the cart, all right and safe; now take me down." So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and with the other took his son out of the ear; then he put him down upon a straw, where he sat as merry as you please. The two strangers were all this time looking on, and did not know what to say for wonder. At last one took

the other aside and said, "That little urchin will make our fortune if we can get him, and carry him about from town to town as a show; we must buy him." So they went to the woodman and asked him what he would take for the little man: "He will be better off," said they, "with us than with you." "I won't sell him at all," said the father; "my own flesh and blood is dearer to me than all the silver and gold in the world." But Tom, hearing of the bargain they wanted to make, crept up his father's coat to his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Take the money, father, and let them have me; I'll soon come back to you."

So the woodman at last agreed to sell Tom to the strangers for a large piece of gold. "Where do you like to sit?" said one of them. "Oh, put me on the rim of your hat, that will be a nice gallery for me; I can walk about there, and see the country as we go along." So they did as he wished; and when Tom had taken leave of his father, they took him away with them.

They journeyed on till it began to be dusky, and then the little man said, "Let me get down, I'm tired." So the man took off his hat and set him down on a clod of earth in a ploughed field by the side of the road. But Tom ran about amongst the furrows, and at last slipped into an old mouse-hole. "Good-night, masters," said he, "I'm off! mind and look sharp after me the next time." They ran directly to the place, and poked the ends of their sticks into the mouse-hole, but all in vain; Tom only crawled farther and farther in, and at last it became quite dark, so that they were obliged to go their way without their prize, as sulky as you please.

When Tom found they were gone, he came out of his hiding-place. "What dangerous walking it is," said he," in this ploughed field! If I were to fall from one of these great clods I should certainly break my neck." At last, by good luck, he found a large empty snail-shell. "This is lucky," said he. "I can sleep here very well," and in he crept. Just as he was falling asleep he heard two men passing, and one said to the other, "How shall we manage to steal that rich parson's silver and gold?" "I'll tell you," cried Tom. "What noise was that?" said the thief, frightened. "I 'm sure I heard some one speak." They stood still, listening, and Tom said, "Take me with you, and I'll soon show you how to get the parson s money." "But where are you?" said they. "Look about on the ground," answered he, "and listen where the sound comes from." At last the thieves found him out, and lifted him up in their hands. "You little urchin!" said they, "what can you do for us?" "Why I can get between the iron window-bars of the parson's house, and throw you out whatever you want." "That's a good thought," said the thieves; "come along, we shall see what you can do."

When they came to the parson's house, Tom slipped through the window-bars into the room, and then called out as loud as he could bawl, "Will you have all that is here?" At this the thieves were frightened, and said, "Softly, softly! Speak low, that you may not awaken anybody." But Tom pretended not to understand them, and bawled out again, "How much will you have? Shall I throw it all out?" Now the cook lay in the next room, and hearing a noise she raised

herself in her bed and listened. Meantime the thieves were frightened and ran off to a little distance; but at last they plucked up courage, and said, "The little urchin is only trying to make fools of us." So they came back and whispered softly to him, saying, "Now let us have no more of your jokes, but throw out some of the money." Then Tom called out as loud as he could, "Very well, hold your hands, here it comes." The cook heard this quite plain, so she sprang out of bed and ran to open the door. The thieves ran off as if a wolf were at their tails; and the maid, having groped about and found nothing, went away for a light. By the time she returned Tom had slipped off into the barn; and when the cook had looked about and searched every hole and corner, and found nobody, she went to bed, thinking she must have been dreaming with her eyes open. The little man crawled about in the hay-loft, and at last found a glorious place to finish his night's rest in; so he laid himself down, meaning to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother. But, alas! how cruelly was he disappointed! what crosses and sorrows happen in this world! The cook got up early before daybreak to feed the cows: she went straight to the hay-loft, and carried away a large bundle of hay with the little man in the middle of it fast asleep. He still, however, slept on, and did not awake till he found himself in the mouth of the cow, who had taken him up with a mouthful of hay: "Good lack-a-day!" said he, "how did I manage to tumble into the mill?" But he soon found out where he really was, and was obliged to have all his wits about him in

order that he might not get between the cow's teeth and so be crushed to death. At last down he went into her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he; "they forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in; a candle would be no bad thing."

Though he made the best of his bad luck, he did not like his quarters at all; and the worst of it was, that more and more hay was always coming down, and the space in which he was became smaller and smaller. At last he cried out as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!" The maid happened to be just then milking the cow, and hearing some one speak and seeing nobody, and yet being quite sure it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so frightened that she fell off her stool and overset the milkpail. She ran off as fast as she could to her master the parson, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking!" But the parson said, "Woman, thou art surely mad!" However, he went with her into the cowhouse to see what was the matter. Scarcely had they set their foot on the threshold when Tom called out, "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened; and, thinking the cow was surely bewitched, ordered that she should be killed directly. So the cow was killed, and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, which was not a very easy task; but at last, just as he had made room to get his head out, a new misfortune befell him: a hungry wolf sprang out, and swallowed the

whole stomach, with Tom in it, at a single gulp, and ran away. Tom, however, was not disheartened; and, thinking the wolf would not dislike having some chat with him, as he was going along, he called out, "My good friend, I can show you a famous treat." "Where's that?" said the wolf. "In such and such a house," said Tom, describing his father's house, "you can crawl through the drain into the kitchen, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, and everything your heart can desire." The wolf did not want to be asked twice; so that very night he went to the house and crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and ate and drank there to his heart's content. As soon as he was satisfied he wanted to get away; but he had eaten so much that he could not get out the same way that he came in. This was just what Tom had reckoned upon; and he now began to set up a great shout, making all the noise he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the wolf; "you'll awaken everybody in the house." "What's that to me?" said the little man: "you have had your frolic, now I've a mind to be merry myself;" and he began again singing and shouting as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife, being awakened by the noise, peeped through a crack in the door; but when they saw that the wolf was there, you may well suppose that they were terribly frightened; and the woodman ran for his axe, and gave his wife a scythe. "Now do you stay behind," said the woodman; "and when I have knocked him on the head, do you rip up his belly for him with the scythe." Tom heard all

this, and said, "Father, father! I am here, the wolf has swallowed me;" and his father said, "Heaven be praised! we have found our dear child again;" and he told his wife not to use the scythe, for fear she should hurt him. Then he aimed a great blow, and struck the wolf on the head, and killed him on the spot; and when he was dead they cut open his body and set Tommy free. "Ah!" said the father, "what fears we have had for you!" "Yes, father," answered he, "I have traveled all over the world, since we parted, in one way or other; and now I am very glad to get fresh air again." "Why, where have you been?" said his father. "I have been in a mouse-hole, in a snail-shell, down a cow's throat, and in the wolf's belly; and yet here I am again safe and sound." "Well," said they, "we will not sell you again for all the riches in the world." So they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and fetched new clothes for him, for his old ones were quite spoiled on his journey.

CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once an honest gentleman who was left a widower with one little daughter, the image of her mother, beautiful in face and lovely in temper. He thought it well to marry again, for he was lonely and he wished for some one who should take care of his child. But though his second wife was a handsome woman she was very haughty, and she had two daughters by a former marriage, who were as proud and disagreeable as herself. The lady appeared very well before the wedding, but no sooner was that over than she began to show her evil temper. She could not bear her stepdaughter, who was so amiable that her own ill-natured children seemed more disagreeable than before, and she compelled the poor girl to do all the drudgery of the household. It was she who washed the dishes, and scrubbed down the stairs, and polished the floors in my lady's chamber, and in those of the two pert misses, her daughters; and while the latter slept on good featherbeds in elegant rooms furnished with full-length looking-glasses in which they could admire themselves all day long, their sister lay in a wretched garret on an old straw mattress. Yet the poor thing bore this ill treatment very meekly, and did not dare complain to her father, for he

was so blind to his wife's faults that he would only have scolded the child.

When her work was done, she used to sit in the chimney-corner amongst the cinders, so that the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*, or the cinder-wench; yet for all her shabby clothes Cinderella was a hundred times prettier than they, let them be dressed ever so magnificently.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball to which he invited all the rich and the grand; and as our two young ladies made a great figure in the world, they were to be at the ball, and perhaps would dance with the prince. So they were at once very busy choosing what head-dress and which gown would be the most becoming. Here was fresh work for poor Cinderella; for it was she, forsooth, who was to starch and get up their ruffles, and iron all their fine linen; and they talked of nothing but their fine clothes all day long. "I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet dress, with my point-lace trimmings." "And I," said the younger sister, "shall wear my ordinary petticoat, but shall set it off with my gold brocaded train and my circlet of diamonds, and what can be finer than that?" They sent for a clever tire-woman, for they were to have double rows of quilling on their caps, and they bought a quantity of elegant ribbons and bows. They called in Cinderella, to take her advice, as she had such good taste; and Cinderella not only advised them well, but offered to dress their hair, and they were pleased to accept. While she was thus busied, the sisters said to her, "And pray, Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?" "Nay, you are mocking me,"

"YOU WISH THAT YOU COULD GO TO THE BALL," INTERRUPTED HER GODMOTHER, WHO WAS A FAIRY. "INDEED I DO!" SAID CINDERELLA, WITH A SIGH. "WELL, THEN, IF YOU WILL BE A GOOD GIRL, YOU SHALL GO," SAID HER GODMOTHER. "RUN QUICK AND FETCH ME A PUMPKIN"

replied the poor girl; "it is not for such as I to go to balls." "True enough," rejoined they; "folks would laugh to see a cinder-wench at a court ball."

Any other but Cinderella would have dressed their hair awry to spite them for their rudeness; but she was so good-natured that she went on and dressed them more becomingly than ever they had been in their lives before. The two sisters were so delighted that they scarcely ate a morsel for a couple of days. And besides, it was not easy to eat much, for they were laced tight, to make their waists as slender as possible; indeed, more than a dozen stay-laces were broken in the attempt. But they were perfectly contented to spend their whole time before a looking-glass, where they nodded their plumes, and turned and turned to see how they looked behind.

The long-wished-for evening came at last, and off they set. Cinderella's eyes followed them as long as they could, and then she sat down and began to weep. Her godmother now appeared, and seeing her in tears inquired what was the matter. "I wish — I wish," began the poor girl, but her voice was choked with tears. "You wish that you could go to the ball," interrupted her godmother, who was a fairy. "Indeed I do!" said Cinderella, with a sigh. "Well, then, if you will be a good girl, you shall go," said her godmother. "Run quick and fetch me a pumpkin from the garden." Cinderella flew to gather the finest pumpkin she could find, though she could not understand how it could possibly help her to go to the ball. But her godmother, scooping it quite hollow, touched it with her wand, when it was immedi-

ately changed into a gilt coach. She then went to the mouse-trap, where she found six live mice, and, bidding Cinderella let them out one by one, she changed each mouse into a fine dapple gray horse by a stroke of her wand. But what was she to do for a coachman? Cinderella proposed to look for a rat in the rat-trap. "That's a good thought," quoth her godmother; "so go and see." Back came Cinderella with the rat-trap, in which were three large rats. The fairy chose one that had a tremendous pair of whiskers, and forthwith changed him into a coachman with the finest mustachios ever seen.

"Now," said she, "go into the garden, and bring me six lizards, which you will find behind the watering-pot." These were no sooner brought than, lo! with a touch of the wand they were turned into six footmen, with laced liveries, who got up behind the coach just as naturally as if they had done nothing else all their lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Now here is your coach and six, your coachman and your footmen, all to take you to the ball; are you not pleased?" "But must I go in these dirty clothes?" said Cinderella timidly. Her godmother smiled and just touched her with her wand, when her shabby clothes were changed to a dress of gold and silver tissue, all decked with precious stones. Then she put upon her feet the prettiest pair of glass slippers ever seen. Cinderella now got into the carriage, after having been warned by her godmother upon no account to prolong her stay beyond midnight, for if she should remain a moment longer at the ball her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, her footmen lizards, while her beautiful clothes would be-

come the shabby gown of the poor girl that sat among the cinders. Cinderella promised she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and set off in an ecstasy of delight.

When she arrived it was in such state that the king's son, hearing that some great princess, unknown at court, had just appeared, went to hand her out of her carriage, and brought her into the hall where the company was assembled. The moment she appeared all voices were hushed, the violins ceased playing, and the dancing stopped short, so great was the sensation produced by the stranger's beauty. A confused murmur of admiration fluttered through the crowd, and each was fain to exclaim, "How surpassingly lovely she is!" Even the king, old as he was, could not forbear admiring her like the rest, and whispered to the queen that she was certainly the fairest and comeliest woman he had seen for many a long day. As for the ladies, they were all busy examining her headdress and her clothes, in order to get similar ones the very next day, if, indeed, they could meet with stuffs of such rich patterns, and find workwomen clever enough to make them up.

After leading her to the place to which her rank seemed to entitle her, the king's son requested her hand for the next dance, when she displayed so much grace that her beauty was heightened, and people said they had not praised her half enough before. An elegant supper was brought in, but the young prince was so taken up with gazing at the fair stranger that he did not touch a morsel. Cinderella went and sat by her sisters, sharing with them the oranges and citrons the prince

had offered her, much to their surprise and delight, for they felt highly flattered, never dreaming who it really was.

When Cinderella heard the clock strike three quarters past eleven, she made a low courtesy to the whole assembly, and retired in haste. On reaching home, she found her godmother, and after thanking her for the delight she had enjoyed she ventured to express a wish to return to the ball on the following evening, as the prince had requested her to do. She was still eagerly telling her godmother all that had happened at court when her two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella went and let them in, pretending to yawn and stretch herself and rub her eyes, and saying, "How late you are!" just as if she had been waked up out of a nap, though one may readily believe she had never felt less disposed to sleep in her life. "If you had been to the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not have thought it late. There came the most beautiful princess that ever was seen, who loaded us with polite attentions, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella inquired the name of the princess. But they replied that nobody knew her name, and that the king's son was in great trouble about her, and would give the world to know who she could be. "Is she, then, so very beautiful?" said Cinderella, smiling. "Ah! how I should like to see her! Oh, do, my lady Javotte, lend me the yellow dress you wear every day, that I may go to the ball and have a peep at this wonderful princess." "A likely story, indeed!" cried Javotte, tossing her head disdainfully, "that I should lend my clothes to a

dirty cinder-wench like you!" Cinderella expected to be refused, and was not sorry for it, as she would have been very much puzzled what to do had her sister really lent her the dress she begged to have.

On the following evening the sisters again went to the court ball, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more magnificently than before. The king's son never once left her side, and spent his whole time in waiting upon her. He talked so charmingly, and whispered so many delicate speeches, that the young lady was nothing loath to listen to him; she forgot all else, she forgot her godmother's warning. Eleven o'clock came, but she did not notice the striking; the half-hour struck, but the prince grew more delightful, and Cinderella, could hear nothing else; the last quarter — but still Cinderella sat by the prince. Then the great clock sounded the midnight stroke; up sprang Cinderella and like a startled fawn fled from the palace. The prince started to follow her, but she was too swift for him; only, as she flew, she dropped one of her glass slippers, which he picked up very eagerly. The last stroke died away as Cinderella reached the great staircase that led from the palace. In a twinkling the gay lady was gone, and only a shabby cinder-wench went running down the steps. The splendid coach and six, driver and footmen, had vanished; only a pumpkin lay on the ground, and a rat, six mice, and six lizards scampered off. Cinderella reached home, quite out of breath; but of all her magnificence nothing remained save a little glass slipper, the fellow to the one she had lost. The sentinels at the palace gate were closely questioned as to whether they had not seen a

princess coming out; but they answered they had seen no one except a shabbily dressed girl, who appeared to be a peasant rather than a young lady.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them whether they had been well entertained, and whether the beautiful lady was there. They replied that she was; but that she had run away as soon as midnight had struck, and so quickly as to drop one of her dainty glass slippers, which the king's son had picked up and was looking at most fondly during the remainder of the ball; indeed, it seemed beyond a doubt that he was deeply in love with the beautiful creature to whom it belonged.

They spoke truly enough; for a few days afterwards the king's son caused a proclamation to be made, by sound of trumpet, all over the kingdom, that he would marry her whose foot should be found to fit the slipper exactly. So the slipper was first tried on by all the princesses; then by all the duchesses; and next by all the persons belonging to the court; but in vain. Then it was carried to all the fine houses, and it came at last to the two sisters, who tried with all their might to force their feet into the fairy-like slipper, but with no better success. Cinderella, who was present, now laughed, and said, "Suppose I were to try?" Her sisters ridiculed such an idea; but the gentleman who was appointed to try the slipper looked attentively at Cinderella, and perceiving how beautiful she was said that it was but fair she should do so, as he had orders to try it on every young maiden in the kingdom. So Cinderella sat down, and put her foot on a stool to have the slipper tried on, while her

sisters looked on contemptuously; but no sooner did she put her little foot to the slipper than she drew it on, and it fitted like wax. The sisters stood amazed; but their astonishment increased tenfold when Cinderella drew the fellow slipper out of her pocket, and put that on. Her godmother then made her appearance, and, touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made them once more the robes of a princess, but even more splendid than those which she had worn at the ball.

Her two sisters now recognized her for the beautiful stranger they had seen, and falling at her feet implored her forgiveness for their unworthy treatment, and all the insults they had heaped upon her head. Cinderella raised them, saying, as she embraced them, that she not only forgave them with all her heart, but wished that they might always love her. The gentleman in waiting led her to the palace of the young prince, who was overjoyed at discovering the beautiful maiden, and thought her more lovely than ever.

So they were married, and Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, and wished every one about her to be happy, allowed her sisters to lodge in the palace, and gave them in marriage, that same day, to two lords belonging to the court.

HANS IN LUCK

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gayly on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing, — you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took

the silver, helped Hans up, put the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run away, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day, into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk; what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his

cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst." So he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk; she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig, now, one could do something with it; it would at any rate make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it along, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be

sure, but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just came from the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do will be to throw you into the horse pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep

soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing, —

"O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blithe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it; — but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true; but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other; "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; — will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans. "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more; there's the goose!"

"Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart: his eyes sparkling for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been traveling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no farther, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he; "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on, free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

ONCE upon a time there was a king and a queen who grieved sorely that they had no children. When at last the queen gave birth to a daughter, the king was so overjoyed that he gave a great christening feast, the like of which had never before been known. He asked all the fairies in the land — there were seven all told — to stand godmothers to the little princess, hoping that each might give her a gift, and so she should have all imaginable perfections.

After the christening all the company returned to the palace, where a great feast had been spread for the fairy godmothers. Before each was set a magnificent plate, with a gold knife and a gold fork studded with diamonds and rubies. Just as they were seating themselves, however, there entered an old fairy who had not been invited because more than fifty years ago she had shut herself up in a tower, and it was supposed that she was either dead or enchanted.

The king ordered a cover to be laid for her, but it could not be a massive gold one like the others, for only seven had been ordered made. The old fairy thought herself ill-used, and muttered between her teeth. One of the young fairies, overhearing her, and fancying she might work some mischief to the little

baby, went and hid herself behind the hangings in the hall, so as to be able to have the last word and undo any harm the old fairy might wish to work. The fairies now began to endow the princess. The youngest, for her gift, decreed that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next that she should have the mind of an angel; the third that she should be perfectly graceful; the fourth that she should dance admirably well; the fifth that she should sing like a nightingale; the sixth that she should play charmingly upon every musical instrument. The turn of the old fairy had now come, and she declared, while her head shook with malice, that the princess should pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. This dreadful fate threw all the company into tears of dismay, when the young fairy who had hidden herself came forward and said,—

"Be of good cheer, king and queen; your daughter shall not so die. It is true I cannot entirely undo what my elder has done. The princess will pierce her hand with a spindle, but instead of dying, she will only fall into a deep sleep. The sleep will last a hundred years, and at the end of that time a king's son will come to wake her."

The king, in hopes of preventing what the old fairy had foretold, immediately issued an edict by which he forbade all persons in his dominion from spinning, or even having spindles in their houses, under pain of instant death.

Now fifteen years after the princess was born she was with the king and queen at one of their castles,

and as she was running about by herself she came to a little chamber at the top of a tower, and there sat an honest old woman spinning, for she had never heard of the king's edict.

"What are you doing?" asked the princess.

"I am spinning, my fair child," said the old woman, who did not know her.

"How pretty it is!" exclaimed the princess. "How do you do it? Give it to me that I may see if I can do it." She had no sooner taken up the spindle than, being hasty and careless, she pierced her hand with the point of it, and fainted away. The old woman, in great alarm, called for help. People came running in from all sides; they threw water in the princess's face and did all they could to restore her, but nothing would bring her to. The king, who had heard the noise and confusion, came up also, and, remembering what the fairy had said, he had the princess carried to the finest apartment and laid upon a richly embroidered bed. She lay there in all her loveliness, for the swoon had not made her pale; her lips were cherry-ripe and her cheeks ruddy and fair; her eyes were closed, but they could hear her breathing quietly; she could not be dead. The king looked sorrowfully upon her. He knew that she would not awake for a hundred years.

The good fairy who had saved her life and turned her death into sleep was in the kingdom of Mataquin, twelve thousand leagues away, when this happened; but she learned of it from a dwarf who had a pair of seven-league boots, and instantly set out for the castle, where she arrived in an hour, drawn by dragons in a

fiery chariot. The king came forward to receive her, and showed his grief. The good fairy was very wise, and saw that the princess when she woke would find herself all alone in that great castle and everything about her would be strange. So this is what she did. She touched with her wand everybody that was in the castle, except the king and queen. She touched the governesses, maids of honor, women of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, boys, guards, porters, pages, footmen; she touched the horses in the stable with their grooms, the great mastiffs in the courtyard, and even little Pouste, the tiny lap-dog of the princess that was on the bed beside her. As soon as she had touched them they all fell asleep, not to wake again until the time arrived for their mistress to do so, when they would be ready to wait upon her. Even the spits before the fire, laden with partridges and pheasants, went to sleep, and the fire itself went to sleep also.

It was the work of a moment. The king and queen kissed their daughter farewell and left the castle, issuing a proclamation that no person whatsoever was to approach it. That was needless, for in a quarter of an hour there had grown up about it a wood so thick and filled with thorns that nothing could get at the castle, and the castle top itself could only be seen from a great distance.

A hundred years went by, and the kingdom was in the hands of another royal family. The son of the king was hunting one day when he discovered the towers of the castle above the tops of the trees, and asked

what castle that was. All manner of answers were given to him. One said it was an enchanted castle, another that witches lived there, but most believed that it was occupied by a great ogre which carried thither all the children he could catch and ate them up one at a time, for nobody could get at him through the wood. The prince did not know what to believe, when finally an old peasant said, —

"Prince, it is more than fifty years since I heard my father say that there was in that castle the most beautiful princess that ever was seen; that she was to sleep for a hundred years, and to be awakened at last by the king's son, who was to marry her."

The young prince at these words felt himself on fire. He had not a moment's doubt that he was destined to this great adventure, and full of ardor he determined at once to set out for the castle. Scarcely had he come to the wood when all the trees and thorns which had made such an impenetrable thicket opened on one side and the other to offer him a path. He walked toward the castle, which appeared now at the end of a long avenue, but when he turned to look for his followers, not one was to be seen; the woods had closed instantly upon him as he had passed through. He was entirely alone, and utter silence was about him. He entered a large fore-court and stood still with amazement and awe. On every side were stretched the bodies of men and animals apparently lifeless. But the faces of the men were rosy, and the goblets by them had a few drops of wine left. The men had plainly fallen asleep. His steps resounded as he passed over the marble pave-

ment and up the marble staircase. He entered the guardroom; there the guards stood drawn up in line with carbines at their shoulders, but they were sound asleep. He passed through one apartment after another, where were ladies and gentlemen asleep in their chairs or standing. He entered a chamber covered with gold, and saw on a bed, the curtains of which were drawn, the most lovely sight he had ever looked upon, — a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen, and so fair that she seemed to belong to another world. He drew near, trembling and wondering, and knelt beside her. Her hand lay upon her breast, and he touched his lips to it. At that moment, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and, looking drowsily and tenderly at the young man, said, —

"Have you come, my prince? I have waited long for you." The prince was overjoyed at the words, and at the tender voice and look, and scarcely knew how to speak. But he managed to assure her of his love, and they soon forgot all else as they talked and talked. They talked for four hours, and had not then said half that was in their heads to say.

Meanwhile all the rest of the people in the castle had been wakened at the same moment as the princess, and they were now extremely hungry. The lady-in-waiting became very impatient, and at length announced to the princess that they all waited for her. Then the prince took the princess by the hand; she was dressed in great splendor, but he did not hint that she looked as he had seen pictures of his great-grandmother look; he thought her all the more charming for that. They

passed into a hall of mirrors, where they supped, attended by the officers of the princess. The violins and hautboys played old but excellent pieces of music, and after supper, to lose no time, the grand almoner married the royal lovers in the chapel of the castle.

When they left the castle the next day to return to the prince's home, they were followed by all the retinue of the princess. They marched down the long avenue, and the wood opened again to let them pass. Outside they met the prince's followers, who were overjoyed to see their master. He turned to show them the castle, but behold! there was no castle to be seen, and no wood; castle and wood had vanished, but the prince and princess went gayly away, and when the old king and queen died they reigned in their stead.

BLUE BEARD

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was very rich. He had a fine house in town and another in the country; in the houses were costly furniture and gold and silver plate; when he drove out it was in a coach covered with gilding. But for all that not a woman or girl would look at him, he was so ugly and terrible. Yes, this man had a blue beard. Now there was in the neighborhood a lady of quality who had two daughters, who were perfectly beautiful. Blue Beard wished to marry one of these and left it to the mother to say which she would give him, but neither of them would have him, for they could not bear to marry a man with a blue beard, and, besides, he had been married several times already, and no one knew what had become of his wives.

Blue Beard, in order to become well acquainted with these young ladies, invited them, their mother, and a few of their particular friends to visit his country seat, where they passed an entire week. Nothing was thought of but jaunts, hunting and fishing, parties, balls, and dinners. Nobody went to bed; the whole night was spent in merry-making. In short, all went off so well that by the end of the week the younger daughter began to think the master of the house an agreeable man, and that his

beard was not so very blue, after all. So it was that shortly after the return to town she was married to him.

About a month afterward Blue Beard told his wife that he was forced to take a journey, and should be gone six weeks; he had business of importance to attend to; but she was to amuse herself in his absence, to have all her young friends about her, and to fare as sumptuously as if he were present. "Here," he said, "are the keys of my two large storerooms; these are for the chests in which the best gold and silver plate are kept; these are for the strong boxes in which I keep my money; these open the caskets that contain my jewels; this is the pass-key to all the apartments. And this," he ended, looking at her fixedly, "is the key to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. Open everything and go everywhere except into that closet, which I forbid you to enter, and I forbid you so strictly that if you dare to open the door you will have everything to dread from my anger." She promised faithfully to obey him, and when he had embraced his obedient wife he got into his coach and drove away.

The neighbors and friends of the young bride scarcely waited for an invitation, so eager were they to see all the treasures which the house contained, for never before had they dared to enter it, being much afraid of the blue beard of the owner. Now they made haste to run through all the apartments and to peep into all the closets to which they had entrance. They went into the storerooms and chambers and admired the elegance of the tapestries, the beds, the sofas, the cabinets, the tables, the lightstands; there were mirrors so large

that in them they could see themselves from top to toe, and the mirrors had frames, some of glass, some of silver, and some of gold, all more beautiful and magnificent than any they had ever before seen. They never ceased exclaiming upon the wonderful riches of this wonderful man, and they looked with envy upon the fortunate bride. But she heard and saw all with impatience, for she could think of nothing but the closet at the end of the gallery on the ground floor. At length her curiosity became so great to see what it contained that she slipped away from her friends, though that was very rude, and hastened down a secret staircase, nearly falling from the top to the bottom in her excitement. She came to the door of the closet and stopped, remembering what her husband had solemnly said to her, but the temptation was so strong that she could not overcome it. She therefore took the key and opened with trembling hand the door of the closet.

At first she could make out nothing, for the windows were closed there and it was dark; after a short time she began to see that there was blood on the floor, and then that there were dead bodies hung upon the walls. They were the wives of Blue Beard. She was ready to die with fright, and the key of the closet, which she had withdrawn from the lock, fell from her hand. She picked it up, locked the door again, and went up to her chamber to compose herself, but she was too agitated. She looked at the key of the closet, and it was stained with blood. She wiped it and wiped it, but the blood would not come off. In vain she washed it, and scrubbed it with sand and freestone, the blood was still there, for the key was

enchanted, and there was no means of cleaning it completely; when the blood was washed off one side it came back on the other.

Blue Beard came home that evening. He said that he had received letters on his way telling him that the business on which he was going was already settled. His wife did her best to persuade him that she was delighted at his early return. When morning came he called for his keys. She gave them to him, but her hand trembled. Then he said, —

"Where is the key of the closet at the end of the long gallery? It is not with the rest."

"I must have left it," she replied, "upstairs on my table."

"Then go at once and bring it to me." She made excuses, but they would not serve, and she went and brought the key. Blue Beard looked at it and asked his wife, —

"Why is there blood on this key?"

"I do not know," said the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know?" replied Blue Beard. "I know. You wished to enter the closet. Very well, madam, you shall enter it and take your place among the ladies whom you saw there." She flung herself at her husband's feet, weeping and begging pardon for having disobeyed him. Her beauty and grief would have melted a rock, but Blue Beard's heart was harder than rock.

"You must die, madam; you must die at once."

"If I must die," she replied, looking up at him with streaming eyes, "give me a little time to say my prayers."

"I will give you half a quarter of an hour," answered Blue Beard, "but not a minute more." As soon as he had left her she called her sister and said, —

"Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I pray thee, to the top of the tower and see if my brothers be not coming. They have promised to come to me to-day; if you see them, sign to them to make haste."

Sister Anne mounted to the top of the tower, and the poor distressed creature called to her every few moments, —

"Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?" and Sister Anne would answer, —

"I see nothing but the sun making dust, and the grass growing green." In the meantime Blue Beard, with a great cutlass in his hand, called out from below to his wife, —

"Come down quickly, or I will come up to thee!"

"One minute more," replied his wife, and then in a low voice, —

"Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?" and Sister Anne replied, —

"I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green."

"Come down quickly," shouted Blue Beard, "or I will come up to thee."

"I come," answered his wife, and then cried, "Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?"

"I see," said Sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust moving this way."

"Is it my brothers?"

"Alas, no, sister! it is a flock of sheep."

"Wilt thou not come down?" roared Blue Beard.

"I am coming now. Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?"

"Yes. I see two horsemen coming this way, but they are a great way off. God be praised!" she added in a moment. "They are my brothers. I am beckoning to them to hasten."

"Come down!" and Blue Beard roared so loudly that the house shook. The poor wife went slowly downstairs, and when she came to her husband she threw herself, all weeping and with disheveled hair, at his feet.

"It is in vain," said Blue Beard, "thou must die," and, seizing her hair with one hand, he held his cutlass with the other to strike off her head. The poor wife lifted her weeping eyes up to him and implored him to give her one moment in which to collect her thoughts.

"No, no," said he, "commend thyself to God." He raised his arm. At this moment there was a loud knocking at the gate, and Blue Beard stopped short. The gate flew open, and two horsemen sprang in and ran with drawn swords upon Blue Beard. He knew them at once. They were the brothers of his wife; one was a dragoon, the other a musketeer, and Blue Beard ran to the house to save himself. But they were upon him in a moment, and before he could reach the door they had slain him with their swords. The poor wife was almost dead herself with fear, and could scarcely rise to embrace her brothers.

It was found that Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his young wife became mistress of all his riches.

She spent part of it in marrying her sister Anne to a young gentleman whom she had long loved, another part in buying captains' commissions for her two brothers, and with the rest she herself married a very worthy man, who made her forget her wretchedness with Blue Beard.

THE WHITE CAT

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once a king who had three sons, all handsome, brave, and noble of heart. Nevertheless, some wicked courtiers made their father believe they were eager to wear his crown, which, though he was old, he had no mind to resign. He therefore invented a plan to get them out of the kingdom, and prevent their carrying out any undutiful projects. Sending for them to a private audience, he conversed with them kindly, and said: "You must be sensible, my dear children, that my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to state affairs. I fear this may be injurious to my subjects; I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but it is no more than just that, in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement in my retirement, before I leave the capital forever. I cannot help thinking that a little dog, handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor in the kingdom."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, yet they accepted

the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, who presented them with an abundance of money and jewels, and appointed that day twelvemonth for their return, they set off on their travels.

Before separating, however, they took some refreshment together, in an old palace about three miles out of town, where they mutually agreed to meet on their return that day twelvemonth, and go all together with their presents to court. They also agreed to change their names, and to travel incognito.

Each took a different road; but it is intended to relate the adventures of the youngest only, who was the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished prince in the world. As he traveled from town to town, he bought all the handsome dogs that fell in his way; and as soon as he saw one that was handsomer than those he had, he made a present of the rest; for twenty servants would scarcely have been sufficient to take care of all the dogs he was continually purchasing. At length, wandering he knew not whither, he found himself in a forest. Night suddenly came on, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. To add to his perplexity, he lost his way. After he had groped about for a long time, he perceived a light, which made him suppose that he was not far from some house. He accordingly pursued his way towards it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld. The entrance door was of gold, covered with sapphires, which shone so that the strongest eyesight scarcely

could bear to look at it; this was the light the prince had seen from the forest. The walls were of transparent porcelain, variously colored, and represented the history of all the fairies that had existed from the beginning of the world. The prince, coming back to the golden door, observed a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds; he could not help wondering at the magnificence he beheld, and the security in which the inhabitants seemed to live. "For," said he to himself, "nothing could be easier than for thieves to steal this chain, and as many of the sapphire-stones as would make their fortunes." He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was exquisite. In a few moments the door was opened; yet he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step — when he felt himself gently pushed on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on, in great perplexity, till he entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, where the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words: —

"Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here:
You shall break the magic spell,
That on a beauteous lady fell.

"Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here."

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean; the hands moved him forward towards a large door of coral, which opened of itself to give him admittance into a splendid

apartment built of mother-of-pearl, through which he passed into others so richly adorned with paintings and jewels, and so resplendently lighted with thousands of lamps, girandoles, and lustres, that he imagined he must be in an enchanted palace. When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy chair advanced of itself towards the fireplace; then the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, adding a comfortable wrapping-gown, embroidered with gold and pearls.

The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, and combed his hair so very gently that he scarcely felt their touch. They held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterwards took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater splendor. When his toilet was complete they conducted him to an apartment he had not yet seen, and which also was magnificently furnished. There was a table spread for supper, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels. The prince observed there were two covers set, and was wondering who was to be his companion, when his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure not a foot high, which just then entered the room, and advanced towards him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides; they were followed

by a numerous retinue of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others mouse-traps full of mice.

The prince was at a loss to know what to think. The little figure now approached, and as she threw aside her veil, he beheld a most beautiful white cat. She seemed young and melancholy, and, addressing herself to him, said, "My prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure."

"Madam," replied he, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be an extraordinary creature to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the most magnificent palace I have ever seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments. Let us therefore sit down to supper."

The trunkless hands then placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and white cat seated themselves at it. The first dish was a pie made of young pigeons, and the next was a fricassee of the fattest mice. The view of the one made the prince almost afraid to taste the other, till the white cat, who guessed his thoughts, assured him that there were certain dishes at table which had been dressed on purpose for him, in which there was not a morsel of either rat or mouse. Accordingly he ate heartily of such as she recommended. When supper was over he perceived that the white cat had a portrait set in gold hanging to one of her feet. He begged her permission to look at it, when to his astonishment he saw the portrait of a handsome young

man, who exactly resembled himself! He thought there was something most extraordinary in all this; yet, as the white cat sighed and looked very sorrowful, he did not venture to ask any questions. He conversed with her on different subjects, and found her extremely well versed in everything that was passing in the world. When night was far advanced, his hostess wished him a good-night, and he was conducted by the hands to his chamber, which was different still from anything he had seen in the palace, being hung with the wings of butterflies, mixed with the most curious feathers. His bed was of gauze, festooned with bunches of the gayest ribbons, and the looking-glasses reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word. He, however, slept little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. The hands took him out of bed, and put on him a handsome hunting-jacket. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats, busily employed in preparing for the field, for this was a day of festival. Presently the white cat came to his apartment; and, having politely inquired after his health, she invited him to partake of their amusement. The prince willingly acceded, and mounted a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, which had been prepared for him, and which he was assured would gallop to admiration. The beautiful white cat mounted a monkey; she wore a dragoon's cap, which made her look so fierce that all the rats and mice ran away in the utmost terror.

Everything being ready, the horns sounded, and

away they went. No hunting was ever more agreeable. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits; and when they caught any, they turned them out to be hunted in the presence of the white cat, and a thousand cunning tricks were played. Nor were the birds in safety; for the monkey made nothing of climbing up the trees, with the white cat on his back, to the nests of the young eagles. When the chase was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; the white cat immediately exchanged her dragoon's cap for the veil, and sat down to supper with the prince, who, being very hungry, ate heartily, and afterwards partook with her of the most delicious wines. He then was conducted to his chamber as before, and wakened in the morning to renew the same sort of life, which day after day became so pleasant to him that he no longer thought of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously. Accordingly every day was spent in new amusements. The prince had almost forgotten his country and relations, and sometimes even regretted that he was not a cat, so great was his affection for his mewing companions.

"Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave you, whom I love so much! Either make yourself a lady, or make me a cat." She smiled at the prince's wish, but offered no reply.

At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired. The white cat, who knew the very day when the prince was to reach his father's palace, reminded him that he had but three days longer to look for a perfect little dog. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began

to afflict himself; when the cat told him not to be so sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should convey him safely home in less than twelve hours.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn; "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand times; and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers. They mutually embraced, and began to give an account of their success, when the youngest showed them only a little mongrel cur, telling them that he thought it could not fail to please the king, from its extraordinary beauty. The brothers trod on each other's toes under the table, as much as to say, "We have little to fear from this sorry-looking animal." The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped around with embroidered quilts that one would scarcely venture to touch them. The youngest produced his cur, and all wondered how the prince could hope to receive a crown for such a shabby present. The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute, when the youngest prince, taking his acorn from his pocket,

soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty.

The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction; yet, as he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken; and since they had succeeded so well, he wished they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy, while the trunkless hands helped him to dismount, and provided him with immediate refreshment. Afterwards the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of the further injunction of his father.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats who are perfect adepts in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making, and I will procure you all the amusement possible."

She accordingly ordered the most curious fireworks to be played off in sight of the window of the apart-

ment in which they were sitting; and nothing but festivity and rejoicing was heard throughout the palace for the prince's return. As the white cat frequently gave proofs of an excellent understanding, the prince was by no means tired of her company; she talked with him of state affairs, of theatres, of fashions; in short, she was at a loss on no subject whatever; so that when the prince was alone he had plenty of amusement in thinking how it could possibly be that a small white cat could be endowed with all the attractions of the very best and most charming of women.

The twelvemonth in this manner again passed insensibly away; but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank." And looking into the courtyard, he saw a superb car, ornamented all over with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, drawn by twelve horses as white as snow, and harnessed in the most sumptuous trappings; and behind the car a thousand guards, richly appareled, were waiting to attend on the prince's person. She then presented him with a nut. "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king your father." Then, to prevent the acknowledgments which the prince was about to offer, she hastily bade him adieu.

Nothing could exceed the speed with which the snow-white horses conveyed this fortunate prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had just arrived before him. They embraced each other, and demanded

an immediate audience of the king, who received them with the greatest kindness. The princes hastened to place at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest produced a piece of cambric so extremely fine that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been kept locked up in the custody of his majesty's treasurer all the time. But when the king tried to draw the cambric through the eye of the needle it would not pass, though it failed but very little. Then came the second prince, who made as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the turn of the youngest prince, who accordingly advanced, and, opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, took out a walnut and cracked the shell, imagining he should immediately perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hopes; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, could not, any more than the princes his brothers, refrain from laughing, to think he should be so silly as to claim the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed. He was now absolutely confounded, and

could not help muttering between his teeth, "O white cat, white cat, thou hast deceived me!" At this instant he felt his hand scratched by the claw of a cat; upon which he again took courage, and opening the grain of millet-seed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, and fine enough to be threaded with perfect ease through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to his youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was easy to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success.

"My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his children's love and obedience, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. You must undertake another expedition. That one of you who, by the end of a year, brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and obtain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of each other, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince arrived, in his splendid car, at the palace of his dear white cat. Everything went on as before till the end of another year. At length only one day remained of the year, when the white cat thus addressed him: "To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld, for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must

cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."

"I!" said the prince hastily, "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."

"You mistake me, generous prince," said she. "I do not doubt your regard, but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire; then you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and, the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him; and ere he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak to her, a long train of attendants, who at the same moment as their mistress were changed to their natural shapes, came to offer their congratulations to the queen, and inquire her commands. She received them with the greatest kindness, and, ordering them to withdraw, thus addressed the astonished prince,—

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have always been a cat, or that I am of obscure birth. My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, and left her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Her prevailing passion was to travel; and a short time before my birth, having heard of some

fairies who were in possession of the largest gardens filled with the most delicious fruit, she had so strong a desire to eat some of it that she set out for the country where they lived. She arrived at their abode, which she found to be a magnificent palace, on all sides glittering with gold and precious stones. She knocked a long time at the gates; but no one came nor could she perceive the least sign that it had any inhabitant. The difficulty, however, did but increase the violence of my mother's longing; for she saw the tops of the trees above the garden walls loaded with the most luscious fruit. The queen, in despair, ordered her attendants to place tents close to the door of the palace; but, having waited six weeks without seeing any one pass the gates, she fell sick of vexation, and her life was despaired of.

"One night, as she lay half asleep, she turned herself about, and, opening her eyes, perceived a little old woman, very ugly and deformed, seated in the easy chair by her bedside. 'I and my sister fairies,' said she, 'take it very ill that your majesty should so obstinately persist in getting some of our fruit; but since so precious a life is at stake, we consent to give you as much as you can carry away, provided you will give us in return what we shall ask.' 'Ah! kind fairy,' cried the queen, 'I will give you anything that I possess, even my very kingdoms, on condition that I eat of your fruit.' The old fairy then informed the queen that what they required was that she should give them the child she was going to have, as soon as it should be born; adding that every possible care should be taken of it, and that it should become the most accomplished princess. The queen replied

that, however cruel the conditions, she must accept them, since nothing but the fruit could save her life. In short, dear prince," continued the lady, "my mother instantly got out of bed, was dressed by her attendants, entered the palace, and satisfied her longing. Having eaten her fill, she ordered four thousand mules to be procured and loaded with the fruit, which had the virtue of continuing all the year round in a state of perfection. Thus provided, she returned to the king my father, who, with the whole court, received her with rejoicings, as it was before imagined she would die of disappointment. All this time the queen said nothing to my father of the promise she had made to give her daughter to the fairies; so that when the time was come that she expected my birth, she grew very melancholy; till at length, being pressed by the king, she declared to him the truth. Nothing could exceed his affliction when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies. He bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother's grief; and also believing he should find some means of keeping me in a place of safety, which the fairies would not be able to approach. As soon, therefore, as I was born, he had me conveyed to a tower in the palace, to which there were twenty flights of stairs, and a door to each, of which my father kept the key, so that none came near me without his consent. When the fairies heard of what had been done, they sent first to demand me; and on my father's refusal they let loose a monstrous dragon, which devoured men, women, and children, and which, by the breath of its nostrils, destroyed everything it came near, so that even the trees

and plants began to die. The grief of the king was excessive; and, finding that his whole kingdom would in a short time be reduced to famine, he consented to give me into their hands. I was accordingly laid in a cradle of mother-of-pearl, ornamented with gold and jewels, and carried to their palace, when the dragon immediately disappeared. The fairies placed me in a tower, elegantly furnished, but to which there was no door, so that whoever approached was obliged to come by the windows, which were of great height from the ground; from these I had the liberty of getting out into a delightful garden, in which were baths, and every sort of cooling fruit. In this place was I educated by the fairies, who behaved to me with the greatest kindness; my clothes were splendid and I was instructed in every kind of accomplishment; in short, prince, if I had never seen any one but them I should have remained very happy. One day, however, as I was talking at the window with my parrot, I perceived a young gentleman who was listening to our conversation. As I had never seen a man save in pictures, I was not sorry for the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. I thought him a very pleasing object, and he at length bowed in the most respectful manner, without daring to speak, for he knew that I was in the palace of the fairies. When it began to grow dark he went away, and I vainly endeavored to see which road he took. The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He now spoke to me through a speaking-trumpet, and declared that he thought me a most charming lady, and

that he should be very unhappy if he did not pass his life in my company.

"I resolved to find some way of escaping from my tower, and was not long in devising the means for the execution of my project: I begged the fairies to bring me a netting-needle, a mesh, and some cord, saying I wished to make some nets to amuse myself with catching birds at my window. This they readily complied with, and in a short time I completed a ladder long enough to reach to the ground. I now sent my parrot to the prince, to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and, finding the ladder, mounted it, and quickly entered my tower. This at first alarmed me, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to tranquillity, when all at once the window opened, and the Fairy Violent, mounted on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower. My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from her fury; for I had had time to relate to him my story, previous to this cruel interruption; but her attendants overpowered him, and the Fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my lover before my eyes. In my despair I would have thrown myself also into the mouth of the horrible monster; but this they took care to prevent, saying my life should be preserved for greater punishment. The fairy then touched me with her wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She next conducted me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and gave me a train of cats for my attendants, together with the twelve hands that waited on your highness. She then informed me of my birth and the death of my parents,

and pronounced upon me what she imagined the greatest of maledictions: that I should not be restored to my natural figure until a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You are that perfect resemblance; and accordingly you ended the enchantment. I need not add that I already love you more than my life; let us therefore hasten to the palace of the king your father, and obtain his approbation to our marriage."

The prince and princess accordingly set out side by side, in a car of still greater splendor than before, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of resigning the crown; but when the whole court were with the king assembled to pass judgment, the princess who accompanied the youngest, perceiving his thoughts by his countenance, stepped majestically forward and thus addressed him,—

"It is a pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and make no decision concerning the beauty of three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!"

The air resounded with the applauses of the assembly;

the young prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

THERE was once a rich merchant who had six children, three sons and three daughters; and he loved them more than he loved all his riches, so that he was always seeking to make them happy and wise. The daughters were extremely pretty, but the youngest was more than pretty, she was beautiful; and as every one called her Little Beauty when she was a child, and she became more lovely each year, the name grew up with her, so that she had no other but just — Beauty. Now Beauty was as good as she was beautiful, but her elder sisters were ill-natured and jealous of her, and could not bear to hear her called Beauty. They were very proud, too, of their father's riches, and put on great airs and would not condescend to visit other merchants' daughters, but were always dangling after persons of quality, and going to plays and grand balls; they laughed at Beauty, who lived quietly at home with her father. The father was so rich that many great merchants wished to marry his daughters, but the two elder always said that they could never think of marrying anybody below a duke or at the least an earl; as for Beauty, she thanked her lovers for thinking so well of her, but told them that as she was still very young she wished to live a few years longer with her father.

But suddenly it fell that the merchant lost all his great wealth; nothing remained save one small house in the country, and there the poor man told his children they must all now go and earn their daily living. The two elder daughters said that they were not going, for they had plenty of lovers in town who would be glad enough to marry them, though they had lost their fortune. But they were greatly mistaken in this, for their lovers would not even look at them now, and jeered at them in their trouble because they had been so odiously proud. Yet everybody pitied poor Beauty, and several gentlemen who loved her begged her still to let them marry her, though she had not a penny; Beauty refused, and said she could not leave her father now that trouble had come upon him.

So the family went to live in the small house in the country, where the merchant and his three sons ploughed and sowed the fields, and worked all day in the garden; and Beauty rose at four o'clock every morning, put the house in order, and got breakfast for the whole family. It was very hard at first, and no one helped her; but every day it grew easier to work, and Beauty waxed healthier and rosier. When her work was done, she would read, or play on the harpsichord, or sit at her spinning-wheel, singing as she spun. As for her two sisters, they were idle and miserable, and perfectly helpless; they never got up till ten o'clock, and then they spent the day moping and fretting because they no longer had fine clothes to wear, and could not go to fine parties to be admired. They sneered at Beauty, and said she was nothing but a servant-girl

after all, to like that way of living; but Beauty lived on cheerfully.

They had been in the country about a year, when the merchant received a letter which brought the news that a ship laden with rich goods belonging to him, and which was thought to be lost, had just come into port. At this the two eldest sisters were half wild with joy, for now they could soon leave the farmhouse and go back to the gay city; and when their father was about leaving for the port, to settle his business there, they begged for all manner of fine clothes and trinkets, which he was to bring with him. Then the merchant asked Beauty,—

"And what shall I bring you, Beauty?" for Beauty had as yet asked for nothing.

"Why, since you ask me, dear father," said she, "I should like you to bring me a rose, for none grow in these parts." Now it was not that Beauty wished so very much for a rose, but she did not like to seem to blame her sisters, or to appear better than they, by saying that she did not wish for anything.

The good man set off, but when he reached the port he was obliged to go to law about the cargo, and it ended in his turning back poorer than when he left his home. He set out to return to the farmhouse; when he was within thirty miles of home, he came to a large forest through which he must pass. The snow began to fall and covered the path; the night closed in, and it grew so dark and so cold that the poor man gave himself up as lost. He could not see the way, and he was faint with cold and hunger; when, all of a sudden, he saw a light, at the end of a long avenue of trees. He turned into the

avenue and rode until he came to the end of it; and there was a splendid palace, yet not a soul could he see at the windows which were blazing with light, or by the doors or in the courtyard. His horse, seeing a stable door open, walked in, and finding a crib full of hay and oats, the poor jaded beast fell to eating heartily. The merchant left him in the stall and entered the palace; but though he found nobody, and nobody came out to him, there was a fire blazing, and a table spread with the richest viands and set for one person. Being wet to the skin, he went toward the fire to dry himself, saying,—

"I hope the master of the house or his servants will excuse the liberty I am taking, for no doubt they will soon make their appearance."

He waited, but no one came. The clock struck eleven; and then, faint for want of food, he went to the table and ate a chicken, yet all the while in a great fright; he took several glasses of wine also; and being now satisfied, he felt more courage and looked about him. The clock struck twelve, and he left the hall through an open door and passed through several splendid rooms till he came to one with a comfortable bed; and now, being excessively tired, he took off his clothes and got into it.

The merchant did not wake till ten o'clock on the following morning, when he was surprised to find a new suit of clothes instead of his own, which had been quite ruined. He now began to believe that the palace belonged to some good fairy, and was sure of it when he looked out of the window and saw that the snow had given place to lovely gardens with flowery arbors. Returning to the great hall, where he had supped, he found

the table prepared for his breakfast. He sat down without hesitation to this meal, and when he had finished he went to look after his horse. The way led under a bower of roses; and remembering Beauty's request, he plucked a bunch to take home. No sooner had he done this than he heard a frightful roar, and saw such a horrible Beast stalking up to him that he was ready to faint with fear.

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried the Beast in a terrific voice, "I saved your life by admitting you into my palace, and you reward me by stealing my roses, which I love beyond everything! You shall pay the forfeit with your life's blood!" The poor merchant threw himself on his knees before the Beast, saying,—

"Forgive me, my lord. I did not know I was offending you; I only wanted to pluck a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring one home to her. I pray you, do not kill me, my lord."

"I am not a lord, but a Beast," answered the monster. "I hate flattery, and you will not wheedle me with any fine speeches; but as you say you have daughters, I will forgive you, provided one of them comes willingly to die in your stead; but swear that, should they refuse, you will return in three months." The merchant had not the most distant intention of suffering any of his daughters to die for him; but wishing to see his children once more before he died, he swore to return; and the Beast dismissed him, telling him he need not go empty-handed, but that he might go back to the room where he had slept, and there he would find a large chest which he was at liberty to fill with whatever he fancied in the palace,

and that it would be sent after him to his home. The merchant, comforting himself with the thought that at least he should leave his children provided for, returned to his room and found the chest as Beast had said, with heaps of gold pieces about the floor. He filled the chest with the gold, and left sadly for his home. He held the roses in his hand, and as the children came to meet him, he gave them to his youngest daughter, saying, —

"Take them, Beauty; you little think how dear they have cost your poor father;" and then he told all that had befallen him since he left his home.

The two elder sisters then began to lament loudly, and to rail at Beauty because she had been the cause of their father's death. She so wise, indeed! if she had been content to ask for dresses, as they had, all would have been well; and now the hard-hearted thing had not even a tear for the mischief she had done! But Beauty replied quietly that it were of little use to weep, for she had resolved within herself to go and die in her father's stead.

"No, no!" cried the three brothers at once; "we will go and seek this monster, and either he or we shall perish."

But the merchant told them they did not know this Beast. He was more mighty than they could imagine, and it would be vain attempting to resist his will. Their duty it was to live and protect their sisters, for, as for himself, he would go back to the Beast, as he had promised, and sacrifice the few remaining years which he could expect to enjoy; and saying this, he left his children and went to his room for the night. There, to his

surprise, for he had quite forgotten the Beast's promise, he found the chest with the gold in it, which he had packed in the Beast's palace; but he determined to say nothing about this at present to his elder daughters, for he knew they would at once pester him to return to town.

Beauty was firm in her resolve, and when the three months were over, she made ready to go with her father. As they set out on the journey, the family gathered about and wept over her, — her father and brothers shedding real tears, but the two heartless sisters pretended ones; for they rubbed their eyes beforehand with an onion, to make it seem as if they had cried a great deal. The horse took the right road of his own accord, and on reaching the palace, which was illuminated as before, he went at once into the stable, while the father and daughter entered the great hall, and found the table spread for two persons with most dainty fare. After supper there was a tremendous noise, and the Beast entered. Beauty shuddered, and when he asked her whether she had come of her own will, she could not help trembling as she faltered out "Yes."

"Then I am obliged to you for your kindness," growled the Beast; and turning to the father, he added, "As for you, get you gone to-morrow, and never let me see you here again. Good-night, Beauty."

"Good-night, Beast," said she; and Beast walked off. The merchant again fell to entreating his daughter to leave him there, while she should return to her home. But when the morrow came she prevailed on him to set out, he thinking, "The Beast will after all relent; surely he will not harm Beauty."

When her father was gone, Beauty could not help shedding a few tears; but soon she dried her eyes and began walking about the various rooms of the palace, and came, to her surprise, to a door upon which was written "BEAUTY'S ROOM." Opening it hastily, she found herself in a splendidly furnished chamber, where were a multitude of books, a harpsichord, and much music. "It cannot be," she thought, "that I have only a day to live, else such pleasure would not have been provided for me." Her surprise increased on opening one of the books and seeing written in golden letters, *Your wishes and commands shall be obeyed! you are here the queen over everything!* "Alas!" she thought, "my wish would be to see what my poor father is now about."

No sooner had she spoken this wish to herself than, casting her eyes upon a large looking-glass, she saw in it her father's arrival at home. Her sisters came out to meet him; they tried to look sorrowful, but it was plain enough they were highly delighted that he should return without Beauty. The vision lasted but a moment; then it disappeared, and Beauty turned away, grateful to the Beast for fulfilling her wish.

At noon she found dinner ready for her, and all the while beautiful music was played; but though she heard the music she saw nobody. At night the Beast came and asked leave to sup with her, which of course she could not refuse, though she trembled from head to foot. Presently he inquired whether she did not think him very ugly.

"Yes," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you very good."

Then the supper went on, pleasantly enough, and

Beauty had half recovered from her alarm, when he suddenly asked her, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

Though in great alarm, she faltered out, "No, Beast," when he sighed so as to shake the whole house, and, saying in a sorrowful tone, "Good-night, Beauty," left the room, to her great relief, though she could not help pitying him from her soul.

Beauty lived in this manner for three months. The Beast came to supper every night, and by degrees, as she grew accustomed to his ugliness, she learned to mind it less and to think more of his many amiable qualities. The only thing that pained her was that he never failed to ask her each night if she would marry him, and when, at last, she answered that she had the greatest friendship though no love for him, he begged her at least to promise never to leave him. Now that very morning Beauty had seen in her glass that her father lay sick with grief, supposing her to be dead; her sisters were married, her brothers were gone for soldiers, and so she told the Beast, and, weeping, said she should die if he refused her leave to go once more and see her father.

"No," said the Beast, "I will not refuse you, for I would much rather your poor Beast should die of grief for your absence; so you may go." But Beauty promised to return in a week; and the Beast, telling her that she need only lay her ring on her toilet-table before she went to bed, when she meant to return, bade her good-night as usual, and left her.

The next morning Beauty awoke to find herself in her father's cottage, and so rejoiced was he to see her alive that his sickness left him quickly. He sent for her sisters,

who came and brought their husbands; but they were not living very happily with them, for one was so vain of his person that he thought nothing of his wife, and the other so sharp-tongued that he was playing off his wit all day long on everybody around him, and most of all on his own wife. The sisters were so jealous on finding Beauty grandly dressed and hearing how kind the Beast had been to her, that they laid a plan for delaying her return beyond the time which she had promised, in hopes that the Beast would be so angry as to devour her. Accordingly when the week was over they made such an ado about her leaving, and professed to be so grieved, that Beauty agreed to stay another week, though she felt some misgivings.

On the night of the tenth day, when her sisters had been feasting her and pretending great affection, she dreamt that she saw poor Beast lying half dead on the grass in the palace garden; and, waking all in tears, she got out of bed, laid her ring on the table, and then went to bed again, where she soon fell asleep. When she awoke she was relieved to find herself once more in the palace, and she waited impatiently till supper time, when she should see the Beast. But the clock struck nine, and no Beast appeared.

"Oh, if I have killed him!" she cried, and ran into the garden toward the spot she had dreamed of, and there she saw the poor Beast lying senseless on the grass. She threw herself upon his body in despair; she felt his heart beat, and running to a neighboring fountain for water, she threw it into his face. The Beast opened his eyes and said in a faint voice, —

"You forgot your promise, and I resolved to starve myself to death; but since you are come, I shall at least die happy."

"No! you shall not die, dear Beast," cried Beauty; "you shall live to be my husband, for now I feel I really love you." At these words the whole palace was suddenly ablaze with light, fireworks flew in the air, and a band of music sounded. There was no Beast, but in his place a very handsome prince was at her feet, thanking her for having broken his enchantment.

"But where is my poor Beast?" asked Beauty anxiously; "I want my dear Beast."

"I was the Beast," said the prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to live in that ugly form until some good and beautiful maid should be found, so good as to love me in spite of my ugliness." Beauty, filled with surprise, took the prince by the hand and they passed into the palace. There stood Beauty's father; and the young pair were at once married, to the joy of the prince's subjects, who had long mourned his mysterious absence, and over whom the prince and his beautiful bride reigned wisely for many a long and happy year.

STORIES FROM GERMANY

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

ONCE upon a time it was the middle of winter; the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky; a queen sat at a window sewing, and the frame of the window was made of black ebony. As she was sewing and looking out of the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And the red looked pretty upon the white snow, and she thought to herself, —

"Would that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window-frame!" Soon after that she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony; so she was called Little Snow-white. And when the child was born, the queen died.

A year after, the king took to himself another wife. She was beautiful but proud, and she could not bear to have any one else more beautiful. She had a wonderful Looking-glass, and when she stood in front of it, and looked at herself in it, and said, —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

the Looking-glass answered, —

"Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all!"

At that she was well pleased, for she knew the Looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now Snow-white grew up, and became more and more beautiful; and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as the day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. And once when the queen asked her Looking-glass, —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

it answered, —

"Thou art fairer than all who are here, Lady Queen,
But more beautiful by far is Snow-white, I ween."

Then the queen was angry, and turned green with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow-white, her breath came and went, she hated the girl so much.

And envy grew higher and higher in her heart like a weed, so that she had no peace day or night. She called a huntsman, and said, —

"Take the child away into the wood; I will no longer have her in my sight. Kill her, and bring me back her heart as a token." The huntsman did as he was told, and took her away; but when he had drawn his knife, and was about to pierce Snow-white's little heart, she began to weep, and said, —

"Ah, dear huntsman, leave me my life! I will run away into the wild wood, and never come home again."

And as she was so beautiful the huntsman had pity on her and said, —

"Run away, then, you poor child. — The wild beasts

will soon kill you," thought he; and yet it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart, since it was no longer needful for him to kill her." As a young boar just then came running by he stabbed it, and cut out its heart and took it to the queen as a proof that the child was dead. The cook had to salt this, and the wicked queen ate it, and thought she had eaten the heart of Snow-white.

But now the poor child was all alone in the great wood, and so afraid that she started at every bush, and did not know what to do. Then she began to run, and ran over sharp stones and through thorns, and the wild beasts ran past her, but did her no harm.

She ran as long as her feet would go, until it was almost evening; then she saw a little cottage, and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the cottage was small, but neater and cleaner than can be told. There was a table on which was a white cover, and seven little plates, and by each plate was a little spoon; there were seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. Against the wall stood seven little beds side by side, covered with snow-white coverlets.

Little Snow-white was so hungry and thirsty that she ate some fruit and bread from each plate, and drank a drop of milk out of each mug, for she did not wish to take all from one only. Then, as she was so tired, she lay down on one of the little beds, but none of them suited her; one was too long, another too short; but at last she found the seventh one was just right, and so she stayed in it, said her prayers, and went to sleep.

When it was quite dark the owners of the cottage

came back; they were seven dwarfs who dug in the hills for gold. They lit their seven candles, and as it was now light within the cottage they could see that some one had been there, for everything was not in the same order in which they had left it.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?"

The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?"

The third, "Who has been taking some of my bread?"

The fourth, "Who has been eating my fruit?"

The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?"

The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?"

Then the first looked round and saw that there was a little hole in his bed, and he said,—

"Who has been getting into my bed?" The others came up and each called out,—

"Somebody has been lying in my bed too." But the seventh, when he looked at his bed, saw little Snow-white, who was lying asleep there. And he called the others, who came running up, and they cried out with wonder, and brought their seven little candles and let the light fall on little Snow-white.

"Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried they, "what a lovely child!" and they were so glad that they did not wake her, but let her sleep on in the bed. And the seventh dwarf slept with the others, one hour with each, and so got through the night.

When it was morning little Snow-white awoke, and was afraid when she saw the seven dwarfs. But they were friendly and asked her what her name was.

"My name is Snow-white," she answered.

"How have you come to our house?" said the dwarfs. Then she told them that the queen had wished to have her killed, but that the huntsman had spared her life; she had run for the whole day, until at last she had found their house. The dwarfs said, —

"If you will take care of our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit; and if you will keep everything neat and clean, you can stay with us, and you shall want for nothing."

"Yes," said Snow-white, "with all my heart," and she stayed with them. She kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the hills and looked for gold; in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said,

"Beware of the queen; she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in."

But the queen, thinking she had eaten Snow-white's heart, began to suppose she was again the first and most beautiful person in the world; and she went to her Looking-glass and said, —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

And the Glass answered, —

"O Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And no one else is so fair as she."

And so she thought and thought again how she might kill Snow-white, for so long as she was not the fairest

in the whole land, envy let her have no rest. And when she had at last thought of something to do, she painted her face and dressed herself like an old peddler-woman, and no one could have known her. Then she went over the seven hills to the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried,—

"Pretty things to sell, very cheap, very cheap." Little Snow-white looked out of the window and called out,—

"Good-day, my good woman, what have you to sell?"

"Good things, pretty things," she answered; "stay-laces of all colors," and she pulled out one which was woven of bright silk.

"I may let the good old woman in," thought Snow-white, and she unbolted the door and bought the pretty laces.

"Child," said the old woman, "what a fright you look! Come, I will lace you properly for once."

Snow-white stood before her, and let herself be laced with the new laces. But the old woman laced so quickly and laced so tightly that Snow-white lost her breath and fell down as if dead. "Now I am the most beautiful," said the queen to herself, and ran away.

Not long after, in the evening, the seven dwarfs came home, but how shocked they were when they saw their dear little Snow-white lying on the ground! She did not stir or move, and seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and, as they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the laces; then she began to breathe a little, and after a while came to life again. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said,—

"The old peddler-woman was no one else than the wicked queen; take care and let no one come in when we are not with you."

But the wicked woman, when she was at home again, went in front of the Glass and asked,—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

And it answered as before,—

"O Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And no one else is so fair as she."

When she heard that, all her blood rushed to her heart with fear, for she saw plainly that little Snow-white was again alive.

"But now," she said, "I will think of something that shall put an end to you," and so she made a comb that was full of poison. Then she took the shape of another old woman. So she went over the seven hills to the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good things to sell, cheap, cheap!" Little Snow-white looked out and said, —

"Go away; I cannot let any one come in."

"I suppose you can look," said the old woman, and pulled the comb out and held it up. It pleased the girl so well that she let herself be coaxed and opened the door. When they had made a bargain the old woman said, "Now I will comb you properly for once." Poor little Snow-white had no fear, and let the old woman do as she pleased, but hardly had she

put the comb in her hair than the poison worked, and the girl fell down senseless.

"You piece of beauty," said the wicked woman, "you are done for now," and she went away.

But as good luck would have it, it was almost evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came home. When they saw Snow-white lying as if dead upon the ground, they knew at once the queen had been there, and they looked and found the comb. Scarcely had they taken it out when Snow-white came to herself, and told them what had happened. Then they warned her once more to be upon her guard and to open the door to no one.

The queen, at home, went in front of the Glass, and said, —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

Then it answered as before, —

"O Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And no one else is so fair as she."

When she heard the Glass speak thus she trembled and shook with rage.

"Snow-white shall die," she cried, "even if it costs me my life!"

She went into a quiet, secret, lonely room, where no one ever came, and there she made an apple full of poison. It was white with a red cheek, so that every one who saw it longed for it; but whoever ate a piece of it must surely die.

When the apple was ready she painted her face,

and dressed herself up as a country-woman, and so she went over the seven hills to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door. Snow-white put her head out of the window and said, —

"I cannot let any one in; the seven dwarfs have told me not to."

"It is all the same to me," said the woman. "I shall soon get rid of my apples. There, I will give you one."

"No," said Snow-white, "I dare not take anything."

"Are you afraid of poison?" said the old woman. "Look, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." The apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisoned. Snow-white longed for the fine apple, and when she saw that the woman ate part of it she could stand it no longer, and stretched out her hand and took the other half. But hardly had she a bit of it in her mouth when she fell down dead. Then the queen looked at her with a dreadful look, and laughed aloud and said, —

"White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony-wood! This time the dwarfs cannot wake you up again."

And when she asked of the Looking-glass at home, —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

it answered at last, —

"O Queen, in this land thou art fairest of all."

Then her envious heart had rest, so far as an envious heart can have rest.

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snow-white lying upon the ground; she breathed

no longer, and was dead. They lifted her up, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but it was all of no use; the poor child was dead, and stayed dead. They laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three whole days.

Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said, —

"We could not bury her in the dark ground," and they had a coffin of glass made, so that she could be seen from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote her name upon it in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they put the coffin out upon the hill, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

And now Snow-white lay a long, long time in the coffin, and she did not change, but looked as if she were asleep; for she was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

It happened that a king's son came into the wood, and went to the dwarfs' house to spend the night. He saw the coffin on the hill, and the beautiful Snow-white within it, and read what was written upon it in golden letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, —

"Let me have the coffin, I will give you whatever you want for it." But the dwarfs answered, —

"We will not part with it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, —

"Let me have it as a gift, for I cannot live without

seeing Snow-white. I will honor and prize her as the dearest thing I have." As he spoke in this way the good dwarfs took pity upon him, and gave him the coffin.

And now the king's son had it carried away by his servants on their shoulders. And it happened that they stumbled over a tree-stump, and with the shock the piece of apple which Snow-white had bitten off came out of her throat. And before long she opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was once more alive.

"Oh, heavens, where am I?" she cried. The king's son, full of joy, said,—

"You are with me," and told her what had happened, and said, "I love you more than everything in the world; come with me to my father's palace; you shall be my wife."

Snow-white was willing, and went with him, and their wedding was held with great show and splendor. The wicked queen was also bidden to the feast. When she had put on her beautiful clothes, she went before the Looking-glass, and said,—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

The Glass answered,—

"O Queen, of all here the fairest art thou,
But the young Queen is fairer by far I trow."

Then the wicked woman gave a scream, and was so wretched, so utterly wretched, that she knew not what to do. At first she would not go to the wedding at all, but she had no peace, and must go to see the

young queen. And when she went in she knew Snow-white; and she stood still with rage and fear, and could not stir. But iron slippers had already been put upon the fire, and they were brought in with tongs, and set before her. Then she was forced to put on the red-hot shoes, and dance until she dropped down dead.

THUMBLING

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

THERE was a tailor who had a son, and he was a tailor too. As the little fellow, who happened to be small, was no bigger than a Thumb, he got the name of Thumbling. But he was brave if he was small, and so he said to his father,—

"Father, I must and will go out into the world."

"That's right, my son," said the old man, and took a long darning-needle and made a knob of sealing-wax on it at the candle, "and there is a sword for you to take with you on the way."

Then Thumbling wanted to have one more meal at home, and hopped into the kitchen to see what his mother had cooked for the last time.

"Mother," he asked, "what is there to eat to-day?"

"See for yourself," said she. So Thumbling jumped onto the hearth, and peeped into the dish, but as he stretched his neck in too far the steam from the food caught hold of him and carried him up the chimney. He rode about in the air on the steam for a while, until at last he sank down to the ground again. Now the little tailor was outside in the wide world, and he traveled about, and went to a master in his craft. But the food was not good enough for him.

"Mistress, if you give us no better food," said Thumb-

ling, "I will go away, and early to-morrow morning I will write with chalk on the door of your house, 'Too many potatoes, too little meat! Good-by, Mr. Potato-King.'"

"What would you have, pray, grasshopper?" said the mistress, and she grew angry, and seized a dish-cloth, and was just going to strike him; but Thumbling crept nimbly under a thimble, peeped out from beneath it, and put his tongue out at the mistress. She took up the thimble, and wanted to get hold of him, but little Thumbling hopped into the cloth, and while she was opening it out and looking for him, he got into a crack in the table.

"Ho, ho, mistress!" cried he, and thrust his head out, and when she began to strike him he leapt down into the drawer. At last, however, she caught him and drove him out of the house.

The little tailor journeyed on and came to a great wood, and there he fell in with a band of robbers who meant to steal the king's treasure. When they saw the little tailor, they thought,—

"A little fellow like that can creep through a key-hole and serve as picklock to us."

"Hollo," cried one of them, "you giant, will you go to the treasure-chamber with us? You can slip in and throw out the money."

Thumbling thought a while, and at last he said "Yes," and went with them to the treasure-chamber. Then he looked at the doors above and below, to see if there was any crack in them. Yes, there was one which was broad enough to let him in. He was about

to get in, when one of the two sentries who stood before the door saw him, and said, —

"What an ugly spider is creeping there; I will kill it."

"Let the poor thing alone," said the other, "it has done you no harm." Then Thumbling got safely through the crack into the treasure-chamber, opened the window under which the robbers were standing, and threw out to them one piece of gold after another. When the little tailor was in full swing, he heard the king coming, and crept hastily into a hiding-place. The king looked and saw that several solid gold pieces were missing, but could not think who could have stolen them, for locks and bolts were all right, and the chamber seemed empty. Then he went away again, and said to the sentries, —

"Be on the watch; some one is after the money." So when Thumbling fell to work again, the sentries heard the money moving, and a sound of klink, klink, klink. They ran swiftly in to seize the thief, but the little tailor, who heard them coming, was still swifter. He leapt into a corner and covered himself with a coin, so that nothing could be seen of him, and at the same time he made fun of the sentries and cried, —

"Here am I!"

The sentries ran to where the voice came from, but as they got there he had already hopped into another corner under a coin, and was crying, —

"Ho, ho, here am I!"

The watchmen hurried there, but Thumbling had long ago got into a third corner, and was crying, —

"Ho, ho, here am I!" And thus he made fools of

them, and drove them so long round about the treasure-chamber that they were worn out and went away. Then he threw all the gold pieces out one by one, and hopped to the ground on the last.

"Thou art a valiant hero," said the robbers; "wilt thou be our captain?"

But Thumbling said "No," he wanted to see the world first. They now divided the gold, but the little tailor asked only for a penny because he could not carry more.

Then he once more buckled on his sword, bade the robbers good-by, and took to the road. First, he went to work with some masters, but he had no liking for that, and at last he hired himself as man-servant in an inn. The maids, however, could not endure him, for he saw all that they did in secret, without their seeing him. He told their master and mistress what food they had taken off the plates, and carried away out of the cellar, for themselves. Then said they, —

"Wait, and we will pay you off!" and planned to play him a trick. Soon, when one of the maids was cutting the grass, and saw Thumbling jumping about and creeping up and down the plants, she mowed him up quickly with the grass, tied all in a great cloth, and threw it to the cows.

Now a great black cow swallowed him down without hurting him. But he did not like being in the cow, for it was quite dark and there was no candle burning. When the cow was milked he cried, —

"Strip, strap, strull,
Will the pail soon be full?"

But the milking made such a noise that he could not

be heard. After this the master of the house came into the cow-yard and said,—

"You may have that cow killed to-morrow." Then Thumbling was so scared that he cried out in a clear voice, —

"Let me out first, for I am shut up inside her." The master heard him quite well, but did not know where the voice came from.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"In the black cow," said Thumbling, but the master did not make out what he said, and went out.

Next morning the cow was killed. By good luck Thumbling did not meet with one blow at the cutting up and chopping; he got among the sausage-meat. And when the butcher came in and began his work, he cried out with all his might,—

"Don't chop too deep! Don't chop too deep! I am in here."

No one heard this, the chopping-knife made such a noise. Now poor Thumbling was in trouble, but trouble makes one sharp, and he dodged so quickly between blows that they did not touch him, and he got out with a whole skin. Still he could not get away; there was nothing for it, and he had to let himself be put into a black-pudding with the bits of bacon. Then the black-pudding was hung up in the chimney to be smoked, and there time did hang very heavy on his hands.

At last in winter the black-pudding was taken down again, as it had to be set before a guest. When the housewife was cutting it in slices, Thumbling took care

not to stretch out his head too far, lest a bit of it should be cut off; at last he saw his chance and jumped out.

The little tailor would not stay any longer in a house where he fared so ill, but at once set out on his journey again. But he was not safe long. In the open country he met with a fox who snapped him up.

"Hollo, Mr. Fox," cried the little tailor, "it is I who am sticking in your throat; set me free."

"You are right," answered the fox. "You are next to nothing to me, and if you will promise me the fowls in your father's yard I will let you go."

"With all my heart," replied Thumbling. "You shall have all the cocks and hens; I give you my word." Then the fox let him go again, and carried him home.

When the father once more saw his dear son, he gladly gave the Fox all the fowls he had.

"For this I too bring you a good bit of money," said Thumbling, and gave his father the penny he had earned on his travels.

"But why did the fox get the poor chickens to eat?"

"Oh, you goose, your father would surely love his child far more than the fowls in the yard!"

THE SIX SWANS

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

ONCE upon a time a king was hunting in a great wood, and he chased a wild beast so fast and so far that none of his men could follow him. When evening drew near he stopped and looked about, and saw that he had lost his way. He tried to find a way out, but could find none. Then he caught sight of an old woman with a head which kept nid, nid, nodding. She came toward him, but she was a witch.

"Good woman," said he to her, "can you not show me the way through the wood?"

"Oh, yes, lord king," she answered, "I can and I will if you in turn will do one thing for me. If you will not, you must stay here and starve."

"What is it?" asked the king.

"I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who is as beautiful as any one in the world; if you will make her your queen, I will show you the way out of the wood."

In his sad plight the king agreed, and the old woman led him to her little hut, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She met the king as if she had been looking for him, and he saw that she was very beautiful, but still she did not please him, and he could not look at her without secret horror. After he had taken the maiden up on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and

the king reached his royal palace again, and there they were married, the king and the maid.

The king had already been married once, and had by his first wife seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved better than anything else in the world. As he now feared that the new queen might not treat them well, and even do them some harm, he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a wood. It was so hidden, and the way was so hard to find, that he himself would not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a wonderful ball of yarn.

When he threw it down before him, it unwound itself and showed him his path. But the king went so often to his dear children that the queen became curious, and wanted to know what he did when he was quite alone in the wood. She gave a great deal of money to his servants, and they told her, and told her also of the ball which alone could point out the way.

And now she knew no rest until she had learnt where the king kept the ball of yarn; then she made little shirts of white silk, and as she was a witch like her mother, she sewed a charm inside them. Then when the king next rode forth to hunt, she took the little shirts and went into the wood, and the ball showed her the way.

The children, who saw from afar that some one was coming, thought it was their dear father, and full of joy ran to meet him. Then she threw one of the little shirts over each of them, and no sooner had the shirts touched their bodies than they were changed into swans, and flew away over the wood.

The queen went home quite pleased, and thought she had got rid of the children; but the girl had not run out with her brothers, and the queen knew nothing about her. Next day the king went to visit his children, but he found no one but the little girl.

"Where are your brothers?" asked the king.

"Alas, dear father," she answered, "they have gone away and left me alone!" and she told him that she had seen from her window how her brothers had flown away over the wood in the shape of swans; and she showed him the feathers, which they had let fall in the yard, and which she had picked up.

The king was sad, but he did not think the queen had done this wicked deed, and, as he feared the girl would also be stolen away from him, he wanted to take her away with him. But she was afraid of the queen, and begged the king to let her stay just this one night more in the castle. The poor girl thought,—

"I can no longer stay here. I will go and seek my brothers." So when night came she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She walked all night, and next day also, without stopping, until she could not go one step farther. Then she saw a hut, and went into it, and found a room with six little beds. She did not dare to get into any one of them, but crept under one, and lay down on the hard ground. There she meant to lie all night, but just before sunset she heard wings, and saw six swans come flying in at the window. They dropped to the ground and blew at each other, and blew all the feathers off, and their swans' skins stripped off like a shirt.

Then the maiden looked at them and knew her brothers, and was glad, and crept forth from under the bed. The brothers were not less glad to see their little sister, but their joy was short.

"You cannot stay here," they said to her. "This is a robbers' hut; if they come home and find you, they will kill you."

"But can you not take care of me?" asked the little sister.

"No," they replied, "only for one quarter of an hour each evening can we lay aside our swan's skins and have our real bodies; after that, we are once more turned into swans." The little sister wept and said,—

"Can you not be set free?"

"Alas, no," they answered, "the way is too hard! For six years you may not speak nor laugh, and in that time you must sew together six little shirts of starwort for us. And if one single word falls from your lips, all your work will be lost." And when the brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they flew out of the window again as swans.

Now the maiden said to herself she would set her brothers free if it cost her life. She left the hut, went into the midst of the wood, climbed up into a tree, and there passed the night. Next morning she went out and gathered starwort and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, and she did not wish to laugh; she sat there and looked at nothing but her work.

When she had already spent a long time there, it came to pass that the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came to the tree on

which the maiden was sitting. They called to her and said,—

"Who are you?" But she made no answer. "Come down to us," said they. "We will not do you any harm." She only shook her head.

As they kept on talking she threw her golden necklace down to them, and thought to content them thus. They kept on asking her, and then she threw her girdle down to them; and as this did not help matters, she threw down one pretty thing after another. At last the huntsmen climbed the tree and fetched the maiden down, and led her before the king. The king asked,—

"Who are you? What are you doing in the tree?"

But she did not answer. He put the question in every language he knew, but she was as mute as a fish. As she was so beautiful, the king's heart was touched, and he was smitten with a great love for her. He put his mantle on her, took her before him on his horse, and carried her to his castle.

Then he had her dressed in rich clothes, and she shone in her beauty like bright daylight, but no word could be drawn from her. He placed her by his side at table, and she was so sweet and modest that he said,—

"She is the only girl in the world whom I wish to marry." And after some days he united himself to her.

Now this king had a wicked mother who did not like his marriage and spoke ill of the young queen.

"Who knows," said she, "where the creature who can't speak comes from? She is not worthy of a king!"

After a year had passed, when the queen brought her

first child into the world, the old woman took it away from her, and smeared the queen's mouth with blood as she slept. Then she went to the king and said the queen had eaten her child up.

The king would not believe it, and would not suffer any one to do her any harm. She sat always sewing at the shirts, and caring for nothing else. The next time, when she again bore a beautiful boy, the false old woman used the same trick, but the king could not bring himself to believe her. He said,—

"She is too pious and good to do anything of that kind; if she were not dumb, she would tell us all about it." But when the old woman stole away the newly born child for the third time, and told the same story, and the queen still said nothing, the king could not help himself. He gave her over to the judges, and she was sentenced to suffer death by fire.

When the day came for her to be burned, it was the last day of the six years during which she was not to speak or laugh. The six shirts were ready, only the left sleeve of the sixth was wanting. So when she was led to the stake, she laid the shirts on her arm; when she stood on high and the fire was just going to be lighted, she looked around, and six swans came flying through the air toward her.

Then she saw that her help was near, and her heart leapt with joy. The swans swept toward her and sank down so that she could throw the shirts over them; and as they were touched by them, their swans' skins fell off, and her brothers stood in their own bodies before her, straight and handsome. The youngest only lacked his

left arm, and had in the place of it a swan's wing on his shoulder.

They hugged and kissed each other, and the queen went to the king, who was greatly moved, and she began to speak, and said,—

"Dearest husband, now I may speak and tell you that I am innocent." She told him of the trick of the old woman who had taken away her three children and hidden them. Then to the great joy of the king they were brought, and the wicked old woman was bound to the stake, and burnt to ashes. But the king and the queen with their six brothers lived many years in happiness and peace.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

HARD by a great forest dwelt a poor woodcutter with his wife and the two children he had before he married his wife. The boy was called Hansel and the girl Grethel. The woodcutter had little to bite and to break, and once when a great famine fell on the land he could no longer get daily bread. Now when he thought over this by night in his bed, and tossed about in his trouble, he groaned, and said to his wife, —

"What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children, when we no longer have anything even for ourselves?"

"I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman; "early to-morrow morning we will take the children out into the woods where it is the thickest; there we will light a fire for them, and give each of them one piece of bread more, and then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They will not find the way home again, and we shall be rid of them."

"No, wife," said the man, "I will not do that; how can I bear to leave my children alone in the woods? — the wild beasts would soon come and tear them to pieces."

"Oh, you fool!" said she. "Then we must all four

die of hunger; you may as well plane the planks for our coffins," and she left him no peace until he said he would do as she wished. "But I feel very sorry for the poor children, all the same," said the man.

The two children had also not been able to sleep for hunger, and had heard what their father's wife had said to their father. Grethel wept bitter tears, and said to Hansel, —

"Now all is over with us."

"Be quiet, Grethel," said Hansel, "do not be troubled; I will soon find a way to help us." And when the old folks had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his little coat, opened the door below, and crept outside. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay in front of the house shone like real silver pennies. Hansel stooped and put as many of them in the little pocket of his coat as he could make room for. Then he went back, and said to Grethel, —

"Be at ease, dear little sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us," and he lay down again in his bed. When day dawned, but before the sun had risen, the woman came and awoke the two children, saying, —

"Get up, you lazy things! we are going into the forest to fetch wood." She gave each a little piece of bread, and said, "There is something for your dinner, but do not eat it up before then, for you will get nothing else." Grethel took the bread under her apron, as Hansel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together on the way to the forest. When they had walked a short time, Hansel stood still and peeped

back at the house, and did so again and again. His father said, —

"Hansel, what are you looking at there and staying behind for? Mind what you are about, and do not forget how to use your legs."

"Ah, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my little white cat, which is sitting upon the roof, and wants to say good-by to me." The wife said, —

"Fool, that is not your little cat; that is the morning sun which is shining on the chimneys." Hansel, however, had not been looking back at the cat, but had been throwing one after another of the white pebble-stones out of his pocket on the road. When they had reached the middle of the forest, the father said, —

"Now, children, pile up some wood, and I will light a fire that you may not be cold." Hansel and Grethel drew brushwood together till it was as high as a little hill. The brushwood was lighted, and when the flames were burning very high the woman said, —

"Now, children, lie down by the fire and rest; we will go into the forest and cut some wood. When we have done, we will come back and fetch you away."

Hansel and Grethel sat by the fire, and when noon came, each ate a little piece of bread, and as they heard the strokes of the wood-axe they were sure their father was near. But it was not the axe, it was a branch which he had tied to a dry tree, and the wind was blowing it backward and forward. As they had been sitting such a long time they were tired, their eyes shut, and they fell fast asleep. When at last they awoke, it was dark night. Grethel began to cry, and said, —

"How are we to get out of the forest now?" But Hansel comforted her, and said,—

"Just wait a little, until the moon has risen, and then we will soon find the way." And when the full moon had risen, Hansel took his little sister by the hand, and followed the pebbles, which shone like bright silver pieces, and showed them the way.

They walked the whole night long, and by break of day came once more to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw that it was Hansel and Grethel, she said,—

"You naughty children, why have you slept so long in the forest? we thought you were never coming back at all!" The father, however, was glad, for it had cut him to the heart to leave them behind alone.

Not long after, there was once more a great lack of food in all parts, and the children heard the woman saying at night to their father,—

"Everything is eaten again; we have one half loaf left, and after that there is an end. The children must go; we will take them farther into the wood, so that they will not find their way out again; there is no other means of saving ourselves!"

The man's heart was heavy, and he thought, "It would be better to share our last mouthful with the children." The woman, however, would listen to nothing he had to say, but scolded him. He who says A must say B, too, and as he had given way the first time, he had to do so a second time also.

The children were still awake and had heard the talk. When the old folks were asleep, Hansel again

got up, and wanted to go out and pick up pebbles, but the woman had locked the door, and he could not get out. So he comforted his little sister, and said,—

"Do not cry, Grethel; go to sleep quietly, the good God will help us."

Early in the morning came the woman, and took the children out of their beds. Their bit of bread was given to them, but it was still smaller than the time before. On the way into the forest Hansel crumbled his in his pocket, and often stood still and threw a morsel on the ground.

"Hansel, why do you stop and look round?" said the father; "go on."

"I am looking back at my little pigeon which is sitting on the roof, and wants to say good-by to me," answered Hansel.

"You goose!" said the woman, "that is not your little pigeon; that is the morning sun that is shining on the chimney." Hansel, however, little by little, threw all the crumbs on the path.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest, where they had never in their lives been before. Then a great fire was again made, and she said,—

"Just sit there, you children, and when you are tired you may sleep a little; we are going into the forest to cut wood, and in the evening, when we are done, we will come and fetch you away."

When it was noon, Grethel shared her piece of bread with Hansel, who had scattered his by the way. Then they fell asleep, and evening came and went, but no one came to the poor children. They did not awake until

it was dark night, and Hansel comforted his little sister, and said,—

"Just wait, Grethel, until the moon rises, and then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have scattered about; they will show us our way home again."

When the moon came they set out, but they found no crumbs, for the many thousands of birds which fly about in the woods and fields had picked them all up.

Hansel said to Grethel, "We shall soon find the way," but they did not find it. They walked the whole night and all the next day too, from morning till evening, but they did not get out of the forest; they were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but two or three berries, which grew on the ground. And as they were so tired that their legs would carry them no longer, they lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

It was now three mornings since they had left their father's house. They began to walk again, but they always got deeper into the forest, and if help did not come soon, they must die of hunger and weariness. When it was midday they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a bough. It sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. And when it had done, it spread its wings and flew away before them, and they followed it until they reached a little house, on the roof of which it perched; and when they came quite up to the little house, they saw that it was built of bread and covered with cakes, but that the windows were of clear sugar.

"We will set to work on that," said Hansel, "and

have a good meal. I will eat a bit of the roof, and you, Grethel, can eat some of the window, it will taste sweet." Hansel reached up, and broke off a little of the roof to try how it tasted, and Grethel leaned against the window and nibbled at the panes.

Then a soft voice cried from the room, —

"Nibble, nibble, gnaw,
Who is nibbling at my little house?"

The children answered, —

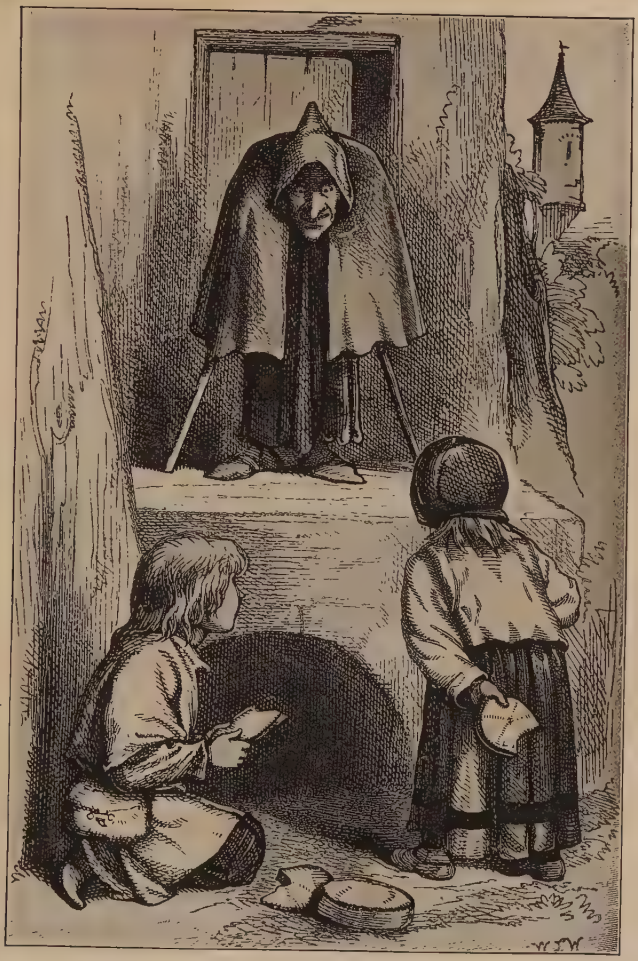
"The wind, the wind,
The wind from heaven,"

and went on eating. Hansel, who thought the roof tasted very nice, tore down a great piece of it; and Grethel pushed out the whole of one round window-pane, sat down, and went to eating it.

All at once the door opened, and a very, very old woman, who leaned on crutches, came creeping out. Hansel and Grethel were so scared that they let fall what they had in their hands. The old woman, however, nodded her head, and said, —

"Oh, you dear children, who has brought you here? Do come in, and stay with me. No harm shall happen to you." She took them both by the hand and led them into her little house. Then good food was set before them, milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts. Afterwards two pretty little beds were covered with clean white linen, and Hansel and Grethel lay down in them, and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman had only pretended to be so kind; she was in reality a wicked witch, who lay in wait for



"OH, YOU DEAR CHILDREN, WHO HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE? DO COME IN AND STAY WITH ME. NO HARM SHALL HAPPEN TO YOU"

children, and had only built the little bread house in order to coax them there.

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she was already up, and when she saw both of them sleeping and looking so pretty, with their plump red cheeks, she muttered to herself, —

"That will be a dainty mouthful!" Then she seized Hansel, carried him into a little stable, and shut him in behind a grated door. He might scream as he liked, it was of no use. Then she went to Grethel, shook her till she awoke, and cried, —

"Get up, lazy thing; fetch some water, and cook something good for your brother; he is in the stable outside, and is to be made fat. When he is fat, I will eat him." Grethel began to weep, but it was all in vain; she was forced to do what the wicked witch told her.

And now the best food was cooked for poor Hansel, but Grethel got nothing but crab-shells. Every morning the woman crept to the little stable, and cried, —

"Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel if you will soon be fat." Hansel, however, stretched out a little bone to her, and the old woman, who had dim eyes, could not see it; she thought it was Hansel's finger, and wondered why he grew no fatter. When four weeks had gone by, and Hansel still was thin, she could wait no longer.

"Come, Grethel," she cried to the girl, "fly round and bring some water. Let Hansel be fat or lean, to-morrow I will kill him, and cook him." Ah, how sad was the poor little sister when she had to fetch the water, and how her tears did flow down over her cheeks!

"Dear God, do help us," she cried. "If the wild beasts in the forest had but eaten us, we should at any rate have died together."

"Just keep your noise to yourself," said the old woman; "all that won't help you at all."

Early in the morning Grethel had to go out and hang up the kettle with the water, and light the fire.

"We will bake first," said the old woman. "I have already heated the oven, and got the dough ready." She pushed poor Grethel out to the oven, from which flames of fire were already darting.

"Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is heated, so that we can shut the bread in." And when once Grethel was inside, she meant to shut the oven and let her bake in it, and then she would eat her, too. But Grethel saw what she had in her mind, and said, "I do not know how I am to do it; how do you get in?"

"Silly goose," said the old woman. "The door is big enough; just look, I can get in myself!" and she crept up and thrust her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push that drove her far into it, and shut the iron door, tight.

Grethel ran as quick as lightning to Hansel, opened his little stable, and cried, "Hansel, we are saved! The old witch is dead!" Then Hansel sprang out like a bird from its cage when the door is opened for it. How they did dance about and kiss each other! And as they had no longer any need to fear her, they went into the witch's house, and in every corner there stood chests full of pearls and jewels.

"These are far better than pebbles!" said Hansel, and filled his pockets, and Grethel said,—

"I, too, will take something home with me," and filled her pinafore full.

"But now we will go away," said Hansel, "that we may get out of the witch's forest." When they had walked for two hours, they came to a great piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I see no foot-plank, and no bridge."

"And no boat crosses, either," answered Grethel; "but a white duck is swimming there; if I ask her, she will help us over." Then she cried,—

"Little duck, little duck, dost thou see,
Hansel and Grethel are waiting for thee?
There's never a plank or bridge in sight,
Take us across on thy back so white."

The duck came to them, and Hansel sat on its back, and told his sister to sit by him.

"No," replied Grethel, "that will be too heavy for the little duck; she shall take us across, one after the other." The good little duck did so, and when they were once safely across and had walked for a short time, they knew where they were, and at last they saw from afar their father's house.

Then they began to run, rushed in, and threw themselves into their father's arms. The man had not known one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest; the woman, however, was dead. Grethel emptied her pinafore until pearls and precious stones ran about the room, and Hansel threw one handful after another out of his pocket to add to them. Then

all care was at an end, and they lived happily together ever after.

My tale is done; there runs a mouse; whosoever catches it may make himself a big fur cap out of it.

FAITHFUL JOHN

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

ONCE upon a time an old king lay ill, and thought to himself, "I am lying on what must be my death-bed." Then said he, "Tell Faithful John to come to me."

Faithful John was his favorite servant, and was so called because he had for his whole life long been so true to his master. When therefore he came beside the bed, the king said to him,—

"Most faithful John, I feel my end is near, and I have no anxiety except about my son. He is still of tender age, and cannot always know how to guide himself. If you do not promise me to teach him everything that he ought to know, and to be a father to him, I cannot close my eyes in peace."

Then answered Faithful John, "I will not forsake him, and will serve him faithfully, even if it should cost me my life."

On this the old king said, "Now I die in comfort and peace." Then he added, "After my death you are to show him the whole castle: all the chambers, halls, and vaults, and all the treasures which lie therein; but the last chamber in the long gallery, in which is the picture of the Princess of the Golden Dwelling, that you must not show. If he sees that picture, he will fall

violently in love with her, and will drop down in a swoon, and go through great danger for her sake; so you must keep him from that."

When Faithful John had once more given his promise to the old king about this, the king said no more, but laid his head on his pillow, and died.

Now when the old king had been carried to his grave, Faithful John told the young king all that he had promised his father on his death-bed, and said, —

"This will I surely perform, and will be faithful to thee as I have been faithful to him, even if it should cost me my life." When the mourning was over, Faithful John said to him, —

"It is now time that you should see your riches. I will show you your father's palace." Then he took him everywhere, up and down, and let him see all the riches and the splendid rooms, only there was one room which he did not open, that in which the dangerous picture hung. The picture was, however, so placed that when the door was opened you looked right at it, and it was so finely painted that it seemed to breathe and live; there was nothing more charming or more beautiful in the whole world.

The young king saw that Faithful John always walked past this one door, and he said, —

'Why do you never open this one for me?"

"There is something therein," he replied, "which would scare you." But the king answered, —

"I have seen all the palace, and I will know what is in this room also," and he went and tried to break

open the door by force. Then Faithful John held him back and said,—

"I promised your father before his death that you should not see what is in this chamber; it might bring the greatest trouble on you and on me."

"Ah, no," replied the young king, "if I do not go in, it will be the death of me. I shall have no rest day or night until I have seen it with my own eyes. I shall not leave the place now till you have unlocked the door."

Then Faithful John saw that there was no help for it, and with a heavy heart and many sighs he took the key from the great bunch. When he had opened the door, he went in first, and stood before the king so as to hide the portrait, but what good did that do? The king stood on tiptoe and saw it over Faithful John's shoulder. And when he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so splendid and shone with gold and precious stones, he fell fainting on the ground.

Faithful John took him up, carried him to his bed, and thought sadly,—

"The trouble has come upon us; what will be the end of it?" Then he poured wine down the king's throat until he came to himself again. The first words the king said were,—

"Ah, the beautiful face! whose is it?"

"That is the Princess of the Golden Dwelling," answered Faithful John. Then the king continued,—

"My love for her is so great, that if all the leaves on all the trees were tongues, they could not declare it. I will give my life to win her. You are my most faithful John; you must help me."

The faithful servant took a long time to think about the matter, for it was hard even to get sight of the king's daughter. At last he thought of a way, and said to the king, —

"Everything which she has about her is of gold, — tables, chairs, dishes, glasses, and bowls. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let a goldsmith work these up into all manner of things, into all kinds of birds, wild beasts, and strange animals, such as may please her, and we will go there with them and try our luck."

The king sent for all the goldsmiths, and they had to work night and day, until at last the most splendid things were ready. When everything was stowed on board a ship, Faithful John put on the dress of a merchant, and the king had to do the same, that no one might know him. Then they sailed across the sea, and sailed on and on until they came to the town where dwelt the Princess of the Golden Dwelling.

Faithful John bade the king stay behind on the ship, and wait for him.

"Perhaps I shall bring the Princess with me," said he, "so see you that everything is in order; have the golden vessels set out and the whole ship put in fine array." Then Faithful John filled his apron with all kinds of gold things, went on shore, and walked straight to the royal palace.

When he entered the yard of the palace, a beautiful girl was standing by the well with two golden pails in her hand, drawing water with them. And when she was just turning round to carry away the sparkling water she saw the stranger, and asked who he was. So he answered, —

"I am a merchant," and opened his apron, and let her look in. Then she cried,—

"Oh, what beautiful gold things!" and put her pails down and looked at the golden wares one after the other. Then said the girl,—

"The Princess must see these; she thinks so much of golden things, she will buy all you have." She took him by the hand and led him upstairs, for she was the waiting-maid. When the king's daughter saw the wares, she was quite delighted and said,—

"They are so well made, I will buy them all of you." But Faithful John said,—

"I am only the servant of a rich merchant. The things I have here are not to be compared with those my master has in his ship. They are the most beautiful and costly things that have ever been made in gold." The Princess wanted to have everything brought to her there, but he said,—

"There are so many of them that it would take a great many days to do that, and so many rooms would be needed to show them off in that your house is not big enough." This worked her up to such a pitch that at last she said,—

"Show me the way to the ship; I will go there myself, and see your master's treasures."

At this Faithful John was highly pleased, and led her to the ship; and when the king saw her, her beauty was even greater than the picture had shown it to be, and he thought his heart would burst in two.

Then the Princess got into the ship, and the king led her into the cabin. Faithful John, however, remained

with the pilot, and bade him push the ship off, saying,—

"Set all sail, till it fly like a bird in air." Within, the king was showing her the golden things, every one of them, also the wild beasts and strange animals. Many hours went by as she looked and looked, and in her delight she did not see that the ship was sailing away.

After she had looked at the last, she thanked the merchant and wanted to go home, but when she came to the side of the ship, she saw that it was on the deep sea far from land, and hurrying onward with all sail set.

"Ah," cried she in her alarm, "I am betrayed! I am carried away and have fallen into the power of a merchant. I would die rather!" But the king seized her hand, and said,—

"I am not a merchant. I am a king, and as well born as you; and if I have carried you away by a trick, that is because of my great love for you. The first time I looked on your picture, I fell fainting to the ground."

When the Princess of the Golden Dwelling heard that, she was more at ease, and her heart turned unto him, so that she was ready to be his wife.

It happened, while they were sailing over the deep sea, that Faithful John, who was sitting in the fore part of the vessel, making music, saw three ravens in the air, flying toward them. On this he stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he could understand them. One cried,—

"Oh, there he is carrying home the Princess of the Golden Dwelling."

"Yes," replied the second, "but he has not got her yet." Said the third,—

"But he has got her, she is sitting beside him in the ship." Then the first began again, and cried,—

"What good will that do him? When they reach land a Chestnut Horse will leap forward to meet him, and the Prince will want to mount it; but if he does that, it will run away with him, and rise up into the air with him, and he will never see his maiden more." Then the second asked,—

"But is there no escape?"

"Oh, yes, if any one else gets on it swiftly, and takes out the pistol which must be in the saddle, and shoots the horse dead with it, the young king is saved. But who knows that? And whoever does know it, and tells it to him, will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then said the second,—

"I know more than that; even if the horse be killed, the young king will still not keep his bride. When they go into the castle together, a wedding garment will be lying there, and looking as if it were woven of gold and silver; it is, however, nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he put it on, it will burn him to the very bone and marrow."

"Is there no escape at all?" asked the third.

"Oh, yes," replied the second, "if any one with gloves on seizes the garment and throws it into the fire and burns it, the young king will be saved. But what of that? Whoever knows it and tells it to him, half his body will become stone from the knee to the heart."

Then said the third, "I know still more; even if the

wedding garment be burnt, the young king still will not have his bride. After the wedding, when the dancing begins and the young queen is dancing, she will suddenly turn pale and fall down as if dead, and if some one does not lift her up and draw three drops of blood from her side and spit them out again, she will die. But if any one who knows that were to declare it he would become stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot."

When the ravens had spoken of this together, they flew on, and Faithful John had well understood everything, but from that time forth he became quiet and sad; for if he hid what he had heard from his master, the king would suffer all these things, and if he told it to him, he himself must lose his life. At last, he said to himself, —

"I will save my master, even if it cost me my life."

When they came to shore, all happened as had been foretold by the ravens, and a splendid Chestnut Horse sprang forward.

"Good," said the king, "he shall carry me to my palace," and was about to mount it when Faithful John got before him, jumped quickly on it, drew the pistol, and shot the horse. Then the other servants of the king, who were not very fond of Faithful John, cried, —

"How shameful to kill the beautiful animal that was to have carried the king to his palace!" But the king said, —

"Hold your peace and leave him alone; he is my most faithful John; who knows what is the good of that!"

They went into the palace, and in the hall lay the wedding garment looking as if it were made of gold and

silver. The young king went toward it and was about to take hold of it, but Faithful John pushed him away, seized it with gloves on, carried it quickly to the fire, and burnt it. The others again began to murmur, and said,—

"Look, now he is even burning the king's wedding garment!" But the young king said,—

"Who knows what good he may have done; leave him alone; he is my most faithful John."

And now the wedding took place; the dance began, and the bride also took part in it; then Faithful John was watchful and looked into her face, and suddenly she turned pale and fell down as if she were dead. On this he ran hastily to her, lifted her up, and bore her into a chamber; then he laid her down, and knelt and sucked the three drops of blood from her side, and spat them out. At once she was herself again, not knowing what had been done; but the young king had seen this, and was very angry with Faithful John, and cried, "Throw him into prison!" Next morning Faithful John was led to the gallows, and when he stood on high he said,—

"Every one who has to die is permitted to make one last speech; may I too claim the right?"

"Yes," answered the king, "it shall be granted unto thee." Then said Faithful John,—

"I have always been true to thee," and told how he had heard the talk of the ravens when on the sea, and how he had to do all these things to save his master. Then cried the king,—

"O my most faithful John. Pardon, pardon — bring

him down." But as Faithful John spoke the last word he had fallen down lifeless and become a stone.

At this the king and the queen suffered greatly, and the king said,—

"Ah, how ill I have repaid great fidelity!" and ordered the stone figure to be taken up and placed in his bedroom beside his bed. And as often as he looked on it he wept and said, "Ah, if I could bring thee to life again, my most faithful John."

Some time passed, and the queen bore twins, two sons who grew fast and were her delight. Once when the queen was at church and the two children were sitting playing beside their father, the king, full of grief, again looked at the stone figure, and sighed and said,—

"Ah, if I could but bring you to life again, my most faithful John!" Then the Stone began to speak, and said,—

"You can bring me to life again if you will use for that purpose what is dearest to you." Then the king cried,—

"I will give everything I have in the world for you." The Stone went on,—

"If you will cut off the heads of your two children with your own hand, and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be restored to life."

The king nearly died when he heard that he himself must kill his dearest children, but he thought of Faithful John's great faithfulness, and how he had died for him; so he drew his sword, and with his own hand cut off the children's heads. And when he had

sprinkled the Stone with their blood, life came back to it, and Faithful John stood once more safe and sound before him. He said to the king,—

"Your faithfulness shall be rewarded," and took the heads of the children, put them on again, and rubbed the wounds with their blood, on which they at once became whole again, and jumped about, and went on playing as if nothing had happened.

Then the king was full of joy, and when he saw the queen coming he hid Faithful John and the two children in a great cupboard. When she entered, he said to her,—

"Have you been praying in the church?"

"Yes," she answered, "but I could think of nothing but Faithful John and what has befallen him through us." Then said he,—

"Dear wife, we can give him his life again, but it will cost us our two little sons." The queen turned pale, and her heart was full of terror, but she said,—

"We owe it to him for his great faithfulness."

Then the king was rejoiced that she thought as he had thought, and went and opened the cupboard, and brought forth Faithful John and the children, and said,—

"God be praised, he is delivered, and we have our little sons again also," and told her all that had taken place. Then they all dwelt together in great joy until their death.

THE FROG-KING

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

IN old times when wishes were horses and beggars could ride, there lived a king who had beautiful daughters, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which had seen so much, was amazed whenever it shone in her face. Close by the king's castle was a great dark wood, and under an old lime tree in the wood was a well. When the day was very warm, the king's child went out into the wood and sat down by the side of the cool fountain; when she was dull she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it.

This ball was her favorite plaything, and it chanced that once the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it was gone, and the well was deep, — so deep that she could not see the bottom. At this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and would not be comforted. As she thus wept, some one said to her, —

"What ails you, king's daughter? You weep so that a very stone would show pity." She looked round to find where the voice came from, and saw a Frog stretching forth its thick, ugly head from the water.

"Ah! old water-splasher, is it you?'" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet and do not weep," said the Frog; "I can help you, but what will you give me if I bring your plaything up again?"

"Whatever you will have, dear Frog," said she: "my clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown I wear." The Frog answered,—

"I do not care for your clothes, pearls and jewels, or your golden crown, but if you will love me and let me be your friend and playfellow, and sit by you at your little table, and eat off your little golden plate, and drink out of your little cup, and sleep in your little bed — if you will promise me this I will go down below, and bring the golden ball up again."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise you all you wish, if you will but bring me my ball back again." For she said to herself, "How the silly Frog does talk! He lives in the water with the other frogs, and croaks, and cannot live with any human being!"

But the Frog, when she had promised him all this, put his head into the water and sank down; in a short time he came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it.

"Wait, wait," said the Frog, "take me with you. I can't run as fast as you can." But what good was it for him to scream his croak, croak after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran home and

soon forgot the poor Frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day, when she had seated herself at table with the king and all the court, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping, splish, splash, splish, splash, up the marble staircase; when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door, and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me." She ran to see who was there, but when she opened the door, there sat the Frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was very uneasy. The king saw plainly that her heart was beating hard, and said, —

"My child, what are you so afraid of? Is there a giant outside who wants to carry you away?"

"Ah, no," said she; "it is no giant, but a horrid Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?"

"Ah, dear father, yesterday when I was in the wood sitting by the well playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so the Frog brought it out again for me, and because he made such a point of it, I promised him he should be my friend, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water! And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

The Frog knocked a second time, and cried, —

"Princess! youngest princess!
Open the door for me!
Do you not know what befell
Yesterday by the side of the well?
Princess, youngest princess!
Open the door for me!"

Then said the king, "You must do what you said you would. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat still and cried,—

"Lift me up." She did not like to, but at last the king bade her do it. When the Frog was once on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said,—

"Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me, that we may eat together." She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not want to do it. The Frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her. At last he said,—

"I have eaten, and have had enough. Now I am tired; carry me into your little room, and make your little silken bed ready, and I will lie down and go to sleep."

The king's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the king grew angry, and said,—

"You ought not to feel so to one who helped you when you were in trouble." So she took hold of the Frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to her and said,—

"I am tired; I want to sleep as well as you. Lift me up, or I will tell your father." Then she was very angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall.

"Now, will you be quiet, hateful Frog?" she said. But when he fell down he was no frog, but a king's son

with beautiful kind eyes. Then he told her how he had been made a frog by a wicked woman, and how no one but she could undo the mischief, and that to-morrow they would go together into his kingdom. The next morning, when the sun was up, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden harness; behind stood the young king's servant, faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog that he had three iron bands laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to carry the young king into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and got up behind, and was full of joy because his master had been set free. And when they had driven a part of the way, the king's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round, and cried, —

"Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No, master, it is not the carriage. It is a band from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and shut up in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the king's son thought the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

A HEDGEHOG stood by his door with his arms akimbo, one Sunday morning. He was taking the air and slowly trilling a little song to himself, which was neither better nor worse than the songs which hedgehogs are in the habit of singing on a happy Sunday morning. While he was thus singing half aloud to himself, he fell to thinking that, while his wife was washing and drying the children, he might very well take a walk into the field, and see how his turnips were going on. The turnips were, in fact, close by his house, and he and his family were wont to eat them; so he looked upon them as his own.

No sooner said than done. The Hedgehog shut the house-door behind him, and took the path to the field. He had not gone very far from home, and was just turning round the bush which stands there outside the field, to go up into the turnip-field; there he saw the Hare, who had gone out on an errand of the same kind; he meant to visit his cabbages.

When the Hedgehog caught sight of the Hare, he bade him a friendly good-morning. But the Hare, who was in his own way a great man, and very proud, did not return the Hedgehog's greeting, but said to him in a lofty manner,—

"How do you happen to be running about here in the field so early in the morning?"

"I am taking a walk," said the Hedgehog.

"A walk!" said the Hare, with a smile. "It seems to me you might use your legs for something better." This answer made the Hedgehog very angry, for he can bear anything but a sneer at his legs, which are crooked by nature. So now the Hedgehog said to the Hare,—

"You seem to think you can do more with your legs than I with mine."

"That is just what I do think," said the Hare.

"That can be put to the test," said the Hedgehog. "I bet that if we run a race I will outstrip you."

"That is absurd! You with your short legs!" said the Hare; "but for my part I am willing, if you have such a great fancy for it. What shall we bet?"

"A piece of gold and a bottle of wine," said the Hedgehog.

"Done," said the Hare. "Shake hands on it, and then it may as well come off at once."

"Nay," said the Hedgehog, "there is no such great hurry! I am still hungry; I will go home first, and have a little breakfast. In half an hour I will be back again at this place."

At this the Hedgehog went off, for the Hare was willing. On his way the Hedgehog thought to himself,—

"The Hare trusts to his long legs, but I will contrive to get the better of him. He may be a great man, but he is a very silly fellow, and he shall pay for what he has said." So when the Hedgehog reached home, he said to his wife,—

"Wife, dress yourself quickly; you must go out to the field with me."

"What is going on there?" said his wife.

"I have made a bet with the Hare for a piece of gold and a bottle of wine. I am to run a race with him, and you must be on hand."

"Good Heavens, husband," the wife now cried, "have you lost your wits? What can make you want to run a race with the Hare?"

"Hold your tongue, woman," said the Hedgehog; "that is my affair. Don't begin to talk about things which are matters for men. Be off, dress yourself, and come with me." What could the Hedgehog's wife do? She had to obey him, whether she liked it or not.

So when they had set out on their way, the Hedgehog said to his wife,—

"Now listen to what I am going to say. Look you, I will make the long field our racecourse. The Hare shall run in one furrow, and I in another, and we will begin to run from the top. Now all that you have to do is to place yourself here below in the furrow, and when the Hare comes to the end of the furrow on the other side of you, you must cry out to him, 'I am here already!'"

So they came to the field; the Hedgehog showed his wife her place, and then walked up the field. When he reached the top the Hare was already there.

"Shall we start?" said the Hare.

"Ay, ay," said the Hedgehog.

"Then both at once." So saying, each placed himself in his own furrow. The Hare counted, "One, two, three, and away!" and went off like the wind down the field. The Hedgehog only ran about three paces, and then he

stooped down in the furrow, and stayed quietly where he was.

So when the Hare came on a full run at the lower end of the field the Hedgehog's wife met him with the cry, —

"I am here already!" The Hare was shocked, and could not make it out; he thought of course it was the Hedgehog himself who was calling to him, for the Hedgehog's wife looked just like her husband. The Hare, however, thought to himself, —

"That has not been done fairly," and cried, "It must be run again; let us have it again." And once more he went off like the wind in a storm, so that he seemed to fly. But the Hedgehog's wife stayed quietly in her place. So when the Hare reached the top of the field, the Hedgehog himself cried out to him, —

"I am here already." The Hare, however, quite beside himself with anger, cried, —

"It must be run again; we must have it again."

"All right," said the Hedgehog; "for my part I'll run as often as you like." So the Hare ran seventy-three times more, and the Hedgehog always held out against him, and every time the Hare reached either the top or the bottom, either the Hedgehog or his wife said, —

"I am here already."

At the seventy-fourth time the Hare could no longer reach the end. In the middle of the field he fell to the ground, and lay dead on the spot. But the Hedgehog took the piece of gold he had won, and the bottle of wine, and called his wife out of the furrow; both went home together side by side, and if they are not dead, they are living there still.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE FOX AND THE WOLF

Unknown

REYNARD the Fox had long been playing tricks on Isegrim the Wolf. At length Reynard was summoned to appear before the King. In the royal presence Isegrim thus challenged the Fox: —

"I have forborne you long, therefore now look not to escape; wherefore, seeing there is no other testimony but our own consciences, here before you, my Lord the King, and the rest of my noble lords, friends, and alliances, here I affirm and will approve to the last drop of my blood that thou, Reynard the Fox, art a false traitor and a murderer; and this I will approve and make good upon thy body within the lists of the field, body against body, by which means our strife shall have an end, and in witness whereof I cast thee here my glove, which I dare thee to take up, that I may have right for mine injuries, or else die like a recreant."

Reynard was somewhat perplexed when he saw this, for he knew himself much too weak for the Wolf, and feared to come by the worst; but straight remembering the advantage he had, by reason that the Wolf's fore-claws were pulled away and that they were not yet fully cured, he said, "Whosoever he be that saith I am a traitor or a murderer I say he lieth in his throat,

especially Isegrim above all others. Poor fool, thou bringest me to the place I desire, and to the purpose I wish for, in sign whereof I take up the gage, and throw down mine, to approve all thy words lies and falsehoods."

This said, the King received their pledges, and admitted the battle, commanding them to put in their sureties, that the next morrow they should try the combat. Then stepped forth the Bear and the Cat, and were sureties for the Wolf; and for the Fox were sureties Grimbard the Brock and Bitelus. When all ceremonies were finished, the She-Ape took Reynard aside, and said, "Nephew, I beseech you take care of yourself in this battle. Be bold and wise. Your uncle taught me once a prayer of singular virtue for him which was to fight, and he learned it of that excellent scholar and clerk, the Abbot of Budelo, and he that saith this prayer with a good devotion, fasting, shall never be overcome in combat; and therefore, my best nephew, be not afraid, for to-morrow I will read it over to you, and the wolf shall never prevail against you."

The Fox gave her many thanks for her favors, and told her his quarrel was good and honest, and therefore he had no doubt of happy success; so all that night he rested with his kinsfolk about him, who drove away the time with pleasant discourse. But Dame Rukenaw, his aunt, still beat her brain how to work him advantage in the combat, wherefore she caused all his hair to be shaven off, even from the head to the tail, and then she anointed all his body quite over with oil of olive, so that she made it so smooth and slippery

DAME RUKENAW, HIS AUNT, STILL BEAT HER BRAIN HOW TO WORK HIM ADVANTAGE IN THE COMBAT, WHEREFORE SHE CAUSED ALL HIS HAIR TO BE SHAVEN OFF, EVEN FROM HIS HEAD TO THE TAIL, AND THEN SHE ANOINTED ALL HIS BODY QUITE OVER WITH OIL OF OLIVE, SO THAT SHE MADE IT SO SMOOTH AND SLIPPERY THAT THE WOLF COULD CATCH NO HOLD OF HIM. BESIDES HE WAS ROUND, FAT, AND PLUMP OF BODY, WHICH MUCH AVAILED TO HIS ADVANTAGE. THEN SHE ADVISED HIM, "AT THESE ESPECIAL TIMES KEEP YOUR TAIL AS CLOSE AS CAN BE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS, LEST HE CATCH HOLD THEREON AND PULL YOU TO THE GROUND; ALSO LOOK CAREFULLY TO YOURSELF AT THE FIRST, AND BY ALL MEANS SHUN HIS BLOWS, MAKING HIM TO TOIL AND RUN AFTER, ESPECIALLY THERE WHERE MOST DUST IS, AND SPRING IT UP WITH YOUR FEET, AND MAKE IT FLY IN HIS EYES. SMITE HIM."

that the Wolf could catch no hold of him. Besides he was round, fat and plump of body, which much availed to his advantage. Then she advised him, "At these especial times keep your tail as close as can be between your legs, lest he catch hold thereon and pull you to the ground; also look carefully to yourself at the first, and by all means shun his blows, making him to toil and run after, especially there where most dust is, and spring it up with your feet, make it fly in his eyes, take your advantage, and smite and bite him where you may do him most mischief, ever and anon striking him on the face with your tail, and that will take from him both sight and understanding. Besides, it will so tire and weary him, that, his feet not being fully cured of their hurt by the loss of his shoes, which you caused to be pulled off, he will not be able to pursue you; for though he is great, yet his heart is little and weak.

"This, nephew, is mine advice, and assure yourself in these cases art prevaileth as much as courage. Therefore regard yourself well, that not only yourself but your whole family may gain honor and reputation from your fortune. As for the charm of prayer which your Uncle Martin taught me, by which you may be invisible, it is this which followeth." Then, laying her hand upon his head, she said, "Blaerd, Shay, Alphenio, Rasbue, Gorsons, Arsbuntro. Now, nephew, assure yourself you are free from all mischief or danger whatsoever; therefore go to your rest, for it is near day, and some sleep will make the body better disposed."

The Fox gave her infinite thanks, and told her, "She had bound him to her a servant forever; and in those

holy words she had spoken he had placed his confidence unremovable;" and so he laid him down to rest under a tree in the grass, till it was sunrise, at which time the Otter came unto him and awaked him and gave him a fat young duck to eat, saying, "Dear cousin, I have toiled all night to get this present for you, which I took from a fowler; here, take and eat it, and it shall give you vigor and courage."

The Fox gave him many thanks, and said, "It is a fortunate handsel, and if I survive this day you shall find that I will requite it." So the Fox ate the duck without bread or sauce more than his hunger, and to it he drank four great draughts of water, and then he went to the place appointed where the lists stood, with all his kindred attending on him.

When the King beheld Reynard thus shorn and oiled, he said to him, "Well, Fox, I see you are careful of your own safety; you respect not beauty so you escape danger."

The Fox answered not a word, but bowing himself down humbly to the earth, before both their majesties, the King and the Queen, went forth into the field; and at the same time the Wolf was also ready, and stood boasting, and giving out many proud and vainglorious speeches. The marshals and rulers of the lists were the Leopard and the Lynx. These brought forth a book, on which the Wolf swore and maintained his assertion that the Fox was a traitor and a murderer, which he would prove on his body, or else be counted a recreant. Then Reynard took the book, and swore he lied as a false traitor and a thief, which he would prove on his body, or be accounted a recreant.

When these ceremonies were done, the marshals of the field bade them do their devoir. And then every creature avoided the lists, save Dame Rukenaw, who stood by the Fox, and bade him remember the words and instructions she had given him, and call to mind how, when he was scarce seven years old, he had then wisdom enough to pass the darkest night without lantern or candle-light, or the help of the moon, when any occasion required him; and that his experience was much wider, and his reputation for wisdom much greater with his companions; and therefore he must work so as to win the day, which would be an eternal monument to him and his family forever.

To this the Fox answered, "My best aunt, assure yourself I will do my best, and not forget a tittle of your counsel. I doubt not but my friends shall reap honor and my foes shame by my actions." To this the Ape said amen, and so departed.

When none but the combatants were in the lists, the Wolf went toward the Fox with infinite rage and fury, thinking to take the Fox in his forefeet. The Fox leaped nimbly from him and the Wolf pursued him, so that there began a tedious chase between them, on which their friends gazed. The Wolf, taking larger strides than the Fox, often overtook him, and lifted up his feet to strike him; but the Fox avoided the blow and smote the Wolf on the face with his tail, so that he was stricken almost blind, and was forced to rest while he cleared his eyes; which advantage when Reynard saw, he scratched up the dust with his feet and threw it in the eyes of the Wolf.

This grieved him worse than the former, so that he durst follow him no longer, for the dust and sand sticking in his eyes smarted so sore that of force he must rub and wash it away, which Reynard seeing, with all the fury he had he ran upon him, and with his teeth gave him three sore wounds on his head, and scoffing said, "Have I hit you, Mr. Wolf? I will yet hit you better; you have killed many a lamb and many an innocent beast, and would impose the fault upon me, but you shall find the price of your knavery. I am marked to punish thy sins, and I will give thee thy absolution bravely. It is good for thee that thou use patience, for thy evil life is at my mercy. Yet notwithstanding, if thou wilt kneel down and ask my forgiveness, and confess thyself vanquished, though thou be the worst thing living, yet I will spare thy life, for my pity makes me loath to kill thee."

These words made Isegrim both mad and desperate, so that he knew not how to express his fury; his wounds bled, his eyes smarted, and his whole body was oppressed. So that in the height of his fury he lifted up his foot and struck the Fox so great a blow that he felled him to the ground. But Reynard, being nimble, quickly rose up again and encountered the Wolf, so that between them began a dreadful and doubtful combat.

The Wolf was exceeding furious, and ten times he leaped to catch Reynard fast, but his skin was so slippery and oily he could not hold him. Nay, so wondrous nimble was he in the fight that, when the Wolf thought to have him surest, he would shift himself between his legs and under his belly, and every time give the Wolf

a bite with his teeth, or a slap on the face with his tail, so that the poor Wolf found nothing but despair in the conflict, albeit his strength was much the greater.

Thus many wounds and bitings passed on either side, the one expressing cunning and the other strength, the one fury, the other temperance. In the end the Wolf, being enraged that the battle had continued so long, — for had his feet been sound it had been much shorter, — said to himself, "I will make an end of this combat, for I know my very weight is able to crush him to pieces; and I lose much of my reputation in suffering him thus long to contend against me."

And this said, he struck the Fox again so sore a blow on the head with his foot that he fell down to the ground, and ere he could recover himself and arise, he caught him in his feet and threw him under him, lying upon him in such wise as if he would have pressed him to death.

Now began the Fox to be grievously afraid, and all his friends also, and all Isegrim's friends began to shout for joy; but the Fox defended himself as well as he could with his claws lying along, and the Wolf could not hurt him with his claws, his feet were so sore; only with his teeth he snatched at him to bite him, which, when the Fox saw, he smote the Wolf on the head with his fore-claws, so that he tore the skin between his brows and his ears, and one of his eyes hung out of his head, which put the wolf to infinite torment, and he howled out extremely. Then, Isegrim wiping his face, the Fox took advantage thereof, and with his struggling got upon his feet.

At this the Wolf was angry, and, striking after him, caught the Fox in his arms, and held him fast. Never was Reynard in so great a strait as then, for at that time great was their contention; but anger now made the Wolf forget his smart, and, griping the Fox altogether under him, as Reynard was defending himself his hand lighted into Isegrim's mouth, so that he was in danger of losing it. Then said the Wolf to the Fox, "Now either yield thyself as vanquished, or else certainly I will kill thee. Neither thy dust, thy mocks, nor any subtle invention shall now save thee; thou art now left utterly desperate, and my wounds must have their satisfaction."

When the Fox heard this he thought it was a hard election, for both brought his ruin; and, suddenly concluding, he said, "Dear uncle, since fortune commands me, I yield to be your servant, and at your commandments will travel for you to the Holy Land, or any other pilgrimage, or do any service which shall be beneficial to your soul or the souls of your forefathers. I will do for the King or for our holy father the Pope, I will hold of you my lands and revenues, and as I, so shall all the rest of my kindred; so that you shall be a lord of many lords, and none shall dare to move against you.

"Besides, whatsoever I get of pullets, geese, partridges, or plover, flesh or fish, you, your wife and children shall have the first choice, ere any are eaten by me. I will ever stand by your side, and wheresoever you go, no danger shall come near you. You are strong, and I am subtle; we two joined together, what force can prevail against us? Again, we are so near in blood that nature forbids there should be any enmity between

us; I would not have fought against you, had I been sure of victory, but that you first appealed me, and then you know of necessity I must do my uttermost. I have also in this battle been courteous to you, and not shown my worst violence, as I would on a stranger, for I know it is the duty of a nephew to spare his uncle; and this you might well perceive by my running from you. I tell you, it was an action much contrary to my nature, for I might often have hurt you when I refused, nor are you worse for me by anything more than the blemish of your eye, for which I am sorry, and wish it had not happened; yet know that you shall reap rather benefit than loss thereby, for when other beasts in their sleep shut two windows, you shall shut but one.

"As for my wife, children, and lineage, they shall fall down at your feet before you in any presence; therefore, I humbly desire you that you will suffer poor Reynard to live. I know you will kill me, but what will that avail you when you shall never live in safety for fear of the revenge of my kindred? Therefore temperance in any man's wrath is excellent, whereas rashness is ever the mother of repentance. But, uncle, I know you to be valiant, wise, and discreet, and you rather seek honor, peace, and good fame than blood and revenge."

Isegrim the Wolf said, "Infinite dissembler, how fain wouldst thou be freed of my servitude? Too well I understand thee, and know that if thou wert safe on thy feet thou wouldst forswear this submission; but know all the wealth in the world shall not buy out thy ransom; for thee and thy friends, I esteem them not, nor

believe anything thou hast uttered. Too well I know thee, and am no bird for thy limed bush; chaff cannot deceive me. Oh, how wouldst thou triumph if I should believe thee, and say I wanted wit to understand thee; but thou shalt know I can look both on this side and beyond thee. Thy many deceits used upon me have now armed me against thee. Thou sayest thou hast spared me in the battle; but look upon me, and my wounds will show how falsely thou liest; thou never gavest me a time to breathe in, nor will I now give thee a minute to repent in."

Now whilst Isegrim was thus talking, the Fox bethought himself how he might best get free, and thrusting his other hand down he caught the Wolf fast by the neck, and he wrung him so extremely hard thereby that he made him shriek and howl out with the anguish. Then the Fox drew his other hand out of his mouth, for the Wolf was in such wondrous torment that he had much ado to contain himself from swooning, for this torment exceeded above the pain of his eye, and in the end he fell over and over in a swoon. Then presently Reynard leaped upon him, and drew him about the lists and dragged him by the legs, and struck, wounded, and bit him in many places, so that all the whole field might take notice thereof.

At this all Isegrim's friends were full of sorrow, and with great weeping and lamentation went to the King, and prayed him to be pleased to appease the combat, and take it into his own hands, which suit the King granted. And then the Leopard and the Lynx, being marshals, entered the lists, and told the fox and the

Wolf that the King would speak with them, and that the battle should there end, for he would take it into his own hands and determine thereof; as for themselves, they had done sufficiently; neither would the King lose either of them. And to the Fox they said the whole field gave him the victory.

STORIES FROM THE SHORES OF THE NORTH SEA

THE UGLY DUCKLING

By Hans Christian Andersen

IT was so glorious out in the country; it was summer; the cornfields were yellow, the oats were green, the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was right glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, with deep canals about it, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood, and here sat a Duck upon her nest; she had to hatch her ducklings; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock and cackle with her.

At last one eggshell after another burst open. "Piep! Piep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Quack! quack!" they said; and they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them

look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said all the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"D' ye think this is all the world?" said the mother. "That stretches far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field; but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," and she stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest little ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father: the rogue, he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "You may be sure it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. Must I say it to you, I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg. Let it lie there, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that; can it really be a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day it was bright, beautiful weather; the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the canal with all her family. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and they were all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how straight it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she too wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you can bustle about, and bow your heads

before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and d' ye see? she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy: it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be known by the animals and by men too. Shake yourselves — don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, — so! Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks roundabout looked at them, and said quite boldly, —

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And — fie! — how that Duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up at it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be put down."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was rather unlucky. I wish she could bear it over again."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; yes, I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers.

"Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong: he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was quite melancholy because it looked ugly, and was the butt of the whole duck-yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew on farther; and so it came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks

lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the wild ducks. "But that is nothing to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! it certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap.' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and the whole flock of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The sportsmen were lying in wait all round the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the

dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash! — into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash! — on he went, without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay very quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, all was still; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Towards evening the Duck came to a little, miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not itself know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to withstand it; and the wind blew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and that is what it did.

Here lived a woman, with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little, short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and always said "We and the world!" for she thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then will you hold your tongue!"

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you will please have no opinion of your own when sensible folks are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do; that's why you have these fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it,—he's the cleverest animal I know, — ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down; I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and thank your Maker for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true

friends! Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And so the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold. Yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a whole flock of great, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long, flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the Ugly Duckling felt quite strange as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and uttered such a strange, loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew

not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor, ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they wanted to hurt it, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clasped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal-barrel, and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the fire-tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and they screamed! Well it was that the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly fallen snow. There it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings; they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away; and before it well knew how all this happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder-trees smelt sweet, and bent their long, green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will beat me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to come near them. But it is all the same. Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry-yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!"

And it flew out into the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans; these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its own image; and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a — swan!

It matters nothing if one is born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all birds. Even the elder-tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart,—

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

By Hans Christian Andersen

THERE were once five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands; the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle;

she was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose, as big as her whole face. The little Lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty Lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The Nut-cracker threw somersaults, and the Pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the Canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady; she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve — and, bounce! — the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was not snuff in it, but a little black Goblin; you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier," said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell, head over heels, out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and struck with his helmet downward, and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but, though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a tin soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it; and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then, it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat

SHE HAD A DRESS OF THE CLEAREST GAUZE. . . . THE LITTLE LADY STRETCHED OUT BOTH HER HANDS, FOR SHE WAS A DANCER

rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little Lady only sat here with me in the boat it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great water-rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and only held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood,—

"Hold him! hold him! he has n't paid toll — he has n't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think,— just where the tunnel ended the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that

he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge — it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the Soldier's ears, —

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
Die shalt thou this day."

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then, it was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there — no! What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been

before! he saw the same children, and the same toys stood upon the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was faithful, too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very near weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little Lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and then was gone! Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump, and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE DARNING-NEEDLE

By Hans Christian Andersen

THERE was once a Darning-needle, who thought herself so fine, she imagined she was an embroidering-needle.

"Take care, and mind you hold me tight!" she said to the Fingers that took her out. "Don't let me fall! If I fall on the ground I shall certainly never be found again, for I am so fine!"

"That's as it may be," said the Fingers; and they grasped her round the body.

"See, I'm coming with a train!" said the Darning-needle, and she drew a long thread after her, but there was no knot in the thread.

The Fingers pointed the needle just at the cook's slipper, in which the upper leather had burst, and was to be sewn together.

"That's vulgar work," said the Darning-needle. "I shall never get through. I'm breaking! I'm breaking!" And she really broke. "Did I not say so?" said the Darning-needle; "I'm too fine!"

"Now it's quite useless," said the Fingers; but they were obliged to hold her fast, all the same; for the cook dropped some sealing-wax upon the needle, and pinned her handkerchief together with it in front.

"So, now I'm a breast-pin!" said the Darning-

needle. "I knew very well that I should come to honor; when one is something, one comes to something!"

And she laughed quietly to herself — and one can never see when a darning-needle laughs. There she sat, as proud as if she were in a state coach, and looked all about her.

"May I be permitted to ask if you are of gold?" she inquired of the pin, her neighbor. "You have a very pretty appearance and a peculiar head, but it is only little. You must take pains to grow, for it's not every one that has sealing-wax dropped upon him."

And the Darning-needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell out of the handkerchief right into the sink, which the cook was rinsing out.

"Now we're going on a journey," said the Darning-needle. "If I only don't get lost!"

But she really was lost.

"I'm too fine for this world," she observed, as she lay in the gutter. "But I know who I am, and there's always something in that!"

So the Darning-needle kept her proud behavior, and did not lose her good humor. And things of many kinds swam over her, chips and straws and pieces of old newspapers.

"Only look how they sail!" said the Darning-needle. "They don't know what is under them! I'm here, I remain firmly here. See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but of himself — of a chip! There's a straw going by now. How he turns! how he twirls about! Don't think only of yourself, you might easily run up against a stone. There swims a bit of newspaper.

What's written upon it has long been forgotten, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit quietly and patiently here. I know who I am, and I shall remain what I am."

One day something lay close beside her that glittered splendidly; then the Darning-needle believed that it was a diamond; but it was a bit of broken bottle; and because it shone the Darning-needle spoke to it, introducing herself as a breast-pin.

"I suppose you are a diamond?" she observed.

"Why, yes, something of that kind."

And then each believed the other to be a very valuable thing; and they began speaking about the world, and how very conceited it was.

"I have been in a lady's box," said the Darning-needle, "and this lady was a cook. She had five fingers on each hand, and I never saw anything so conceited as those five fingers. And yet they were only there that they might take me out of the box and put me back into it."

"Were they of good birth?" asked the Bit of Bottle.

"No, indeed," replied the Darning-needle: "but very haughty. There were five brothers, all of the finger family. They kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths: the outermost, the thumbling, was short and fat; he walked out in front of the ranks, and only had one joint in his back, and could only make a single bow; but he said that if he were hacked off a man, that man was useless for service in war. Dainty-mouth, the second finger, thrust himself into sweet and sour, pointed to sun and moon, and gave the impression when they wrote. Longman, the third, looked at all the

others over his shoulder. Goldborder, the fourth, went about with a golden belt round his waist; and little Playman did nothing at all, and was proud of it. There was nothing but bragging among them, and therefore I went away."

"And now we sit here and glitter!" said the Bit of Bottle.

At that moment more water came into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the Bit of Bottle was carried away.

"So he is disposed of," observed the Darning-needle. "I remain here. I am too fine. But that's my pride, and my pride is honorable." And proudly she sat there, and had many great thoughts. "I could almost believe I had been born of a sunbeam, I'm so fine! It really appears as if the sunbeams were always seeking for me under the water. Ah! I'm so fine that my mother cannot find me. If I had my old eye, which broke off, I think I should cry; but, no, I should not do that: it's not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys lay grubbing in the gutter, where they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and similar treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great delight in it.

"Oh!" cried one, who had pricked himself with the Darning-needle, "there's a fellow for you!"

"I'm not a fellow; I'm a young lady!" said the Darning-needle.

But nobody listened to her. The sealing-wax had come off, and she had turned black; but black makes one look slender, and she thought herself finer even than before.

"Here comes an eggshell sailing along!" said the boys; and they stuck the Darning-needle fast in the eggshell.

"White walls, and black myself! that looks well," remarked the Darning-needle. "Now one can see me. I only hope I shall not be seasick!" But she was not seasick at all. "It is good against seasickness, if one has a steel stomach, and does not forget that one is a little more than an ordinary person! Now my seasickness is over. The finer one is, the more one can bear."

"Crack!" went the eggshell, for a wagon went over her.

"Good Heavens, how it crushes one!" said the Darning-needle. "I'm getting seasick now, — I'm quite sick."

But she was not really sick, though the wagon went over her; she lay there at full length, and there she may lie.

THE ANGEL

By Hans Christian Andersen

WHENEVER a good child dies an angel from heaven comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty that they may bloom in heaven more brightly than on earth. And the Father presses all the flowers to his heart; but He kisses the flower that pleases Him best, and the flower is then endowed with a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise!

"See" — this is what an Angel said, as he carried a dead child up to heaven, and the Child heard, as if in a dream; and they went on over the regions of home where the little Child had played, and came through gardens with beautiful flowers — "which of these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the Angel.

Now there stood near them a slender, beautiful rose-bush; but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, covered with half-opened buds, were hanging around, quite withered.

"The poor rose-bush!" said the Child. "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

And the Angel took it, and kissed the Child, and the

little one half opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took with them the wild pansy and the despised buttercup.

"Now we have flowers," said the Child.

And the Angel nodded, but he did not yet fly upward to heaven. It was night and quite silent. They remained in the great city; they floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings, for it had been removal day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags, and old hats, and all this did not look well. And the Angel pointed amid all this confusion to a few fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, and which was kept together by the roots of a great dried field flower, which was of no use, and had therefore been thrown out into the street.

"We will take that with us," said the Angel. "I will tell you why as we fly onward.

"Down yonder in the narrow lane, in the low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had been bedridden. When he was at his best he could go up and down the room a few times, leaning on crutches; that was the utmost he could do. For a few days in summer the sunbeams would penetrate for a few hours to the ground of the cellar, and when the poor boy sat there and the sun shone on him, and he looked at the red blood in his three fingers, as he held them up before his face, he would say, 'Yes, to-day he has been out!' He knew the forest with its beautiful vernal green only from the fact that a neighbor's little son brought him the first green branch of a beech-tree, and he held that up

over his head, and dreamed he was in the beech wood, where the sun shone and the birds sang. On a spring day the neighbor's boy brought him also field flowers, and among them was, by chance, one to which the root was still hanging; and so it was planted in a flower-pot, and placed by the bed, close to the window. And the flower had been planted by a fortunate hand; and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became a splendid flower garden to the sickly boy — his little treasure here on earth. He watered it, and tended it, and took care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the latest that struggled in through the narrow window; and the flower itself was woven into his dreams, for it grew for him and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and toward it he turned in death, when the Father called him. He has now been with the Almighty for a year; for a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus, at the removal, it has been thrown out into the dust of the street. And this is the poor flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has given more joy than the richest in a queen's garden."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the Child.

"I know it," said the Angel, "for I myself was that boy who walked on crutches. I know my flower well."

And the Child opened his eyes and looked into the glorious, happy face of the Angel; and at the same moment they entered the regions where there is peace and joy. And the Father pressed the dead Child to his bosom, and then it received wings like the Angel, and

flew hand in hand with him. And the Almighty kissed the dry, withered field flower, and it received a voice and sang with all the angels hovering around, — some near, and some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang, — little and great, the good, happy Child, and the poor field flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust in the rubbish of the removal day, in the dark, narrow lane.

THE FIR–TREE

By Hans Christian Andersen

OUT in the woods stood a nice little Fir-tree. The place he had was a very good one; the sun shone on him; as to fresh air there was enough of that, and round him grew many large-sized comrades, pines as well as firs. But the little Fir wanted so very much to be a grown-up tree.

He did not think of the warm sun and of the fresh air; he did not care for the little cottage children that ran about and prattled when they were in the woods looking for wild strawberries. The children often came with a whole pitcher full of berries, or a long row of them threaded on a straw, and sat down near the young Tree and said, "Oh, how pretty he is! what a nice little fir!" But this was what the Tree could not bear to hear.

At the end of a year he had shot up a good deal, and after another year he was another long bit taller; for with fir-trees one can always tell by the shoots how many years old they are.

"Oh, were I but such a high tree as the others are," sighed he. "Then I should be able to spread out my branches, and with the tops to look into the wide world! Then would the birds build nests among my branches; and when there was a breeze, I could bend with as much stateliness as the others!"

Neither the sunbeams, nor the birds, nor the red clouds which morning and evening sailed above him gave the little Tree any pleasure.

In winter, when the snow lay glittering on the ground, a hare would often come leaping along, and jump right over the little Tree. Oh, that made him so angry! But two winters were past, and in the third the Tree was so large that the hare was obliged to go round it. "To grow and grow, to get older and be tall," thought the Tree,— "that, after all, is the most delightful thing in the world!"

In autumn the woodcutters always came and felled some of the largest trees. This happened every year; and the young Fir-tree, that had now grown to a very comely size, trembled at the sight; for the magnificent great trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trees looked long and bare: they were hardly to be recognized; and then they were laid in carts, and the horses dragged them out of the wood.

Where did they go to? What became of them?

In spring, when the Swallows and the Storks came, the Tree asked them, "Don't you know where they have been taken? Have you not met them anywhere?"

The Swallows did not know anything about it; but the Stork looked musing, nodded his head, and said, "Yes; I think I know; I met many ships as I was flying hither from Egypt; on the ships were magnificent masts, and I venture to assert that it was they that smelt so of fir. I may congratulate you, for they lifted themselves on high most majestically!"

"Oh, were I but old enough to fly across the sea! But how does the sea look in reality? What is it like?"

"That would take a long time to explain," said the Stork, and with these words off he went.

"Rejoice in thy growth!" said the Sunbeams, "rejoice in thy vigorous growth, and in the fresh life that moveth within thee!"

And the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew wept tears over him; but the Fir understood it not.

When Christmas came, quite young trees were cut down; trees which often were not even as large or of the same age as this Fir-tree, who could never rest, but always wanted to be off. These young trees, and they were always the finest-looking, retained their branches; they were laid on carts, and the horses drew them out of the wood.

"Where are they going to?" asked the Fir. "They are not taller than I; there was one, indeed, that was considerably shorter; and why do they retain all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the Sparrows. "We have peeped in at the windows in the town below! We know whither they are taken! The greatest splendor and the greatest magnificence one can imagine await them. We peeped through the windows, and saw them planted in the middle of the warm room, and ornamented with the most splendid things, — with gilded apples, with gingerbread, with toys, and many hundred lights!"

"And then?" asked the Fir-tree, trembling in every bough. "And then? What happens then?"

"We did not see anything more; it was incomparably beautiful."

"I would fain know if I am destined for so glorious a career," cried the Tree, rejoicing. "That is still better than to cross the sea! What a longing do I suffer! Were Christmas but come! I am now tall, and my branches spread like the others that were carried off last year! Oh, were I but already on the cart! Were I in the warm room with all the splendor and magnificence! Yes; then something better, something still grander, will surely follow, or wherefore should they thus ornament me? Something better, something still grander, *must* follow — but what? Oh, how I long, how I suffer! I do not know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in our presence!" said the Air and the Sunlight; "rejoice in thy own fresh youth!"

But the Tree did not rejoice at all; he grew and grew, and was green both winter and summer. People that saw him said, "What a fine tree!" and towards Christmas he was one of the first that was cut down. The axe struck deep into the very pith; the tree fell to the earth with a sigh; he felt a pang — it was like a swoon; he could not think of happiness, for he was sorrowful at being separated from his home, from the place where he had sprung up. He well knew that he should never see his dear old comrades, the little bushes and flowers around him, any more; perhaps not even the birds! The departure was not at all agreeable.

The Tree only came to himself when he was unloaded in a courtyard with the other trees, and heard a man say, "That one is splendid! we don't want the others."

Then two servants came in rich livery and carried the Fir-tree into a large and splendid drawing-room. Portraits were hanging on the walls, and near the white porcelain stove stood two large Chinese vases with lions on the covers. There, too, were large easy-chairs, silken sofas, large tables full of picture-books, and full of toys worth hundreds and hundreds of crowns — at least the children said so. And the Fir-tree was stuck upright in a cask that was filled with sand, but no one could see that it was a cask, for green cloth was hung all round it, and it stood on a large gayly colored carpet. Oh, how the tree quivered! What was to happen? The servants, as well as the young ladies, decorated it. On one branch there hung little nets cut out of colored paper, and each net was filled with sugar-plums; and among the other boughs gilded apples and walnuts were suspended, looking as though they had grown there, and little blue and white tapers were placed among the leaves. Dolls that looked for all the world like men — the Tree had never beheld such before — were seen among the foliage, and at the very top a large star of gold tinsel was fixed. It was really splendid — beyond description splendid.

"This evening!" said they all; "how it will shine this evening!"

"Oh," thought the Tree, "if the evening were but come! If the tapers were but lighted! And then I wonder what will happen! Perhaps the other trees from the forest will come to look at me! Perhaps the sparrows will beat against the window-panes! I wonder if I shall take root here, and winter and summer stand covered with ornaments!"

He knew very much about the matter! but he was so impatient that for sheer longing he got a pain in his back, and this with trees is the same thing as a headache with us.

The candles were now lighted. What brightness! What splendor! The Tree trembled so in every bough that one of the tapers set fire to the foliage. It blazed up splendidly.

"Help! help!" cried the young ladies, and they quickly put out the fire.

Now the Tree did not even dare tremble. What a state he was in! He was so uneasy lest he should lose something of his splendor that he was quite bewildered amidst the glare and brightness; when suddenly both folding doors opened, and a troop of children rushed in as if they would upset the Tree. The older persons followed quietly; the little ones stood quite still. But it was only for a moment; then they shouted so that the whole place reëchoed with their rejoicing; they danced round the Tree, and one present after another was pulled off.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What is to happen now!" And the lights burned down to the very branches, and as they burned down they were put out one after another and then the children had permission to plunder the Tree. So they fell upon it with such violence that all its branches cracked; if it had not been fixed firmly in the cask, it would certainly have tumbled down.

The children danced about with their beautiful playthings; no one looked at the Tree except the old nurse, who peeped between the branches; but it was only to

see if there was a fig or an apple left that had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, drawing a little fat man towards the Tree. He seated himself under it, and said, "Now we are in the shade, and the Tree can listen too. But I shall tell only one story. Now which will you have; that about Ivedy-Avedy, or about Klumpy-Dumpy, who tumbled downstairs, and yet after all came to the throne and married the princess?"

"Ivedy-Avedy," cried some; "Klumpy-Dumpy," cried the others. There was such a bawling and screaming! — the Fir-tree alone was silent, and he thought to himself, "Am I not to bawl with the rest? am I to do nothing whatever?" for he was one of the company, and had done what he had to do.

And the man told about Klumpy-Dumpy, that tumbled down, who notwithstanding came to the throne, and at last married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried out, "Oh, go on! Do go on!" They wanted to hear about Ivedy-Avedy too, but the little man only told them about Klumpy-Dumpy. The Fir-tree stood quite still and absorbed in thought: the birds in the wood had never related the like of this. "Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he married the princess! Yes, yes! that's the way of the world!" thought the Fir-tree, and believed it all, because the man who told the story was so good-looking. "Well, well! who knows, perhaps I may fall downstairs too, and get a princess as wife!" And he looked forward with joy to the morrow, when he hoped to be decked out again with lights, playthings, fruits, and tinsel.

"I won't tremble to-morrow!" thought the Fir-tree. "I will enjoy to the full all my splendor! To-morrow I shall hear again the story of Klumpy-Dumpy, and perhaps that of Ivedy-Avedy too." And the whole night the Tree stood still and in deep thought.

In the morning the servant and the housemaid came in.

"Now, then, the splendor will begin again," thought the fir. But they dragged him out of the room, and up the stairs into the loft; and here in a dark corner, where no daylight could enter, they left him. "What's the meaning of this?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear now, I wonder?" And he leaned against the wall, lost in reverie. Time enough had he, too, for his reflections; for days and nights passed on, and nobody came up; and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put some great trunks in a corner out of the way. There stood the Tree quite hidden; it seemed as if he had been entirely forgotten.

"'T is now winter out of doors!" thought the Tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow; men cannot plant me now, and therefore I have been put up here under shelter till the springtime comes! How thoughtful that is! How kind man is, after all! If it only were not so dark here, and so terribly lonely! Not even a hare. And out in the woods it was so pleasant, when the snow was on the ground, and the hare leaped by; yes — even when he jumped over me; but I did not like it then. It is really terribly lonely here!"

"Squeak! squeak!" said a little Mouse at the same moment, peeping out of his hole. And then another

little one came. They snuffed about the Fir-tree, and rustled among the branches.

"It is dreadfully cold," said the Mouse. "But for that, it would be delightful here, old Fir, would n't it?"

"I am by no means old," said the Fir-tree. "There's many a one considerably older than I am."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice; "and what can you do?" They were so extremely curious. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on the earth. Have you never been there? Were you never in the larder, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from above? where one dances about on tallow candles, — that place where one enters lean, and comes out again fat and portly?"

"I know no such place," said the Tree. "But I know the wood, where the sun shines, and where the little birds sing." And then he told all about his youth; and the little Mice had never heard the like before; and they listened and said,—

"Well, to be sure! How much you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I!" said the Fir-tree, thinking over what he had himself related. "Yes, in reality those were happy times." And then he told about Christmas Eve, when he was decked out with cakes and candles.

"Oh," said the little Mice, "how fortunate you have been, old Fir-tree!"

"I am by no means old," said he. "I came from the wood this winter; I am in my prime, and am only rather short for my age."

"What delightful stories you know!" said the Mice;

and the next night they came with four other little Mice, who were to hear what the Tree recounted; and the more he related, the more plainly he remembered all himself; and it appeared as if those times had really been happy times. "But they may still come — they may still come. Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he got a princess!" and he thought at the moment of a nice little Birch-tree growing out in the woods; to the Fir that would be a real charming princess.

"Who is Klumpy-Dumpy?" asked the Mice. So then the Fir-tree told the whole fairy tale, for he could remember every single word of it; and the little Mice jumped for joy up to the very top of the Tree. Next night two more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, even; but they said the stories were not interesting, which vexed the little Mice; and they, too, now began to think them not so very amusing, either.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," answered the Tree. "I heard it on my happiest evening; but I did not then know how happy I was."

"It is a very stupid story! Don't you know one about bacon and tallow candles? Can't you tell any larder-stories?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then good-by," said the Rats; and they went home.

At last the little Mice stayed away also; and the Tree sighed: "After all, it was very pleasant when the sleek little Mice sat round me and listened to what I told them. Now that, too, is over. But I will take good care to enjoy myself when I am brought out again."

But when was that to be? Why, one morning there came a quantity of people and set to work in the loft. The trunks were moved, the tree was pulled out and thrown — rather hard, it is true — down on the floor, but a man drew him towards the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now a merry life will begin again," thought the Tree. He felt the fresh air, the first sunbeam, — and now he was out in the courtyard. All passed so quickly, there was so much going on around him, that the Tree quite forgot to look to himself. The court adjoined a garden, and all was in flower; the roses hung so fresh and odorous over the balustrade, the lindens were in blossom, the Swallows flew by, and said "Quirre-vit! my husband is come!" but it was not the Fir-tree that they meant.

"Now, then, I shall really enjoy life," said he exultingly, and spread out his branches; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow. It was in a corner that he lay, among weeds and nettles. The golden star of tinsel was still on the top of the Tree, and glittered in the sunshine.

In the courtyard some of the merry children were playing who had danced at Christmas round the Fir-tree, and were so glad at the sight of him. One of the youngest ran and tore off the golden star.

"Only look what is still on the ugly old Christmas tree!" said he, trampling on the branches, so that they all cracked beneath his feet.

And the Tree beheld all the beauty of the flowers, and the freshness in the garden; he beheld himself, and wished he had remained in his dark corner in the loft; he thought of his first youth in the wood, of the merry

Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice who had listened with so much pleasure to the story of Klumpy-Dumpy.

"'T is over — 't is past!" said the poor Tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I had reason to do so! But now 't is past, 't is past!"

And the gardener's boy chopped the Tree into small pieces; there was a whole heap lying there. The wood flamed up splendidly under the large brewing copper, and it sighed so deeply! Each sigh was like a shot.

The boys played about in the court, and the youngest wore the gold star on his breast which the Tree had had on the happiest evening of his life. However, that was over now, — the Tree gone, the story at an end. All, all was over; every tale must end at last.

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was a man who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and John. John was Boots, of course, because he was the youngest. I can't say the man had anything more than these three sons, for he had n't one penny to rub against another; and so he told his sons over and over again they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for there at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.

Now, a bit off the man's cottage was the King's palace, and, you must know, just against the King's windows a great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big that it took away all the light from the King's palace. The King had said he would give many, many dollars to the man who could fell the oak, but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. A well, too, the King would have dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all his neighbors had wells, but he had n't any, and that he thought a shame. So the King said he would give to any one who could dig him such a well as would hold water for a whole year round, both money and goods; but no one could do it, for the King's palace lay high, high up on a hill, and they had dug only a few inches before they came upon the living rock.

But as the King had set his heart on having these two things done, he had it given out far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the King's courtyard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the Princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but for all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock did n't get softer, either. So one day those three brothers thought they'd set off and try too, and their father had n't a word against it; for even if they did n't get the Princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master; and that was all he wanted. So when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said "yes" at once. So Peter, Paul, and Jack went off from their home.

Well, they had n't gone far before they came to a fir-wood, and up along one side of it rose a steep hillside, and as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away up on the hill among the trees.

"I wonder, now, what it is that is hewing away up yonder," said Jack.

"You're always so clever with your wonderings," said Peter and Paul both at once. "What wonder is it, pray, that a woodcutter should stand and hack up on a hillside?"

"Still, I'd like to see what it is, after all," said Jack; and up he went.

"Oh, if you 're such a child, 't will do you good to

go and take a lesson," bawled out his brothers after him.

But Jack did n't care for what they said; he climbed the steep hillside towards where the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? Why, an axe that stood there hacking and hewing, all of itself, at the trunk of a fir.

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?"

"Yes; here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long, long time, waiting for you," said the Axe.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack, as he took the axe, pulled it off its haft, and stuffed both head and haft into his wallet.

So when he got down again to his brothers, they began to jeer and laugh at him.

"And now, what funny thing was it you saw up yonder on the hillside?" they said.

"Oh, it was only an axe we heard," said Jack.

So when they had gone a bit farther, they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shoveling.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "what it is digging and shoveling up yonder at the top of the rock."

"Ah, you're always so clever with your wonderings," said Peter and Paul again; "as if you'd never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree."

"Well, well," said Jack, "I think it would be a piece of fun just to see what it really is."

And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made game of him. But he did n't care a bit

for that; up he clomb, and when he got near the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving.

"Good-day!" said Jack. "So you stand here all alone, and dig and delve!"

"Yes, that's what I do," said the Spade, "and that's what I've done this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet, and then down again to his brothers.

"Well, what was it, so rare and strange," said Peter and Paul, "that you saw up there at the top of the rock?"

"Oh," said Jack, "nothing more than a spade; that was what we heard."

So they went on again a good bit, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three, after their long walk, and so they lay down beside the brook to have a drink.

"I wonder now," said Jack, "where all this water comes from."

"I wonder if you're right in your head," said Peter and Paul in one breath. "If you're not mad already, you'll go mad very soon, with your wonderings. Where the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?"

"Yes; but still I've a great fancy to see where this brook comes from," said Jack.

So up alongside the brook he went, in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. So, as he went up and up, the brook got smaller and smaller, and at last, a little way farther on,

what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled.

"Good-day!" said Jack again. "So you lie here, and trickle and run down all alone?"

"Yes, I do," said the Walnut; "and here have I trickled and run this many a long day, waiting for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss, and plugged up the hole, that the water might n't run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet, and ran down to his brothers.

"Well, now," said Peter and Paul, "have you found out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been!"

"Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of," said Jack; and so the others laughed and made game of him again, but Jack did n't mind that a bit.

"After all, I had the fun of seeing it," said he.

So when they had gone a bit farther, they came to the King's palace; but as every one in the kingdom had heard how they might win the Princess and half the realm, if they could only fell the big oak and dig the King's well, so many had come to try their luck that the oak was now twice as stout and big as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I dare say you all bear in mind. So the King had now laid it down as a punishment that if any one tried and could n't fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and both his ears were to be clipped off. But the two brothers did n't let themselves be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak, and

Peter, as he was eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as with all the rest who had hewn at the oak; for every chip he cut out, two grew in its place. So the King's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him out on the island.

Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow, and so the King's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island; and his ears they clipped closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

So now Jack was to try.

"If you *will* look like a marked sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some bother," said the King, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake.

"Well, I'd like just to try first," said Jack, and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet and fitted it to its haft.

"Hew away!" said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it was n't long before down came the oak.

When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade, and fitted it to its handle.

"Dig away!" said he to the spade; and so the spade began to dig and delve till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out, you may think.

And when he had got it as big and deep as he chose, Jack took out his walnut and laid it in one corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.

"Trickle and run," said Jack; and so the nut trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.

Then Jack had felled the oak which shaded the King's palace, and dug a well in the palace-yard, and so he got the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had said; but it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they had heard each hour and day how every one said, "Well, after all, Jack was n't so much out of his mind when he took to wondering."

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was a man so surly and cross he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening, in haymaking time, he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw

the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, routing and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and had n't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 't was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the housetop — for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he could n't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is safe to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he had n't even got the butter yet; so he thought he 'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half-way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she 'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.

BUTTERCUP

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was an old wife who sat and baked. Now you must know that this old wife had a little son, who was so plump and fat, and so fond of good things, that they called him Buttercup; she had a dog, too, whose name was Goldtooth, and as she was baking, all at once Goldtooth began to bark.

"Run out, Buttercup, there's a dear!" said the old wife, "and see what Goldtooth is barking at."

So the boy ran out, and came back crying out,—

"Oh, Heaven help us! here comes a great big witch, with her head under her arm, and a bag at her back."

"Jump under the kneading-trough and hide yourself," said his mother.

So in came the old hag.

"Good-day," said she.

"God bless you!" said Buttercup's mother.

"Is n't your Buttercup at home to-day?" asked the hag.

"No, that he is n't. He's out in the wood with his father, shooting ptarmigan."

"Plague take it," said the hag, "for I had such a nice little silver knife I wanted to give him."

"Pip, pip! here I am," said Buttercup under the kneading-trough, and out he came.

"I'm so old and stiff in the back," said the hag, "you must creep into the bag and fetch it out for yourself."

But when Buttercup was well into the bag, the hag threw it over her back and strode off, and when they had gone a good bit of the way, the old hag got tired and asked,—

"How far is it off to Snoring?"

"Half a mile," answered Buttercup.

So the hag put down the sack on the road, and went aside by herself into the wood, and lay down to sleep. Meantime Buttercup set to work and cut a hole in the sack with his knife; then he crept out and put a great root of a fir-tree into the sack, and ran home to his mother.

When the hag got home and saw what there was in the sack, you may fancy she was in a fine rage.

Next day the old wife sat and baked again, and her dog began to bark, just as he did the day before.

"Run out, Buttercup, my boy," said she, "and see what Goldtooth is barking at."

"Well, I never!" cried Buttercup, as soon as he got out; "if there is n't that ugly old beast coming again with her head under her arm and a great sack at her back."

"Under the kneading-trough with you and hide," said his mother.

"Good-day!" said the hag; "is your Buttercup at home to-day?"

"I'm sorry to say he is n't," said his mother; "he's out in the wood with his father, shooting ptarmigan."

"What a bore!" said the hag; "here I have a beautiful little silver spoon I want to give him."

"Pip, pip! here I am," said Buttercup, and crept out.

"I'm so stiff in the back," said the old witch, "you must creep into the sack and fetch it out for yourself."

So when Buttercup was well into the sack, the hag swung it over her shoulders and set off home as fast as her legs could carry her. But when they had gone a good bit she grew weary, and asked,—

"How far is it off to Snoring?"

"A mile and a half," answered Buttercup.

So the hag set down the sack, and went aside into the wood to sleep a bit, but while she slept Buttercup made a hole in the sack and got out, and put a great stone into it. Now, when the old witch got home, she made a great fire on the hearth, and put a big pot on it, and got everything ready to boil Buttercup; but when she took the sack, and thought she was going to turn out Buttercup into the pot, down plumped the stone and made a hole in the bottom of the pot, so that the water ran out and quenched the fire. Then the old hag was in a dreadful rage, and said, "If he makes himself ever so heavy next time, he shan't take me in again."

The third day everything went just as it had gone twice before; Goldtooth began to bark, and Buttercup's mother said to him,—

"Do run out and see what our dog is barking at."

So out he went, but he soon came back crying out,—

"Heaven save us! Here comes the old hag again with her head under her arm and a sack at her back."

"Jump under the kneading-trough and hide," said his mother.

"Good-day!" said the hag, as she came in at the door; "is your Buttercup at home to-day?"

"You're very kind to ask after him," said his mother; "but he's out in the wood with his father, shooting ptarmigan."

"What a bore, now," said the old hag; "here have I got such a beautiful little silver fork for him."

"Pip, pip! here I am," said Buttercup, as he came out from under the kneading-trough.

"I'm so stiff in the back," said the hag, "you must creep into the sack and fetch it out for yourself."

But when Buttercup was well inside the sack the old hag swung it across her shoulders, and set off as fast as she could. This time she did not turn aside to sleep by the way, but went straight home with Buttercup in the sack, and when she reached her house it was Sunday.

So the old hag said to her daughter,—

"Now you must take Buttercup and kill him, and boil him nicely till I come back, for I'm off to church to bid my guests to dinner."

So, when all in the house were gone to church, the daughter was to take Buttercup and kill him, but then she did n't know how to set about it at all.

"Stop a bit," said Buttercup; "I'll soon show you how to do it; just lay your head on the chopping-block, and you'll soon see."

So the poor silly thing laid her head down, and Buttercup took an axe and chopped her head off, just as if she had been a chicken. Then he laid her head in the bed, and popped her body into the pot, and boiled it so

nicely; and when he had done that, he climbed up on the roof, and dragged up with him the fir-tree root and the stone, and put the one over the door, and the other at the top of the chimney.

So when the household came back from church, and saw the head on the bed, they thought it was the daughter who lay there asleep; and then they thought they would just taste the broth.

"Good, by my troth!
Buttercup broth,"

said the old hag.

"Good, by my troth!
Daughter broth,"

said Buttercup down the chimney, but no one heeded him.

So the old hag's husband, who was every bit as bad as she, took the spoon to have a taste.

"Good, by my troth!
Buttercup broth,"

said he.

"Good, by my troth!
Daughter broth,"

said Buttercup down the chimney pipe.

Then they all began to wonder who it could be that chattered so, and ran out to see. But when they came out at the door, Buttercup threw down on them the fir-tree root and the stone, and broke all their heads to bits. After that he took all the gold and silver that lay in the house, and went home to his mother, and became a rich man.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had n't so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something to keep Christmas with, in God's name. It was not the first time his brother had been forced to help him, and you may fancy he was n't very glad to see his face, but he said, —

"If you will do what I ask you to do, I'll give you a whole flitch of bacon."

So the poor brother said he would do anything, and was full of thanks.

"Well, here is the flitch," said the rich brother, "and now go straight to Hell."

"What I have given my word to do, I must stick to," said the other; so he took the flitch and set off. He walked the whole day, and at dusk he came to a place where he saw a very bright light.

"Maybe this is the place," said the man to himself. So he turned aside, and the first thing he saw was an old, old man, with a long white beard, who stood in an outhouse, hewing wood for the Christmas fire.

"Good-even," said the man with the flitch.

"The same to you; whither are you going so late?" said the man.

"Oh! I'm going to Hell, if I only knew the right way," answered the poor man.

"Well, you're not far wrong, for this is Hell," said the old man; "when you get inside they will be all for buying your flitch, for meat is scarce in Hell; but mind you don't sell it unless you get the hand-quern which stands behind the door for it. When you come out, I'll teach you how to handle the quern, for it's good to grind almost anything."

So the man with the flitch thanked the other for his good advice, and gave a great knock at the Devil's door.

When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All the devils, great and small, came swarming up to him like ants round an anthill, and each tried to outbid the other for the flitch.

"Well!" said the man, "by rights my old dame and I ought to have this flitch for our Christmas dinner; but since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose I must give it up to you; but if I sell it at all, I'll have for it that quern behind the door yonder."

At first the Devil would n't hear of such a bargain, and chaffered and haggled with the man; but he stuck to what he said, and at last the Devil had to part with his quern. When the man got out into the yard, he asked the old woodcutter how he was to handle the quern; and after he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could, but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door.

"Wherever in the world have you been?" said his old dame; "here have I sat hour after hour waiting and watching, without so much as two sticks to lay together under the Christmas brose."

"Oh!" said the man, "I could n't get back before, for I had to go a long way first for one thing, and then for another; but now you shall see what you shall see."

So he put the quern on the table, and bade it first of all grind lights, then a tablecloth, then meat, then ale, and so on till they had got everything that was nice for Christmas fare. He had only to speak the word, and the quern ground out what he wanted. The old dame stood by blessing her stars, and kept on asking where he had got this wonderful quern, but he would n't tell her.

"It's all one where I got it from; you see the quern is a good one, and the millstream never freezes; that's enough."

So he ground meat and drink and dainties enough to last out till Twelfth Day, and on the third day he asked all his friends and kin to his house, and gave a great feast. Now, when his rich brother saw all that was on the table, and all that was behind in the larder, he grew quite spiteful and wild, for he could n't bear that his brother should have anything.

"'T was only on Christmas eve," he said to the rest, "he was in such straits that he came and asked for a morsel of food in God's name, and now he gives a feast as if he were count or king;" and he turned to his brother and said,—

"But whence, in Hell's name, have you got all this wealth?"

"From behind the door," answered the owner of the quern, for he did n't care to let the cat out of the bag. But later on in the evening, when he had got a drop too much, he could keep his secret no longer, and brought out the quern and said, "There, you see what has gotten me all this wealth;" and so he made the quern grind all kinds of things. When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the quern, and, after a deal of coaxing, he got it; but he had to pay three hundred dollars for it, and his brother bargained to keep it till hay-harvest, for he thought, if he kept it till then, he could make it grind meat and drink that would last for years. So you may fancy the quern did n't grow rusty for want of work, and when hay-harvest came, the rich brother got it, but the other took care not to teach him how to handle it.

It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss, while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner-time drew near, he put the quern on the kitchen table and said, —

"Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast."

So the quern began to grind herrings and broth; first of all, all the dishes full, then all the tubs full, and so on till the kitchen floor was quite covered. Then the man twisted and twirled at the quern to get it to stop, but for all his twisting and fingering the quern went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was like to drown. So he threw open the

kitchen door and ran into the parlor, but it was n't long before the quern had ground the parlor full too, and it was only at the risk of his life that the man could get hold of the latch of the house door through the stream of broth. When he got the door open he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm.

Now his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said,—

"Well! though the master does n't call us home, we may as well go. Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help."

The men were willing enough, so they sauntered homewards; but just as they had got a little way up the hill, what should they meet but herrings, and broth, and bread, all running and dashing and splashing together in a stream, and the master himself running before them for his life, and as he passed them he bawled out, "Would to Heaven each of you had a hundred throats! but take care you 're not drowned in the broth."

Away he went, as though the Evil One were at his heels, to his brother's house, and begged him for God's sake to take back the quern that instant; for, said he,—

"If it grinds only one hour more, the whole parish will be swallowed up by herrings and broth."

But his brother would n't hear of taking it back till the other paid him down three hundred dollars more.

So the poor brother got both the money and the quern, and it was n't long before he set up a farmhouse far finer than the one in which his brother lived, and with

the quern he ground so much gold that he covered it with plates of gold; and as the farm lay by the seaside, the golden house gleamed and glistened far away over the sea. All who sailed by put ashore to see the rich man in the golden house, and to see the wonderful quern, the fame of which spread far and wide, till there was nobody who had n't heard tell of it.

So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the quern; and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt.

"Grind salt!" said the owner; "I should just think it could. It can grind anything."

When the skipper heard that, he said he must have the quern, cost what it would; for if he only had it, he thought he should be rid of his long voyages across stormy seas for a lading of salt. Well, at first the man would n't hear of parting with the quern; but the skipper begged and prayed so hard, that at last he let him have it, but he had to pay many, many thousand dollars for it. Now, when the skipper had got the quern on his back, he soon made off with it, for he was afraid lest the man should change his mind; so he had no time to ask how to handle the quern, but got on board his ship as fast as he could, and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the quern on deck and said, —

"Grind salt, and grind both good and fast."

Well, the quern began to grind salt so that it poured out like water; and when the skipper had got the ship full, he wished to stop the quern, but whichever way he turned it, and however much he tried, it was no good; the quern kept grinding on, and the heap of

salt grew higher and higher, and at last down sunk the ship.

There lies the quern at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away at this very day, and that's why the sea is salt.

NOT A PIN TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was a man, and he had a wife. Now this couple wanted to sow their fields, but they had neither seed-corn nor money to buy it with. But they had a cow, and the man was to drive it into town and sell it, to get money to buy corn for seed. But when it came to the pinch, the wife dared not let her husband start, for fear he should spend the money in drink, so she set off herself with the cow, and took besides a hen with her.

Close by the town she met a butcher, who asked, —

"Will you sell that cow, goody?"

"Yes, that I will," she answered.

"Well, what do you want for her?"

"Oh! I must have five shillings for the cow, but you shall have the hen for ten pound."

"Very good!" said the man; "I don't want the hen, and you'll soon get it off your hands in the town; but I'll give you five shillings for the cow."

Well, she sold her cow for five shillings, but there was no one in the town who would give ten pound for a lean, tough old hen, so she went back to the butcher, and said:

"Do all I can, I can't get rid of this hen, master! you must take it too, as you took the cow."

"Well," said the butcher, "come along and we'll see about it." Then he treated her with both meat and drink, and gave her so much brandy that she lost her head, and did n't know what she was about, and fell fast asleep. But while she slept, the butcher took and dipped her into a tar-barrel, and then laid her down on a heap of feathers; and when she woke up she was feathered all over, and began to wonder what had befallen her.

"Is it me, or is it not me? No, it can never be me; it must be some great strange bird. But what shall I do to find out whether it is me or not. Oh! I know how I shall be able to tell whether it is me; if the calves come and lick me, and our dog Tray does n't bark at me when I get home, then it must be me and no one else."

Now Tray, her dog, had scarce set his eyes on the strange monster which came through the gate, than he set up such a barking, one would have thought all the rogues and robbers in the world were in the yard.

"Ah! deary me!" said she, "I thought so; it can't be me, surely." So she went to the straw-yard, and the calves would n't lick her, when they snuffed in the strong smell of tar.

"No, no!" she said, "it can't be me; it must be some strange outlandish bird."

So she crept up on the roof of the safe and began to flap her arms, as if they had been wings, and was just going to fly off.

When her husband saw all this, out he came with his rifle, and began to take aim at her.

"Oh!" cried his wife, "don't shoot, don't shoot! it is only me."

"If it's you," said her husband, "don't stand up there like a goat on a housetop, but come down and let me hear what you have to say for yourself."

So she crawled down again, but she had n't a shilling to show, for the crown she had got from the butcher she had thrown away in her drunkenness. When her husband heard her story, he said, "You're only twice as silly as you were before," and he got so angry that he made up his mind to go away from her altogether, and never come back till he had found three other goodies as silly as his own.

So he toddled off, and when he had walked a little way he saw a goody who was running in and out of a newly-built wooden cottage with an empty sieve, and every time she ran in she threw her apron over the sieve, just as if she had something in it, and when she got in she turned it upside down on the floor.

"Why, goody!" he asked, "what are you doing?"

"Oh," she answered, "I'm only carrying in a little sun; but I don't know how it is, when I'm outside I have the sun in my sieve, but when I get inside, somehow or other I've thrown it away. But in my old cottage I had plenty of sun, though I never carried in the least bit. I only wish I knew some one who would bring the sun inside; I'd give him three hundred dollars and welcome."

"Have you got an axe?" asked the man. "If you have, I'll soon bring the sun inside."

So he got an axe and cut windows in the cottage, for

the carpenters had forgotten them; then the sun shone in, and he got his three hundred dollars.

"That was one of them," said the man to himself, as he went on his way.

After a while he passed by a house, out of which came an awful screaming and bellowing; so he turned in, and saw a goody who was hard at work banging her husband across the head with a beetle, and over his head she had drawn a shirt without any slit for the neck.

"Why, goody!" he asked, "will you beat your husband to death?"

"No," she said, "I only must have a hole in this shirt for his neck to come through."

All the while the husband kept on screaming and calling out,—

"Heaven help and comfort all who try on new shirts! If any one would teach my goody another way of making a slit for the neck in my new shirts I'd give him three hundred dollars down, and welcome."

"I'll do it in the twinkling of an eye," said the man, "if you'll only give me a pair of scissors."

So he got a pair of scissors, and snipped a hole in the neck, and went off with his three hundred dollars.

"That was another of them," he said to himself, as he walked along.

Last of all, he came to a farm, where he made up his mind to rest a bit. So when he went in, the mistress asked him,—

"Whence do you come, master?"

"Oh!" said he, "I come from Paradise Place," for that was the name of his farm.

"From Paradise Place!" she cried, "you don't say so! Why, then, you must know my second husband, Peter, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul!"

For you must know this goody had been married three times, and as her first and last husbands had been bad, she had made up her mind that the second only was gone to heaven.

"Oh! yes," said the man; "I know him very well."

"Well," asked the goody, "how do things go with him, poor dear soul?"

"Only middling," was the answer; "he goes about begging from house to house, and has neither food nor a rag to his back. As for money, he has n't a sixpence to bless himself with."

"Mercy on me!" cried out the goody; "he never ought to go about such a figure when he left so much behind him. Why, there's a whole cupboard full of old clothes upstairs which belonged to him, besides a great chest full of money yonder. Now, if you will take them with you, you shall have a horse and cart to carry them. As for the horse, he can keep it, and sit on the cart, and drive about from house to house, and then he need n't trudge on foot."

So the man got a whole cartload of clothes, and a chest full of shining dollars, and as much meat and drink as he would; and when he had got all he wanted, he jumped into the cart and drove off.

"That was the third," he said to himself, as he went along.

Now this goody's third husband was a little way off in a field ploughing, and when he saw a strange man

driving off from the farm with his horse and cart, he went home and asked his wife who it was that had just started with the black horse.

"Oh, do you mean him?" said the goody; "why, that was a man from Paradise, who said that Peter, my dear second husband, who is dead and gone, is in a sad plight, and that he goes from house to house begging, and has neither clothes nor money; so I just sent him all those old clothes he left behind him, and the old money-box with the dollars in it."

The man saw how the land lay in a trice, so he saddled his horse and rode off from the farm at full gallop. It was n't long before he was close behind the man who sat and drove the cart; but when the latter saw this he drove the cart into a thicket by the side of the road, pulled out a handful of hair from the horse's tail, jumped up on a little rise in the wood, where he tied the hair fast to a birch, and then lay down under it, and began to peer and stare up at the sky.

"Well, well, if I ever!" he said, as Peter the third came riding up. "No! I never saw the like of this in all my born days!"

Then Peter stood and looked at him for some time, wondering what had come over him; but at last he asked, —

"What do you lie there staring at?"

"No," kept on the man, "I never did see anything like it! — here is a man going straight up to heaven on a black horse, and here you see his horse's tail still hanging in this birch; and yonder up in the sky you see the black horse."

Peter looked first at the man, and then at the sky, and said,—

"I see nothing but the horsehair in the birch; that's all I see."

"Of course you can't where you stand," said the man; "but just come and lie down here, and stare straight up, and mind you don't take your eyes off the sky; and then you shall see what you shall see."

But while Peter the third lay and stared up at the sky till his eyes filled with tears, the man from Paradise Place took his horse and jumped on its back, and rode off both with it and the cart and horse.

When the hoofs thundered along the road, Peter the third jumped up, but he was so taken aback when he found the man had gone off with his horse that he had n't the sense to run after him till it was too late.

He was rather down in the mouth when he got home to his goody; but when she asked him what he had done with the horse, he said,—

"I gave it to the man too, for Peter the second, for I thought it was n't right he should sit in a cart and scramble about from house to house; so now he can sell the cart and buy himself a coach to drive about in."

"Thank you heartily!" said his wife; "I never thought you could be so kind."

Well, when the man reached home, who had got the six hundred dollars and the cartload of clothes and money, he saw that all his fields were ploughed and sown, and the first thing he asked his wife was where she had got the seed-corn from.

"Oh," she said, "I have always heard that what a

man sows he shall reap, so I sowed the salt which our friends the north-country men laid up here with us, and if we only have rain I fancy it will come up nicely."

"Silly you are," said her husband, "and silly you will be so long as you live; but that is all one now, for the rest are not a bit wiser than you. There is not a pin to choose between you."

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was an old widow who had one son, and as she was poorly and weak, her son had to go up into the safe to fetch meal for cooking; but when he got outside the safe, and was just going down the steps, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing, caught up the meal, and so away with it through the air. Then the lad went back into the safe for more; but when he came out again on the steps, if the North Wind did n't come again and carry off the meal with a puff; and more than that, he did so the third time. At this the lad got very angry; and as he thought it hard that the North Wind should behave so, he thought he'd just look him up, and ask him to give up his meal.

So off he went, but the way was long, and he walked and walked; but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good-day!" said the lad, and "thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"GOOD-DAY!" answered the North Wind, for his voice was loud and gruff, "AND THANKS FOR COMING TO SEE ME. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"Oh!" answered the lad, "I only wished to ask you

to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me on the safe steps, for we have n't much to live on; and if you're to go snapping up the morsel we have there'll be nothing for it but to starve."

"I have n't got your meal," said the North Wind; "but if you are in such need, I 'll give you a cloth which will get you everything you want, if you only say, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes!'"

With this the lad was well content. But, as the way was so long he could n't get home in one day, so he turned into an inn on the way; and when they were going to sit down to supper, he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said, —

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

He had scarce said so before the cloth did as it was bid; and all who stood by thought it a fine thing, but most of all the landlady. So, when all were fast asleep, at dead of night, she took the lad's cloth, and put another in its stead, just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but which could n't serve up so much as a bit of dry bread.

So, when the lad woke, he took his cloth and went off with it, and that day he got home to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is, for he gave me this cloth, and when I only say to it, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes,' I get any sort of food I please."

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother; "but seeing is believing, and I shan't believe it till I see it."

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said, —

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

But never a bit of dry bread did the cloth serve up.

"Well," said the lad, "there's no help for it but to go to the North Wind again;" and away he went.

So he came to where the North Wind lived, late in the afternoon.

"Good-evening!" said the lad.

"Good-evening!" said the North Wind.

"I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took," said the lad; "for as for that cloth I got, it is n't worth a penny."

"I've got no meal," said the North Wind; "but yonder you have a ram which coins nothing but gold ducats as soon as you say to it, 'Ram, ram! make money!'"

So the lad thought this a fine thing; but as it was too far to get home that day, he turned in for the night to the same inn where he had slept before.

Before he called for anything, he tried the truth of what the North Wind had said of the ram, and found it all right; but when the landlord saw that, he thought it was a famous ram, and, when the lad had fallen asleep, he took another which could n't coin gold ducats, and changed the two.

Next morning off went the lad; and when he got home to his mother, he said, —

"After all, the North Wind is a jolly fellow; for now he has given me a ram which can coin golden ducats if I only say, 'Ram, ram! make money.'"

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother; "but I shan't believe any such stuff until I see the ducats made."

"Ram, ram! make money!" said the lad; but if the ram made anything it was n't money.

So the lad went back again to the North Wind, and blew him up, and said the ram was worth nothing, and he must have his rights for the meal.

"Well," said the North Wind, "I've nothing else to give you but that old stick in the corner yonder; but it's a stick of that kind that if you say 'Stick, stick! lay on!' it lays on till you say 'Stick, stick! now stop!'"

So, as the way was long, the lad turned in this night, too, to the landlord; but as he could pretty well guess how things stood as to the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who easily saw that the stick must be worth something, hunted up one which was like it, and when he heard the lad snore, was going to change the two, but just as the landlord was about to take it the lad bawled out,—

"Stick, stick! lay on!"

So the stick began to beat the landlord, till he jumped over chairs, and tables, and benches, and yelled and roared,—

"Oh my! oh my! bid the stick be still, else it will beat me to death, and you shall have back both your cloth and your ram."

When the lad thought the landlord had got enough, he said,—

"Stick, stick! now stop!"

Then he took the cloth and put it into his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, leading the ram by a cord round its horns; and so he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

BOOTS WHO ATE A MATCH WITH THE TROLL

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was a farmer who had three sons; his means were small, and he was old and weak, and his sons would take to nothing. A fine large wood belonged to the farm, and one day the father told his sons to go and hew wood, and try to pay off some of his debts.

Well, after a long talk he got them to set off, and the eldest was to go first. But when he had got well into the wood, and begun to hew at a mossy old fir, what should he see coming up to him but a great sturdy Troll.

"If you hew in this wood of mine," said the Troll, "I'll kill you!"

When the lad heard that, he threw the axe down, and ran off home as fast as he could lay legs to the ground; so he came in quite out of breath, and told them what had happened, but his father called him "hare-heart," — no Troll would ever have scared him from hewing when he was young, he said.

Next day the second son's turn came, and he fared just the same. He had scarce hewn three strokes at the fir before the Troll came to him too, and said, —

"If you hew in this wood of mine, I'll kill you."

The lad dared not so much as look at him, but threw down the axe, took to his heels, and came scampering home just like his brother. So when he got home, his father was angry again, and said no Troll had ever scared him when he was young.

The third day Boots wanted to set off.

"You, indeed!" said the two elder brothers; "you'll do it bravely, no doubt! you, who have scarce ever set your foot out of the door."

Boots said nothing to this, but only begged them to give him a good store of food. His mother had no cheese, so she set the pot on the fire to make him a little, and he put it into a scrip and set off. So when he had hewn a bit, the Troll came to him too, and said, —

"If you hew in this wood of mine, I'll kill you."

But the lad was not slow; he pulled his cheese out of the scrip in a trice, and squeezed it till the whey spurted out.

"Hold your tongue!" he cried to the Troll, "or I'll squeeze you as I squeeze the water out of this white stone."

"Nay, dear friend!" said the Troll, "only spare me, and I'll help you to hew."

Well, on those terms the lad was willing to spare him, and the Troll hewed so bravely that they felled and cut up many, many fathoms in the day.

But when even drew near, the Troll said,—

"Now you'd better come home with me, for my house is nearer than yours."

So the lad was willing enough; and when they reached

the Troll's house, the Troll was to make up the fire, while the lad went to fetch water for their porridge, and there stood two iron pails so big and heavy that he could n't so much as lift them from the ground.

"Pooh!" said the lad, "it is n't worth while to touch these finger-basins. I'll just go and fetch the spring itself."

"Nay, nay, dear friend!" said the Troll; "I can't afford to lose my spring; just you make up the fire, and I'll go and fetch the water."

So when he came back with the water, they set to and boiled up a great pot of porridge.

"It's all the same to me," said the lad; "but if you're of my mind, we'll eat a match!"

"With all my heart," said the Troll, for he thought he could surely hold his own in eating. So they sat down; but the lad took his scrip unawares to the Troll, and hung it before him, and so he spooned more into the scrip than he ate himself; and when the scrip was full, he took up his knife and made a slit in the scrip. The Troll looked on all the while, but said never a word. So when they had eaten a good bit longer, the Troll laid down his spoon, saying, "Nay! but I can't eat a morsel more."

"But you shall eat," said the youth; "I'm only half done; why don't you do as I did, and cut a hole in your paunch? You'll be able to eat then as much as you please."

"But does n't it hurt one cruelly?" asked the Troll.

"Oh," said the youth, "nothing to speak of."

So the Troll did as the lad said, and then you must

know very well that he lost his life; but the lad took all the silver and gold that he found in the hillside, and went home with it, and you may fancy it went a great way to pay off the debt.

GUDBRAND ON THE HILLSIDE

By George Webbe Dasent

ONCE on a time there was a man whose name was Gudbrand; he had a farm which lay far, far away, upon a hillside, and so they called him Gudbrand on the Hillside.

Now, you must know this man and his goodwife lived so happily together, and understood one another so well, that all the husband did the wife thought so well done there was nothing like it in the world, and she was always glad whatever he turned his hand to. The farm was their own land, and they had a hundred dollars lying at the bottom of their chest, and two cows tethered up in a stall in their farmyard.

So one day his wife said to Gudbrand,—

"Do you know, dear, I think we ought to take one of our cows into town and sell it; that's what I think; for then we shall have some money in hand, and such well-to-do people as we ought to have ready money like the rest of the world. As for the hundred dollars at the bottom of the chest yonder, we can't make a hole in that, and I'm sure I don't know what we want with more than one cow. Besides, we shall gain a little in another way, for then I shall get off with only looking after one cow, instead of having, as now, to feed and litter and water two."

Well, Gudbrand thought his wife talked right good sense, so he set off at once with the cow on his way to town to sell her; but when he got to the town, there was no one who would buy his cow.

"Well, well! never mind," said Gudbrand, "at the worst, I can only go back home again with my cow. I've both stable and tether for her, I should think, and the road is no farther out than in;" and with that he began to toddle home with his cow.

But when he had gone a bit of the way, a man met him who had a horse to sell; so Gudbrand thought 't was better to have a horse than a cow, so he swapped with the man. A little farther on he met a man walking along and driving a fat pig before him, and he thought it better to have a fat pig than a horse, so he swapped with the man. After that he went a little farther, and a man met him with a goat; so he thought it better to have a goat than a pig, and he swapped with the man that owned the goat. Then he went on a good bit till he met a man who had a sheep, and he swapped with him too, for he thought it always better to have a sheep than a goat. After a while he met a man with a goose, and he swapped away the sheep for the goose; and when he had walked a long, long time, he met a man with a cock, and he swapped with him, for he thought in this wise, "'T is surely better to have a cock than a goose." Then he went on till the day was far spent, and he began to get very hungry, so he sold the cock for a shilling, and bought food with the money, for, thought Gudbrand on the Hillside, "'T is always better to save one's life than to have a cock."

After that he went on home till he reached his nearest neighbor's house, where he turned in.

"Well," said the owner of the house, "how did things go with you in town?"

"Rather so so," said Gudbrand. "I can't praise my luck, nor do I blame it, either," and with that he told the whole story from first to last.

"Ah!" said his friend, "you'll get nicely called over the coals, that one can see, when you get home to your wife. Heaven help you, I would n't stand in your shoes for something."

"Well," said Gudbrand on the Hillside, "I think things might have gone much worse with me; but now, whether I have done wrong or not, I have so kind a goodwife, she never has a word to say against anything that I do."

"Oh!" answered his neighbor, "I hear what you say, but I don't believe it for all that."

"Shall we lay a bet upon it?" asked Gudbrand on the Hillside. "I have a hundred dollars at the bottom of my chest at home; will you lay as many against them?"

Yes, the friend was ready to bet; so Gudbrand stayed there till evening, when it began to get dark, and then they went together to his house, and the neighbor was to stand outside the door and listen, while the man went in to see his wife.

"Good-evening!" said Gudbrand on the Hillside.

"Good-evening!" said the goodwife. "Oh, is that you? now God be praised."

Yes! it was he. So the wife asked how things had gone with him in town.

"Oh! only so so," answered Gudbrand; "not much to brag of. When I got to the town there was no one who would buy the cow, so you must know I swapped it away for a horse."

"For a horse," said his wife; "well, that is good of you; thanks with all my heart. We are so well-to-do that we may drive to church, just as well as other people; and if we choose to keep a horse we have a right to get one, I should think. So run out, child, and put up the horse."

"Ah!" said Gudbrand, "but you see I've not got the horse after all; for when I got a bit farther on the road I swapped it away for a pig."

"Think of that, now!" said the wife; "you did just as I should have done myself; a thousand thanks! Now I can have a bit of bacon in the house to set before people when they come to see me, that I can. What do we want with a horse? People would only say we had got so proud that we could n't walk to church. Go out, child, and put up the pig in the sty."

"But I've not got the pig, either," said Gudbrand; "for when I got a little farther on I swapped it away for a milch goat."

"Bless us!" cried his wife, "how well you manage everything! Now I think it over, what should I do with a pig? People would only point at us and say, 'Yonder they eat up all they have got.' No! now I have got a goat, and I shall have milk and cheese, and keep the goat, too. Run out, child, and put up the goat."

"Nay, but I have n't got the goat, either," said Gudbrand, "for a little farther on I swapped it away, and got a fine sheep instead."

"You don't say so!" cried his wife; "why, you do everything to please me, just as if I had been with you; what do we want with a goat! If I had it I should lose half my time in climbing up the hills to get it down. No! if I have a sheep, I shall have both wool and clothing, and fresh meat in the house. Run out, child, and put up the sheep."

"But I have n't got the sheep any more than the rest," said Gudbrand; "for when I had gone a bit farther I swapped it away for a goose."

"Thank you! thank you! with all my heart," cried his wife; "what should I do with a sheep? I have no spinning-wheel, nor carding-comb, nor should I care to worry myself with cutting, and shaping, and sewing clothes. We can buy clothes now, as we have always done; and now I shall have roast goose, which I have longed for so often; and, besides, down to stuff my little pillow with. Run out, child, and put up the goose."

"Ah!" said Gudbrand, "but I have n't the goose, either; for when I had gone a bit farther I swapped it away for a cock."

"Dear me!" cried his wife, "how you think of everything! just as I should have done myself. A cock! think of that! why it's as good as an eight-day clock, for every morning the cock crows at four o'clock, and we shall be able to stir our stumps in good time. What should we do with a goose? I don't know how to cook it; and as for my pillow, I can stuff it with cotton-grass. Run out, child, and put up the cock."

"But after all I have n't got the cock," said Gudbrand; "for when I had gone a bit farther, I got as

hungry as a hunter, so I was forced to sell the cock for a shilling, for fear I should starve."

"Now, God be praised that you did so!" cried his wife; "whatever you do, you do it always just after my own heart. What should we do with the cock? We are our own masters, I should think, and can lie abed in the morning as long as we like. Heaven be thanked that I have got you safe back again; you who do everything so well that I want neither cock nor goose, neither pigs nor kine."

Then Gudbrand opened the door and said,—

"Well, what do you say now? Have I won the hundred dollars?" and his neighbor was forced to allow that he had.

STORIES FROM JAPAN

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE PEACHLING

By A. B. Mitford

MANY hundred years ago there lived an honest old woodcutter and his wife. One fine morning the old man went off to the hills with his billhook, to gather a fagot of sticks, while his wife went down to the river to wash the dirty clothes. When she came to the river, she saw a peach floating down the stream; so she picked it up, and carried it home with her, thinking to give it to her husband to eat when he should come in. The old man soon came down from the hills, and the good wife set the peach before him, when, just as she was inviting him to eat it, the fruit split in two, and a little puling baby was born into the world. So the old couple took the babe, and brought it up as their own; and, because it had been born in a peach, they called it *Momotarô*, or Little Peachling.

By degrees Little Peachling grew up to be strong and brave, and at last one day he said to his old foster-parents,—

"I am going to the ogres' island to carry off the riches that they have stored up there. Pray, then, make me some millet dumplings for my journey."

So the old folks ground the millet, and made the dumplings for him; and Little Peachling, after taking

an affectionate leave of them, cheerfully set out on his travels.

As he was journeying on, he fell in with an ape, who gibbered at him, and said, "Kia! kia! kia! where are you off to, Little Peachling?"

"I'm going to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure," answered Little Peachling.

"What are you carrying at your girdle?"

"I'm carrying the very best millet dumplings in all Japan."

"If you'll give me one, I will go with you," said the ape.

So Little Peachling gave one of his dumplings to the ape, who received it and followed him. When he had gone a little farther, he heard a pheasant calling, —

"Ken! ken! ken! where are you off to, Master Peachling?"

Little Peachling answered as before; and the pheasant, having begged and obtained a millet dumpling, entered his service, and followed him. A little while after this they met a dog, who cried, —

"Bow! wow! wow! whither away, Master Peachling?"

"I'm going off to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure."

"If you will give me one of those nice millet dumplings of yours, I will go with you," said the dog.

"With all my heart," said Little Peachling. So he went on his way, with the ape, the pheasant, and the dog following after him.

When they got to the ogres' island, the pheasant flew

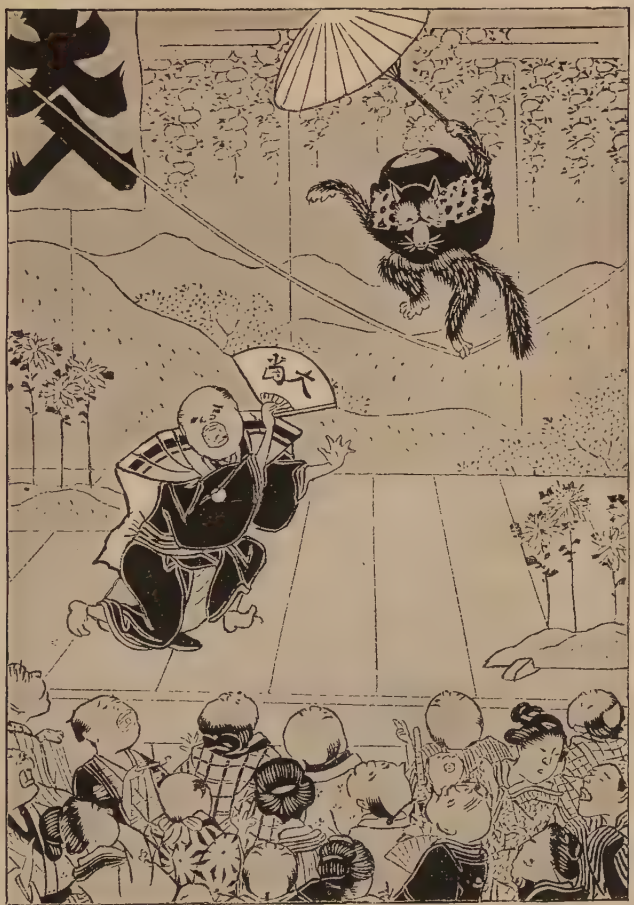
over the castle gate, and the ape clambered over the castle wall, while Little Peachling, leading the dog, forced in the gate, and got into the castle. Then they did battle with the ogres, and put them to flight, and took their king prisoner. So all the ogres did homage to Little Peachling, and brought out the treasures which they had laid up. There were caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which governed the ebb and flow of the tide, coral, musk, emeralds, amber, and tortoiseshell, besides gold and silver. All these were laid before Little Peachling by the conquered ogres.

So Little Peachling went home laden with riches, and maintained his foster-parents in peace and plenty for the remainder of their lives.

THE ACCOMPLISHED AND LUCKY TEAKETTLE

By A. B. Mitford

A LONG time ago, at a temple called Morinji, in the province of Jhôsiu, there was an old teakettle. One day, when the priest of the temple was about to hang it over the hearth to boil the water for his tea, to his amazement the kettle all of a sudden put forth the head and tail of a badger. What a wonderful kettle, to come out all over fur! The priest, thunderstruck, called in the novices of the temple to see the sight; and whilst they were stupidly staring, one suggesting one thing and another another, the kettle, jumping up into the air, began flying about the room. More astonished than ever, the priest and his pupils tried to pursue it; but no thief or cat was ever half so sharp as this wonderful badger-kettle. At last, however, they managed to knock it down and secure it; and, holding it in with their united efforts, they forced it into a box, intending to carry it off and throw it away in some distant place, so that they might be no more plagued by the goblin. For this day their troubles were over; but, as luck would have it, the tinker who was in the habit of working for the temple called in, and the priest suddenly bethought him that it was a pity to throw the kettle away for nothing, and that he might as well get a trifle for it, no matter how small. So he brought out the kettle,



"YOU SHOULD TAKE IT ABOUT AS A SHOW, WITH SONGS AND ACCOMPANIMENTS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND MAKE IT DANCE, AND WALK ON THE TIGHT ROPE" . . . THE NOISE OF THE KETTLE'S PERFORMANCES SOON SPREAD ABROAD, UNTIL EVEN THE PRINCES OF THE LAND SENT TO ORDER THE TINKER TO COME TO THEM

which had resumed its former shape and had got rid of its head and tail, and showed it to the tinker. When the tinker saw the kettle, he offered twenty copper coins for it, and the priest was only too glad to close the bargain and be rid of his troublesome piece of furniture. But the tinker trudged off home with his pack and his new purchase. That night, as he lay asleep, he heard a strange noise near his pillow; so he peeped out from under the bedclothes, and there he saw the kettle that he had bought in the temple covered with fur, and walking about on four legs. The tinker started up in a fright to see what it could all mean, when all of a sudden the kettle resumed its former shape. This happened over and over again, until at last the tinker showed the teakettle to a friend of his, who said, "This is certainly an accomplished and lucky teakettle. You should take it about as a show, with songs and accompaniments of musical instruments, and make it dance and walk on the tight rope."

The tinker, thinking this good advice, made arrangements with a showman, and set up an exhibition. The noise of the kettle's performances soon spread abroad, until even the princes of the land sent to order the tinker to come to them; and he grew rich beyond all his expectations. Even the princesses, too, and the great ladies of the court, took great delight in the dancing kettle, so that no sooner had it shown its tricks in one place than it was time for them to keep some other engagement. At last the tinker grew so rich that he took the kettle back to the temple, where it was laid up as a precious treasure, and worshiped as a saint.

THE GRATEFUL FOXES

By A. B. Mitford

ONE fine spring day two friends went out to a moor to gather fern, attended by a boy with a bottle of wine and a box of provisions. As they were straying about, they saw at the foot of a hill a fox that had brought out its cub to play; and whilst they looked on, struck by the strangeness of the sight, three children came up from a neighboring village with baskets in their hands, on the same errand as themselves. As soon as the children saw the foxes, they picked up a bamboo stick and took the creatures stealthily in the rear; and when the old foxes took to flight, they surrounded them and beat them with the stick, so that they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them; but two of the boys held down the cub, and, seizing it by the scruff of the neck, went off in high glee.

The two friends were looking on all the while, and one of them, raising his voice, shouted out, "Hallo! you boys! what are you doing with that fox?"

The eldest of the boys replied, "We're going to take him home and sell him to a young man in our village. He'll buy him, and then he'll boil him in a pot and eat him."

"Well," replied the other, after considering the

matter attentively, "I suppose it's all the same to you whom you sell him to. You'd better let me have him."

"Oh, but the young man from our village promised us a good round sum if we could find a fox, and got us to come out to the hills and catch one; and so we can't sell him to you at any price."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped, then; but how much would the young man give you for the cub?"

"Oh, he'll give us three hundred cash at least."

"Then I'll give you half a bu; and so you'll gain five hundred cash by the transaction."

"Oh, we'll sell him for that, sir. How shall we hand him over to you?"

"Just tie him up here," said the other; and so he made fast the cub round the neck with the string of the napkin in which the luncheon-box was wrapped, and gave half a bu to the three boys, who ran away delighted.

The man's friend, upon this, said to him, "Well, certainly you have got queer tastes. What on earth are you going to keep the fox for?"

"How very unkind of you to speak of my tastes like that! If we had not interfered just now, the fox's cub would have lost its life. If we had not seen the affair, there would have been no help for it. How could I stand by and see life taken? It was but a little I spent — only half a bu — to save the cub, but had it cost a fortune I should not have grudged it. I thought you were intimate enough with me to know my heart; but to-day you have accused me of being eccentric, and

I see how mistaken I have been in you. However, our friendship shall cease from this day forth."

And when he had said this with a great deal of firmness, the other, retiring backwards and bowing with his hands on his knees, replied, —

"Indeed, indeed, I am filled with admiration at the goodness of your heart. When I hear you speak thus, I feel more than ever how great is the love I bear you. I thought that you might wish to use the cub as a sort of decoy to lead the old ones to you, that you might pray them to bring prosperity and virtue to your house. When I called you eccentric just now, I was but trying your heart, because I had some suspicions of you; and now I am truly ashamed of myself."

And as he spoke, still bowing, the other replied, "Really! was that indeed your thought? Then I pray you to forgive me for my violent language."

When the two friends had thus become reconciled, they examined the cub, and saw that it had a slight wound in its foot, and could not walk; and while they were thinking what they should do, they spied out the herb called "Doctor's Nakasé," which was just sprouting; so they rolled up a little of it in their fingers and applied it to the part. Then they pulled out some boiled rice from their luncheon-box and offered it to the cub, but it showed no sign of wanting to eat; so they stroked it gently on the back, and petted it; and as the pain of the wound seemed to have subsided, they were admiring the properties of the herb, when, opposite to them, they saw the old foxes sitting watching them by the side of some stacks of rice straw.

"Look there! the old foxes have come back, out of fear for their cub's safety. Come, we will set it free!" And with these words they untied the string round the cub's neck, and turned its head towards the spot where the old foxes sat; and, as the wounded foot was no longer painful, with one bound it dashed to its parents' side and licked them all over for joy, while they seemed to bow their thanks, looking towards the two friends. So, with peace in their hearts, the latter went off to another place, and, choosing a pretty spot, produced the wine bottle and ate their noonday meal; and after a pleasant day they returned to their homes, and became firmer friends than ever.

Now the man who had rescued the fox's cub was a tradesman in good circumstances: he had three or four agents and two maid-servants, besides men-servants; and altogether he lived in a liberal manner. He was married, and this union had brought him one son, who had reached his tenth year, but had been attacked by a strange disease which defied all the physicians' skill and drugs. At last a famous physician prescribed the liver taken from a live fox, which, as he said, would certainly effect a cure. If that were not forthcoming, the most expensive medicine in the world would not restore the boy to health. When the parents heard this, they were at their wits' end. However, they told the state of the case to a man who lived on the mountains. "Even though our child should die for it," they said, "we will not ourselves deprive other creatures of their lives; but you, who live among the hills, are sure to hear when your neighbors go out fox-hunting. We

don't care what price we might have to pay for a fox's liver; pray, buy one for us at any expense." So they pressed him to exert himself on their behalf; and he, having promised faithfully to execute the commission, went his way.

In the night of the following day there came a messenger, who announced himself as coming from the person who had undertaken to procure the fox's liver; so the master of the house went out to see him.

"I have come from Mr. So-and-so. Last night the fox's liver that you required fell into his hands; so he sent me to bring it to you." With these words the messenger produced a small jar, adding, "In a few days he will let you know the price."

When he had delivered his message, the master of the house was greatly pleased, and said, "Indeed, I am deeply grateful for this kindness, which will save my son's life."

Then the goodwife came out, and received the jar with every mark of politeness.

"We must make a present to the messenger."

"Indeed, sir, I've already been paid for my trouble."

"Well, at any rate, you must stay the night here."

"Thank you, sir; I've a relation in the next village whom I have not seen for a long while, and I will pass the night with him;" and so he took his leave, and went away.

The parents lost no time in sending to let the physician know that they had procured the fox's liver. The next day the doctor came and compounded a medicine for the patient, which at once produced a good effect,

and there was no little joy in the household. As luck would have it, three days after this the man whom they had commissioned to buy the fox's liver came to the house; so the goodwife hurried out to meet him and welcome him.

"How quickly you fulfilled our wishes, and how kind of you to send at once! The doctor prepared the medicine, and now our boy can get up and walk about the room; and it 's all owing to your goodness."

"Wait a bit!" cried the guest, who did not know what to make of the joy of the two parents. "The commission with which you intrusted me about the fox's liver turned out to be a matter of impossibility, so I came to-day to make my excuses; and now I really can't understand what you are so grateful to me for."

"We are thanking you, sir," replied the master of the house, bowing with his hands on the ground, "for the fox's liver which we asked you to procure for us."

"I really am perfectly unaware of having sent you a fox's liver; there must be some mistake here. Pray inquire carefully into the matter."

"Well, this is very strange. Four nights ago a man of some five or six and thirty years of age came with an oral message from you, to the effect that you had sent him with a fox's liver, which you had just procured, and said that he would come and tell us the price another day. When we asked him to spend the night here, he answered that he would lodge with a relation in the next village, and went away."

The visitor was more and more lost in amazement, and, leaning his head on one side in deep thought, con-

fessed that he could make nothing of it. As for the husband and wife, they felt quite out of countenance at having thanked a man so warmly for favors of which he denied all knowledge; and so the visitor took his leave, and went home.

That night there appeared at the pillow of the master of the house a woman of about one or two and thirty years of age, who said, "I am the fox that lives at such-and-such a mountain. Last spring, when I was taking out my cub to play, it was carried off by some boys, and only saved by your goodness. The desire to requite this kindness pierced me to the quick. At last, when calamity attacked your house, I thought that I might be of use to you. Your son's illness could not be cured without a liver taken from a live fox, so to repay your kindness I killed my cub and took out its liver; then its sire, disguising himself as a messenger, brought it to your house."

And as she spoke, the fox shed tears; and the master of the house, wishing to thank her, moved in bed, upon which his wife awoke and asked him what was the matter; but he too, to her great astonishment, was biting the pillow and weeping bitterly.

"Why are you weeping thus?" asked she.

At last he sat up in bed, and said, "Last spring, when I was out on a pleasure excursion, I was the means of saving the life of a fox's cub, as I told you at the time. The other day I told Mr. So-and-so that, although my son were to die before my eyes, I would not be the means of killing a fox on purpose; but asked him, in case he heard of any hunter killing a fox, to buy it for

me. How the foxes came to hear of this I don't know; but the foxes to whom I had shown kindness killed their own cub and took out the liver; and the old dog-fox, disguising himself as a messenger from the person to whom we had confided the commission, came here with it. His mate has just been at my pillow-side and told me all about it; hence it was that, in spite of myself, I was moved to tears."

When she heard this, the goodwife likewise was blinded by her tears, and for a while they lay lost in thought; but at last, coming to themselves, they lighted the lamp on the shelf on which the family idol stood, and spent the night in reciting prayers and praises, and the next day they published the matter to the household and to their relations and friends. Now, although there are instances of men killing their own children to requite a favor, there is no other example of foxes having done such a thing; so the story became the talk of the whole country.

Now the boy who had recovered through the efficacy of this medicine selected the prettiest spot on the premises to erect a shrine to Inari Sama, the Fox God, and offered sacrifice to the two old foxes, for whom he purchased the highest rank at the court of the Mikado.

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

By Yei Theodora Ozaki

LONG, long ago in Japan there lived an old man and his wife. The old man was a good, kind-hearted, hard-working old fellow, but his wife was a regular crosspatch, who spoilt the happiness of her home by her scolding tongue. She was always grumbling about something from morning to night. The old man had for a long time ceased to take any notice of her crossness. He was out most of the day at work in the fields, and, as he had no child, he kept a tame sparrow for his amusement when he came home. He loved the little bird just as much as if she had been his child.

When he came back at night, after his hard day's work in the open air, it was his only pleasure to pet the sparrow, to talk to her and to teach her little tricks, which she learned very quickly. The old man would open her cage and let her fly about the room, and they would play together. Then, when supper-time came, he always saved some tit-bits from his meal with which to feed his little bird.

Now one day the old man went out to chop wood in the forest, and the old woman stayed at home to wash clothes. The day before she had made some starch, and now when she came to look for it, it was all gone;

the bowl which she had filled full yesterday was quite empty.

While she was wondering who could have used or stolen the starch, down flew the pet sparrow, and, bowing her little feathered head, — a trick which she had been taught by her master, — the pretty bird chirped and said, —

"It is I who have taken the starch. I thought it was some food put out for me in that basin, and I ate it all. If I have made a mistake I beg you to forgive me! Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

You see from this that the sparrow was a truthful bird, and the old woman ought to have been willing to forgive her at once when she asked her pardon so nicely. But not so.

The old woman had never loved the sparrow, and had often quarreled with her husband for keeping what she called a dirty bird about the house, saying that it only made extra work for her. Now she was only too delighted to have some cause of complaint against the pet. She scolded and even cursed the poor little bird for her bad behavior, and not content with using these harsh, unfeeling words, in a fit of rage she seized the sparrow — who all this time had spread out her wings and bowed her head before the old woman, to show how sorry she was — and fetched the scissors and cut off the poor little bird's tongue.

"I suppose you took my starch with that tongue! Now you may see what it is like to go without it!" And with these dreadful words she drove the bird away, not caring in the least what might happen to it, and

without the smallest pity for its suffering, so unkind was she!

The old woman, after she had driven the sparrow away, made some more rice-paste, grumbling all the time at the trouble, and, after starching all her clothes, spread the things on boards to dry in the sun, instead of ironing them as they do in England.

In the evening the old man came home. As usual, on the way back he looked forward to the time when he should reach his gate and see his pet come flying and chirping to meet him, ruffling out her feathers to show her joy, and at last coming to rest on his shoulder. But to-night the old man was much disappointed, for not even the shadow of his dear sparrow was to be seen.

He quickened his steps, hastily drew off his straw sandals, and stepped upon the veranda. Still no sparrow was to be seen. He now felt sure that his wife, in one of her cross tempers, had shut the sparrow up in its cage. So he called her and said anxiously,—

"Where is Suzume San" (Miss Sparrow) "to-day?"

The old woman pretended not to know at first, and answered,—

"Your sparrow? I am sure I don't know. Now I come to think of it, I have n't seen her all the afternoon. I should n't wonder if the ungrateful bird had flown away and left you after all your petting!"

But at last, when the old man gave her no peace, but asked her again and again, insisting that she must know what had happened to his pet, she confessed all. She told him crossly how the sparrow had eaten the rice-paste she had specially made for starching her

clothes, and how, when the sparrow had confessed to what she had done, in great anger she had taken her scissors and cut out her tongue, and how finally she had driven the bird away and forbidden her to return to the house again.

Then the old woman showed her husband the sparrow's tongue, saying,—

"Here is the tongue I cut off! Horrid little bird, why did it eat all my starch?"

"How could you be so cruel? Oh! how could you be so cruel?" was all that the old man could answer. He was too kind-hearted to punish his shrew of a wife, but he was terribly distressed at what had happened to his poor little sparrow.

"What a dreadful misfortune for my poor Suzume San to lose her tongue!" he said to himself. "She won't be able to chirp any more, and surely the pain of the cutting of it out in that rough way must have made her ill! Is there nothing to be done?"

The old man shed many tears after his cross wife had gone to sleep. While he wiped away the tears with the sleeve of his cotton robe, a bright thought comforted him: he would go and look for the sparrow on the morrow. Having decided this, he was able to go to sleep at last.

The next morning he rose early, as soon as ever the day broke, and, snatching a hasty breakfast, started out over the hills and through the woods, stopping at every clump of bamboos to cry,—

"Where, oh, where does my tongue-cut sparrow stay?
Where, oh, where does my tongue-cut sparrow stay?"

He never stopped to rest for his noonday meal, and it was far on in the afternoon when he found himself near a large bamboo wood. Bamboo groves are the favorite haunts of sparrows, and there, sure enough, at the edge of the wood he saw his own dear sparrow waiting to welcome him. He could hardly believe his eyes for joy, and ran forward quickly to greet her. She bowed her little head and went through a number of the tricks her master had taught her, to show her pleasure at seeing her old friend again, and, wonderful to relate, she could talk as of old. The old man told her how sorry he was for all that had happened, and inquired after her tongue, wondering how she could speak so well without it. Then the sparrow opened her beak and showed him that a new tongue had grown in place of the old one, and begged him not to think any more about the past, for she was quite well now. Then the old man knew that his sparrow was a fairy, and no common bird. It would be difficult to exaggerate the old man's rejoicing now. He forgot all his troubles, he forgot even how tired he was, for he had found his lost sparrow; and, instead of being ill and without a tongue as he had feared and expected to find her, she was well and happy and with a new tongue, and without a sign of the ill-treatment she had received from his wife. And, above all, she was a fairy.

The sparrow asked him to follow her, and flying before him, she led him to a beautiful house in the heart of the bamboo grove. The old man was utterly astonished when he entered the house to find what a beautiful place it was. It was built of the whitest wood, the

soft, cream-colored mats which took the place of carpets were the finest he had ever seen, and the cushions that the sparrow brought out for him to sit on were made of the finest silk and crape. Beautiful vases and lacquer boxes adorned the *tokonoma*[1] of every room.

The sparrow led the old man to the place of honor, and then, taking her place at a humble distance, she thanked him with many polite bows for all the kindness he had shown her for many long years.

Then the Lady Sparrow, as we will now call her, introduced all her family to the old man. This done, her daughters, robed in dainty crape gowns, brought in on beautiful old-fashioned trays a feast of all kinds of delicious foods, till the old man began to think he must be dreaming. In the middle of the dinner some of the sparrow's daughters performed a wonderful dance, called the "*Suzume-odori*," or the "Sparrow's dance," to amuse the guest.

Never had the old man enjoyed himself so much. The hours flew by too quickly in this lovely spot, with all these fairy sparrows to wait upon him and to feast him and to dance before him.

But the night came on, and the darkness reminded him that he had a long way to go and must think about taking his leave and return home. He thanked his kind hostess for her splendid entertainment, and begged her for his sake to forget all she had suffered at the hands of his cross old wife. He told the Lady Sparrow that it was a great comfort and happiness to him to find her in such a beautiful home and to know that she wanted

[1] An alcove where precious objects are displayed.

for nothing. It was his anxiety to know how she fared and what had really happened to her that had led him to seek her. Now he knew that all was well, he could return home with a light heart. If ever she wanted him for anything she had only to send for him and he would come at once.

The Lady Sparrow begged him to stay and rest several days and enjoy the change, but the old man said that he must return to his old wife — who would probably be cross at his not coming home at the usual time — and to his work, and therefore, much as he wished to do so, he could not accept her kind invitation. But now that he knew where the Lady Sparrow lived he would come to see her whenever he had the time.

When the Lady Sparrow saw that she could not persuade the old man to stay longer, she gave an order to some of her servants, and they at once brought in two boxes, one large and the other small. These were placed before the old man, and the Lady Sparrow asked him to choose whichever he liked for a present, which she wished to give him.

The old man could not refuse this kind proposal, and he chose the smaller box, saying, —

"I am now too old and feeble to carry the big and heavy box. As you are so kind as to say that I may take whichever I like, I will choose the small one, which will be easier for me to carry."

Then the sparrows all helped him put it on his back, and went to the gate to see him off, bidding him good-by with many bows, and entreating him to come again whenever he had the time. Thus the old man and his

pet sparrow separated quite happily, the sparrow showing not the least ill-will for all the unkindness she had suffered at the hands of the old wife. Indeed, she only felt sorrow for the old man who had to put up with it all his life.

When the old man reached home he found his wife even crosser than usual, for it was late on in the night and she had been waiting up for him for a long time.

"Where have you been all this time?" she asked in a big voice. "Why do you come back so late?"

The old man tried to pacify her by showing her the box of presents he had brought back with him, and then he told her of all that had happened to him, and how wonderfully he had been entertained at the sparrow's house.

"Now let us see what is in the box," said the old man, not giving her time to grumble again. "You must help me open it." And they both sat down before the box and opened it.

To their utter astonishment they found the box filled to the brim with gold and silver coins and many other precious things. The mats of their little cottage fairly glittered as they took out the things one by one, and put them down, and handled them over and over again. The old man was overjoyed at the sight of the riches that were now his. Beyond his brightest expectations was the sparrow's gift, which would enable him to give up work and live in ease and comfort the rest of his days.

He said, "Thanks to my good little sparrow! Thanks to my good little sparrow!" many times.

But the old woman, after the first moments of sur-

prise and satisfaction at the sight of the gold and silver were over, could not suppress the greed of her wicked nature. She now began to reproach the old man for not having brought home the big box of presents, for in the innocence of his heart he had told her how he had refused the large box of presents which the sparrows had offered him, preferring the smaller one because it was light and easy to carry home.

"You silly old man," said she, "why did you not bring the large box? Just think what we have lost. We might have had twice as much silver and gold as this. You are certainly an old fool!" she screamed, and then went to bed as angry as she could be.

The old man now wished that he had said nothing about the big box, but it was too late; the greedy old woman, not contented with the good luck which had so unexpectedly befallen them and which she so little deserved, made up her mind, if possible, to get more.

Early the next morning she got up and made the old man describe the way to the sparrow's house. When he saw what was in her mind he tried to keep her from going, but it was useless. She would not listen to one word he said. It is strange that the old woman did not feel ashamed of going to see the sparrow after the cruel way she had treated her in cutting off her tongue in a fit of rage. But her greed to get the big box made her forget everything else. It did not even enter her thoughts that the sparrows might be angry with her—as, indeed, they were — and might punish her for what she had done.

Ever since the Lady Sparrow had returned home in

the sad plight in which they had first found her, weeping and bleeding from the mouth, all her family and relations had done little else but speak of the cruelty of the old woman. "How could she," they asked each other, "inflict such a heavy punishment for such a trifling offense as that of eating some rice-paste by mistake?" They all loved the old man who was so kind and good and patient under all his troubles; but the old woman they hated, and they determined, if ever they had the chance, to punish her as she deserved. They had not long to wait.

After walking for some hours the old woman had at last found the bamboo grove which she had made her husband carefully describe, and now she stood before it, crying out,—

"Where is the tongue-cut sparrow's house? Where is the tongue-cut sparrow's house?"

At last she saw the eaves of the house peeping out from amongst the bamboo foliage. She hastened to the door and knocked loudly.

When the servants told the Lady Sparrow that her old mistress was at the door asking to see her, she was somewhat surprised at the unexpected visit, after all that had taken place, and she wondered not a little at the boldness of the old woman in venturing to come to the house. The Lady Sparrow, however, was a polite bird, and so she went out to greet the old woman, remembering that she had once been her mistress.

The old woman intended, however, to waste no time in words; she went right to the point, without the least shame, and said,—

"You need not trouble to entertain me as you did my old man. I have come myself to get the box which he so stupidly left behind. I shall soon take my leave if you will give me the big box — that is all I want!"

The Lady Sparrow at once consented, and told her servants to bring out the big box. The old woman eagerly seized it and hoisted it on her back, and, without even stopping to thank the Lady Sparrow, began to hurry homewards.

The box was so heavy that she could not walk fast, much less run, as she would have liked to do, so anxious was she to get home and see what was inside the box; but she had often to sit down and rest herself by the way.

While she was staggering along under the heavy load her desire to open the box became too great to be resisted. She could wait no longer, for she supposed this big box to be full of gold and silver and precious jewels like the small one her husband had received.

At last this greedy and selfish old woman put down the box by the wayside and opened it carefully, expecting to gloat her eyes on a mine of wealth. What she saw, however, so terrified her that she nearly lost her senses. As soon as she lifted the lid, a number of horrible and frightful-looking demons bounced out of the box and surrounded her as if they intended to kill her. Not even in nightmares had she ever seen such horrible creatures as her much-coveted box contained. A demon with one huge eye right in the middle of its forehead came and glared at her, monsters with gaping mouths looked as if they would devour her, a huge snake

coiled and hissed about her, and a big frog hopped and croaked towards her.

The old woman had never been so frightened in her life, and ran from the spot as fast as her quaking legs would carry her, glad to escape alive. When she reached home she fell to the floor and told her husband with tears all that had happened to her, and how she had been nearly killed by the demons in the box.

Then she began to blame the sparrow, but the old man stopped her at once, saying,—

"Don't blame the sparrow; it is your wickedness which has at last met with its reward. I only hope this may be a lesson to you in the future!"

The old woman said nothing more, and from that day she repented of her cross, unkind ways, and by degrees became a good old woman, so that her husband hardly knew her to be the same person, and they spent their last days together happily, free from want or care, spending carefully the treasure the old man had received from his pet, the tongue-cut sparrow.

STORIES FROM INDIA

THE COUNTRY WHERE THE MICE EAT IRON

Adapted by Eva March Tappan

A RICH merchant who was about to make a journey went to one of his friends and said,—

"Friend, I have a treasure, one hundred pounds of iron. Will you care for it while I am on my journey?"

"Willingly," replied the friend, and he laid the iron safely away in one of the corners of his house.

The more the friend thought of the iron, the more he wanted it for himself. So when the merchant came back and asked for the treasure he replied,—

"I put your iron in yonder corner, and one night the mice came and ate it up."

"I am very sorry," said the merchant, "but I have always believed you to be honest and truthful, so we will say no more about it. Come to my house and let us drink some wine together and rejoice over my safe return."

The friend was delighted, for he thought the merchant had not found him out. A little later, however, he was in deep trouble, for his only son had disappeared. He looked so unhappy that the merchant asked,—

"Friend, why are you so sad? What has happened to you?"

"My only son has been stolen away, and I know not where he is," replied the friend.

"I can tell you what has become of him," declared the merchant, "for as I was coming toward your house, I saw an eagle flying away with him."

"But no eagle could carry off a big boy like him," exclaimed the father, in amazement.

"Not in other lands, I grant you," said the merchant quietly; "but in a country where the mice can eat iron, why should not eagles be able to carry boys?"

Then the friend knew that he was found out, and he cried, —

"Forgive me, forgive me! It was I who stole your iron. Take it, take everything I have, but give me back my boy."

THE ROGUE AND THE SIMPLETON

Adapted by Eva March Tappan

A ROGUE and a simpleton became partners, and agreed to share equally whatever money they might make. It came to pass one day that they picked up a purse containing one thousand gold coins. Then said the simpleton,—

"Do you take half for yourself and give me half."

"No," replied the rogue, for he had made a plan to get all the money for himself, "let us take what we need just now and bury the rest. Then, when the time comes that we are in want, we can return and dig it up."

The simpleton agreed to this, so they took only a few of the coins and buried the others under a tree. Then they went away.

That night the rogue slipped back in the darkness, dug up the coins, and carried them to his house.

After a while the simpleton said,—

"Now we are in need of money, so let us go back to the tree and dig up the gold that we buried."

"What you say is always wise," declared the rogue; "we will go to the tree."

They went to the tree and dug where the coins had been buried, but nothing was to be found. The rogue wailed aloud and beat upon his breast. He caught hold of the simpleton and shouted angrily, —

"You, you are the thief. You came back here in the darkness and carried away those coins. It is a pretty hard thing when a man cannot trust his own partner."

"Indeed, I did not, I did not," protested the simpleton; but the rogue dragged him to the judge and told his story. "This man and I are partners," he said, "and we divide between us whatever we gain. We found a purse of one thousand gold coins and buried all but a few of them under a tree. That thief came by night and stole them."

"Can you prove that this is true? Have you a witness?" demanded the judge.

"Surely," declared the rogue. "The tree itself will bear witness for me."

What that might mean the judge could not guess, but he said,—

"To-morrow morning do both of you meet me at the place where the gold was buried, and I will hear the testimony of the tree."

Then the rogue hurried away to his father and told him about the gold coins. "I have a plan," he whispered; "and if you will help me, we can not only keep the coins that I have, but we will make the simpleton give us as many more." Then he whispered the plan into the ear of his father, and the old man made ready to play his part.

When morning came, the judge, the rogue, and the simpleton met beside the hole in the ground. "If you will ask the tree," said the rogue, "who it was that took the coins, it will answer you."

The judge demanded sternly,—

"Who took those gold coins?"

A voice came from high up in the tree and said,—

"It was the simpleton who took the coins."

The judge looked closely at the tree, but he saw no one. "Yet there must be some one there," he thought, "for where there is smoke, there is fire, and where there is a voice, there is a speaker. — Build a fire at the foot of the tree," he bade his servants. In a few minutes the fire was built, the smoke was rolling up, and tongues of flame had already begun to shoot up among the branches, when suddenly a loud scream was heard above their heads, and a badly frightened old man came tumbling to the ground.

"Ah, the tree has given its testimony," said the judge with a grim smile. "It is plain that the rogue is the thief. Let him be beaten until he gives the coins back to the simpleton."

So it is that the man who digs a pit for another is sure to fall into it himself.

WHO KILLED THE OTTER'S BABIES

A "CLOCK" STORY

Adapted by Walter Skeat

THE Otter said to the Mouse-deer, "Friend Mouse-deer, will you be so good as to take charge of the children till I come back? I am going down to the river to catch fish, and when I come back I'll share the takings with you." The Mouse-deer replied, "Very well! go along, and I'll look after the children." So the Otter went down to the river to catch fish.

(Here the story of What the Otter Did stops and the story of What Happened when the Woodpecker Sounded the War-gong commences.) The Mouse-deer was Chief Dancer of the War-dance, and as he danced he trod on the Otter's babies and crushed them flat. Presently the Otter returned home, bringing a string of fish with him. On arriving he saw that his children had been killed, and exclaimed, "How comes it, Friend Mouse-deer, that my babies have died?" The Mouse-deer replied, "The Woodpecker came and sounded the war-gong, and I, being Chief War-Dancer, danced; and, forgetting about your children, I trod upon them and crushed them flat."

On hearing this the Otter went and made complaint

unto King Solomon, prostrating himself and saying, "Your majesty's most humble slave craves pardon for presuming to address your majesty, but Friend Mouse-deer has murdered your slave's children, and your slave desires to learn whether he is guilty or not according to the Law of the Land." King Solomon replied, saying, "If the Mouse-deer hath done this thing wittingly, assuredly he is guilty of death." Then he summoned the Mouse-deer before him.

And when the Mouse-deer came into the presence of the king, the king inquired of the Otter, "What is your charge against him?" The Otter replied, "Your slave accuses him of the murder of your slave's children; your slave would hear the Law of the Land." Then the king said unto the Mouse-deer, "Was it your doing that the Otter's children were killed?" The Mouse-deer replied, "Assuredly it was, but I crave pardon for doing so." "How was it, then," said the king, "that you came to kill them?" The Mouse-deer replied, "Your slave came to kill them because the Woodpecker appeared and sounded the war-gong. Your slave, as your majesty is aware, is Chief Dancer of the War-dance; therefore your slave danced, and, forgetting about the Otter's children, your slave trod upon them and crushed them flat." Here the king sent for the Woodpecker also, and the Woodpecker came before him. "Was it you, Woodpecker," said the king, "who sounded the war-gong?" "Assuredly it was," said the Woodpecker, — "forasmuch as your slave saw the Great Lizard wearing his sword." The king replied, "If that is the case, there is no fault to be found

in the Woodpecker" (for the Woodpecker was Chief Beater of the War-gong). Then the king commanded the Great Lizard to be summoned, and when he arrived, the king inquired, "Was it you, Lizard, who were wearing your sword?" The Great Lizard replied, "Assuredly it was, your majesty." "And why were you wearing your sword?" The Great Lizard replied, "Your slave wore it forasmuch as your slave saw that the Tortoise had donned his coat of mail." So the Tortoise was summoned likewise. "Why did you, Tortoise, don your coat of mail?" The Tortoise replied, "Your slave donned it forasmuch as your slave saw the King-crab trailing his three-edged pike." Then the King-crab was sent for. "Why were you, King-crab, trailing your three-edged pike?" "Because your slave saw that the Crayfish had shouldered his lance." Then the king sent for the Crayfish, and said, "Was it you, Crayfish, who were shouldering your lance?" And the Crayfish replied, "Assuredly it was, your majesty." "And why did you shoulder it?" "Because your slave saw the Otter coming down to devour your slave's own children." "Oh," said King Solomon, "if that is the case, you, Otter, are the guilty party, and your complaint of your children's death cannot be sustained against the Mouse-deer by the Law of the Land."

THE ELEPHANT HAS A BET WITH THE TIGER

Adapted by Walter Skeat

IN the beginning Gājah the Elephant and Rīmau the Tiger were sworn friends. But one day they came to a clearing and presently encountered Lōtong, the long-tailed Spectacle-monkey. And when he saw the Monkey the Elephant said, "Mr. Lōtong yonder is far too noisy; let us try and shake him off; if he falls to me I am to eat you; and if he falls to you, you are to eat me — we will make a wager of it." The Tiger said, "Agreed!" and the Elephant replied, "Agreed!" "Very well!" said the Tiger; "you shall try to frighten him first." So the Elephant tried to frighten the Monkey. "AU! AU! AU!" he trumpeted, and each time he trumpeted the Monkey was scared. But the Monkey went jumping head foremost through the branches and never fell to the ground at all.

Presently, therefore, the Tiger asked the Elephant, "Well, Friend Elephant, would you like to try your luck again?" But the Elephant said, "No, thank you. It shall be your turn now; and if he falls to you, you shall eat me — if you really can make him fall!" Then the Tiger went and roared his longest and loudest, and shortened his body as for a spring, and growled and threatened the Monkey thrice. And the Monkey leaped

and fell at the Tiger's feet, for his feet and hands were paralyzed and would not grip the branches any more. Then the Tiger said, "Well, Friend Elephant, I suppose I may eat you now." But the Elephant said, "You have, I admit, won the wager; but I beg you to grant me just seven days' respite, to enable me to visit my wife and children and to make my will." The Tiger granted the request, and the Elephant went home, bellowing and sobbing every foot of the way.

Now the Elephant's wife heard the sound of her husband's voice, and said to her children, "What can be the matter with your father that he keeps sobbing so?" And the children listened to make sure and said, "Yes, it really is father's voice, the sobbing, and not that of anybody else." Presently Father Elephant arrived, and Mother Elephant asked, "What were you sobbing for, father? What have you done to yourself?" Father Elephant replied, "I made a wager with Friend Tiger about shaking down a monkey, and Friend Tiger beat me; I startled the Monkey, but he did not fall; if he had fallen to me, I was to have eaten Friend Tiger, but if he fell to Friend Tiger, Friend Tiger was to eat me. I was beaten, and now Friend Tiger says he is going to eat me. So I begged leave to come home and see you, and he has given me just seven days' respite."

Now for the seven days Father Elephant kept sobbing aloud, and neither ate nor slept. And the thing came to the hearing of Friend Mouse-deer. "What can be the matter with Friend Elephant that he keeps bellowing and bellowing, neither does he sleep, so that night is turned into day, and day into night? What

on earth is the matter with him? Suppose I go and see," said the Mouse-deer. Then the Mouse-deer went to see what was wrong, and asked, "What is the matter with you, Friend Elephant, that we hear you bellowing and bellowing every single day and every single night, just now, too, when the Rains are upon us? You are far too noisy."

But the Elephant said, "It is no mere empty noise, Friend Mouse-deer. I have got into a dreadful scrape." "What sort of a scrape?" inquired the Mouse-deer. "I made a wager with Friend Tiger about shaking down a Monkey, and he beat me." "What was the stake?" asked the Mouse-deer. "The stake was that Friend Tiger might eat me if Friend Tiger frightened it down; and if I frightened it down, I might eat Friend Tiger. It fell to Friend Tiger, and now Friend Tiger wants to eat me. And my reason for not eating or sleeping any more is that I have got only just seven days' respite to go home and visit my wife and children and to make my will." Then the Mouse-deer said, "If it came to Friend Tiger's eating me, I should feel exceedingly sorrowful, exceedingly distressed: but things being only as you say, I feel neither." "If you will assist me, I will become your slave, and my descendants shall be your slaves forever." "Very well, if that is the case, I will assist you," said the Mouse-deer. "Go and look for a jar-full of molasses." Friend Elephant promised to do so, and went to look for it at the house of a maker of palm-wine. The owner of the house fled for his life, and the jar fell into Friend Elephant's possession, who bore it back to the Mouse-deer.

Then Friend Mouse-deer said, "When does your respite expire?" and Friend Elephant replied, "To-morrow." So when next morning arrived they started, and the Mouse-deer said, "Now pour the molasses over your back, and let it spread and spread and run down your legs." Friend Elephant did as he was ordered. Friend Mouse-deer then instructed the Elephant as follows: "As soon as I begin to lick up the molasses on your back, bellow as loud as you can and make believe to be hurt, and writhe and wriggle this way and that."

And presently Friend Mouse-deer commenced to lick hard, and Friend Elephant writhed and wriggled and made believe to be hurt, and made a prodigious noise of trumpeting. In this way they proceeded, and Friend Mouse-deer got up and sat astride upon Friend Elephant's back. And the Elephant trumpeted and trumpeted all the way till they met with Friend Tiger. At this Friend Mouse-deer exclaimed, "A single elephant is very short commons; if I could only catch that big and fat old Tiger there, it would be just enough to satisfy my hunger."

Now when Friend Tiger heard these words of the Mouse-deer, he said to himself, "So I suppose if you catch me, you'll eat me into the bargain, will you?" And Friend Tiger stayed not a moment longer, but fled for his life, fetching very lofty bounds.

And soon he met with the Black Ape, and Friend Ape asked, "Why running so hard, Friend Tiger? Why so much noise, and why, just when the Rains are upon us, too, do you go fetching such lofty bounds?"

Friend Tiger replied, "What do you mean by 'so much noise'? What was the Thing that had got upon Friend Elephant's back, that had caught Friend Elephant and was devouring him so that he went writhing and wriggling for the pain of it, and the blood went streaming down in floods? Moreover the Thing that had got on Friend Elephant's back said, to my hearing, that a single elephant was very short commons; but if it could catch a fat old Tiger like myself that would be just enough to satisfy its hunger." Friend Ape said, "What was that Thing, Friend Tiger?" "I don't know," said the Tiger. "Ah," mused the Ape, "I wonder if it could be Friend Mouse-deer!" "Certainly not," said the Tiger; "why, how in the world could Friend Mouse-deer swallow Me? To say nothing of his not being used to meat food. Come and let us go back again."

Then they went back again to find the Elephant, and first the Ape went the faster, and then the Tiger went the faster, and then the Ape got in front again. But Friend Mouse-deer sitting on Friend Elephant's back saw them coming, and shouted, "Hullo, Father Ape. This is a dog's trick indeed; you promise to bring me two tigers and you bring me only one. I refuse to accept it, Father Ape."

Now when Friend Tiger heard this, he ran off at first as fast as he could, but presently he slackened his pace and said, "It is too bad of you, Friend Ape, for trying to cozen me, in order to pay your own debts. For shame! Father Ape! It was only through good luck that he refused to accept me; if he had accepted, I

should have been dead and done with. So now, if you come down to the ground, you shall die the death yourself, just for your trying to cheat me." Thus the Tiger and the Ape were set at enmity, and to this day the Tiger is very wroth with the Ape for trying to cheat him. And here the story ends.

THE TUNE THAT MAKES THE TIGER DROWSY

Adapted by Walter Skeat

THERE is a tune which when played upon the two-stringed bamboo harp makes Rīmau the Tiger drowsy, but only a few old people know it. One evening two men were sitting together and playing in a hut in the jungle when two tigers overheard them.

The tigers took counsel together, and one of them said to the other, "You shall be the first to go into the house; whatever you seize shall therefore be your portion, but whatever plunges down the steps to escape shall be mine." At this the second tiger ascended the house-ladder and was just crouching upon the topmost rung when one of the men to amuse himself commenced to play the Tune that makes the Tiger Drowsy. As soon as the tiger heard it he began to grow sleepy, and presently fell plump down the steps to the ground, where he was seized by his companion. And when he objected, his companion exclaimed, "Did we not agree that whatever plunged down the steps was to be my portion?" and proceeded to devour him at his leisure.

THE KING OF THE TIGERS IS SICK

Adapted by Walter Skeat

WHEN the Great King of All the Tigers was sick, the Tiger-Crown-Prince made obeisance and said, "If my lord will taste of the flesh of every beast of the field peradventure my lord may recover." So the Great King commanded the Crown-Prince to summon every kind of beast into his presence, and as they appeared the King ate of them. Only the Mouse-deer, who was likewise summoned, refused to appear.

Therefore the Great King's wrath was kindled against the Mouse-deer, and in the end he too was fain to appear. And when he appeared he was questioned by the King. "Why did you not attend at the first when we had summoned hither every kind of beast that lives in the field?" The Mouse-deer replied, "Your slave could not approach your majesty because of a dream of certain medicine that would make your majesty well." The King replied, "What medicine was this of which you dreamed?" "Your slave dreamed that the only remedy for your majesty's sickness was for your majesty to seize and devour that which is nearest your majesty."

Immediately on hearing this the Great King of the Tigers seized the Prince of the Tigers and devoured him also. And straightway the King was cured, and the Mouse-deer himself became Crown-Prince in turn.

THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A CAMEL said, "Nothing like being tall! See how tall I am!"

A Pig who heard these words said, "Nothing like being short; see how short I am!"

The Camel said, "Well, if I fail to prove the truth of what I said, I will give up my hump."

The Pig said, "If I fail to prove the truth of what I have said, I will give up my snout."

"Agreed!" said the Camel.

"Just so!" said the Pig.

They came to a garden inclosed by a low wall without any opening. The Camel stood on this side the wall, and, reaching the plants within by means of his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned jeeringly to the Pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, without even having a look at the good things in the garden, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Next they came to a garden inclosed by a high wall, with a wicket gate at one end. The Pig entered by the gate, and, after having eaten his fill of the vegetables within, came out, laughing at the poor Camel, who had had to stay outside, because he was too tall to enter the garden by the gate, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Then they thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the Camel should keep his hump and the Pig his snout, observing,—

"Tall is good, where tall would do;
Of short, again, 't is also true!"

THE MAN AND HIS PIECE OF CLOTH

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A MAN in the East, where they do not require as much clothing as in colder climates, gave up all worldly concerns and retired to a wood, where he built a hut and lived in it.

His only clothing was a piece of cloth which he wore round his waist. But, as ill-luck would have it, rats were plentiful in the wood, so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk to keep it, so a cow had to be kept. The cow required tending, so a cow-boy was employed. The boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid a few more houses had to be built, and people invited to live in them. In this manner a little township sprang up.

The man said, "*The further we seek to go from the world and its cares, the more they multiply!*"

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE STORY-TELLER

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A LION who was the king of a great forest once said to his subjects, "I want some one among you to tell me stories one after another without ceasing. If you fail to find somebody who can so amuse me, you shall all be put to death."

In the East there is a proverb which says, "The king kills when he wills." So the animals were in great alarm.

The Fox said, "Fear not; I will save you all. Tell the king the story-teller is ready to come to court when ordered." So the animals had orders to send the story-teller at once to the presence. The Fox bowed respectfully, and stood before the king, who said, "So you are to tell us stories without ceasing?"

"Yes, your majesty," said the Fox.

"Then begin," said the Lion.

"But before I do so," said the Fox, "I should like to know what your majesty means by a story."

"Why," said the Lion, "a narrative containing some interesting event or fact."

"Just so," said the Fox, and began: "There was a fisherman who went to sea with a huge net, and spread it far and wide. A great many fish got into it. Just as

the fisherman was about to draw the net the coils snapped. A great opening was made. First one fish escaped." Here the Fox stopped.

"What then?" said the Lion.

"Then two escaped," said the Fox.

"What then?" said the impatient Lion.

"Then three escaped," said the Fox. Thus, as often as the Lion repeated his query, the Fox increased the number by one, and said so many escaped. The Lion was vexed, and said, "Why, you are telling me nothing new!"

"I trust your majesty will not forget your royal word," said the Fox. "Each event occurred by itself, and each lot that escaped was different from the rest."

"But wherein is the wonder?" said the Lion.

"Why, your majesty, what can be more wonderful than for fish to escape in lots, each exceeding the other by one?"

"I am bound by my word," said the Lion, "else I would see your carcass stretched on the ground."

The Fox said in a whisper, "*If tyrants that desire things impossible are not at least bound by their own word, their subjects can find nothing to bind them.*"

THE SEA, THE FOX, AND THE WOLF

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A FOX that lived by the seashore once met a Wolf that had never seen the sea. The Wolf said, "What is the sea?"

"It is a great piece of water by my dwelling," said the Fox.

"Is it under your control?" asked the Wolf.

"Certainly," said the Fox.

"Will you show me the sea, then?" said the Wolf.

"With pleasure," said the fox. So the Fox led the Wolf to the sea, and said to the waves, "Now go back," — they went back. "Now come up," — and they came up! Then the fox said to the waves, "My friend, the Wolf, has come to see you, so you will come up and go back till I bid you stop;" and the Wolf saw, with wonder, the waves coming up and going back.

He said to the Fox, "May I go into the sea?"

"As far as you like. Don't be afraid, for, at a word, the sea would go or come as I bid, and as you have already seen."

The Wolf believed the Fox, and followed the waves rather far from the shore. A great wave soon upset him, and threw up his carcass on the shore. The Fox made a hearty breakfast on it, saying, "*The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.*"

THE TIGER, THE FOX, AND THE HUNTERS

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A FOX was once caught in a trap. A hungry tiger saw him and said, "So you are here!"

"Only on your account," said the Fox, in a whisper.

"How so?" said the Tiger.

"Why, you were complaining you could not get men to eat, so I got into this net to-day, that you may have the men when they come to take me," said the fox, and gave a hint that if the tiger would wait a while in a thicket close by he would point out the men.

"May I depend upon your word?" said the Tiger.

"Certainly," said the Fox.

The hunters came, and, seeing the Fox in the net, said, "So you are here!"

"Only on your account," said the Fox, in a whisper.

"How so?" said the men.

"Why, you were complaining you could not get at the Tiger that has been devouring your cattle; I got into this net to-day that you may have him. As I expected, he came to eat me up, and is in yonder thicket," said the Fox, and gave a hint that if they would take him out of the trap he would point out the Tiger.

"May we depend upon your word?" said the men.

"Certainly," said the Fox, while the men went with him in a circle to see that he did not escape.

Then the Fox said to the Tiger and the men, "Sir Tiger, here are the men; gentlemen, here is the Tiger."

The men left the fox and turned to the Tiger. The former beat a hasty retreat to the wood, saying, "I have kept my promise to both; now you may settle it between yourselves."

The Tiger exclaimed, when it was too late, "Alas! *what art for a double part?*"

THE BIRDS AND THE LIME

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

A FOWLER in the East once went to a wood, scattered some grain on the ground, spread a net over it with some lime in it, and was watching from a distance to see what luck would attend his efforts.

A great many birds assembled on the trees around the net, and said, "What fine corn that is! We can seldom hope to get anything like it."

An owl that was close by said, "How nice that white thing in the net is!"

"What is it?" said the birds.

"Why, it is our best friend in the world; it is lime. When it holds us in its embrace, we can never hope to get away."

The birds left the place at once. Said the fowler, "*A clever bird knows the lime!*"

THE RAVEN AND THE CATTLE

Adapted by P. V. Ramaswami Raju

ONE evening, as some cattle were wending their way home, a raven rode on the horns of a bull in the herd; and as he approached the cottage, cried to the farmer, "Friend, my work for the day is over; you may now take charge of your cattle."

"What was your work?" asked the farmer.

"Why," said the raven, "the arduous task of watching these cattle and bringing them home."

"Am I to understand you have been doing all the work for me?" said the farmer.

"Certainly," said the raven, and flew away with a laugh.

Quoth the farmer with surprise, "*How many there are that take credit for things which they have never done!*"

SINGH RAJAH AND THE CUNNING LITTLE JACKALS

By M. Frere

ONCE upon a time, in a great jungle, there lived a great lion. He was rajah of all the country round; and every day he used to leave his den, in the deepest shadow of the rocks, and roar with a loud, angry voice; and when he roared, the other animals in the jungle, who were all his subjects, got very much frightened and ran here and there; and Singh Rajah would pounce upon them and kill them, and gobble them up for his dinner.

This went on for a long, long time, until, at last, there were no living creatures left in the jungle but two little jackals, — a Rajah Jackal and a Ranee Jackal, — husband and wife.

A very hard time of it the poor little jackals had, running this way and that to escape the terrible Singh Rajah; and every day the little Ranee Jackal would say to her husband, "I am afraid he will catch us to-day; do you hear how he is roaring? Oh dear! oh dear!" And he would answer her, "Never fear; I will take care of you. Let us run on a mile or two. Come, come quick, quick, quick." And they would both run away as fast as they could.

After some time spent in this way, they found, how-

ever, one fine day, that the lion was so close upon them that they could not escape. Then the little Ranee Jackal said, "Husband, husband, I feel much frightened. The Singh Rajah is so angry he will certainly kill us at once. What can we do?" But he answered, "Cheer up; we can save ourselves yet. Come, and I'll show you how we may manage it."

So what did these cunning little jackals do but they went to the great lion's den; and when he saw them coming, he began to roar and shake his mane, and he said, "You little wretches, come and be eaten at once! I have had no dinner for three whole days, and all that time I have been running over hill and dale to find you. Ro-a-ar! Ro-a-ar! Come and be eaten, I say!" and he lashed his tail and gnashed his teeth, and looked very terrible indeed. Then the Jackal Rajah, creeping quite close up to him, said, "Oh, great Singh Rajah, we all know you are our master, and we would have come at your bidding long ago; but indeed, sir, there is a much bigger rajah even than you in this jungle, and he tried to catch hold of us and eat us up, and frightened us so much that we were obliged to run away."

"What do you mean?" growled Singh Rajah. "There is no king in this jungle but me!" "Ah, sire," answered the jackal, "in truth one would think so, for you are very dreadful. Your very voice is death. But it is as we say, for we, with our own eyes, have seen one with whom you could not compete, — whose equal you can no more be than we are yours, — whose face is as flaming fire, his step as thunder, and his

power supreme." "It is impossible!" interrupted the old lion; "but show me this rajah of whom you speak so much, that I may destroy him instantly!"

Then the little Jackals ran on before him until they reached a great well, and, pointing down to his own reflection in the water, they said, "See, sire, there lives the terrible king of whom we spoke." When Singh Rajah looked down the well, he became very angry, for he thought he saw another lion there. He roared and shook his great mane, and the shadow lion shook his and looked terribly defiant. At last, beside himself with rage at the violence of his opponent, Singh Rajah sprang down to kill him at once, but no other lion was there, — only the treacherous reflection, — and the sides of the well were so steep that he could not get out again to punish the two jackals, who peeped over the top. After struggling for some time in the deep water, he sank to rise no more. And the little jackals threw stones down upon him from above, and danced round and round the well, singing, "Ao! Ao! Ao! Ao! The King of the Forest is dead, is dead! We have killed the great lion who would have killed us! Ao! Ao! Ao! Ao! Ring-a-ting — ding-a-ting! Ring-a-ting — ding-a-ting! Ao! Ao! Ao!"

THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

By M. Frere.

ONCE upon a time a Brahmin, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.

As the Brahmin passed by, the Tiger called out and said to him, "Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute, only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst." The Brahmin answered, "No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."

"Oh, father of mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth that will I not. I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out, that I may drink some water and return." Then the Brahmin took pity on him and opened the cage door; but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said, "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward." But the Brahmin said, "Only do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die." "Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will first ask the opinion of six."

So the Brahmin and the Tiger walked on till they

came to a Banyan-tree; and the Brahmin said to it, "Banyan-tree, Banyan-tree, hear and give judgment." "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan-tree. "This Tiger," said the Brahmin, "begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or no?"

The Banyan-tree answered, "Men often come to take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun; but when they have rested they cut and break my pretty branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race."

At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahmin; but the Brahmin said, "Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six." "Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way. After a little while they met a Camel. "Sir Camel, Sir Camel," cried the Brahmin, "hear and give judgment." "On what shall I give judgment?" asked the Camel. And the Brahmin related how the Tiger had begged him to open the cage door, and promised not to eat him if he did so; and how he had afterward determined to break his word, and asked if that were just or not. The Camel replied, "When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me, and beats me without mercy. Let the

Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race."

The Tiger would then have killed the Brahmin, but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six."

So they both went again on their way. At a little distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadside. The Brahmin said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment." "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Bullock. The Brahmin answered, "I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so; but when I had let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair he should do so or no?" The Bullock said, "When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity."

Three out of the six had given judgment against the Brahmin, but still he did not lose all hope, and determined to ask the other three.

They next met an Eagle flying through the air, to whom the Brahmin cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment!" "On what must I give judgment?" asked the Eagle. The Brahmin stated the case, but the Eagle answered, "Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth."

Then the Tiger began to roar, and said, "The judg-

"WHY, I STOOD SO," SAID THE TIGER

ment of all is against you, O Brahmin." But the Brahmin answered, "Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked." After this they saw a Crocodile, and the Brahmin related the matter to him, hoping for a more favorable verdict. But the Crocodile said, "Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest."

The Brahmin gave himself up as lost; but again he prayed the Tiger to have patience and let him ask the opinion of the sixth judge. Now the sixth was a Jackal. The Brahmin told his story, and said to her, "Mamma Jackal, mamma Jackal, say what is your judgment?" The Jackal answered, "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place." So the Brahmin and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them. When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brahmin, show me exactly where you stood." "Here," said the Brahmin, standing by the iron tiger-cage. "Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal. "Exactly here," replied the Brahmin. "Where was the Tiger, then?" asked the Jackal. "In the cage," answered the Tiger. "How do you mean?" said the Jackal; "how were you in the cage? which way were you looking?" "Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side." "Very good," said the Jackal, "but I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage door open or shut?" "Shut

and bolted," said the Brahmin. "Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brahmin had done this, the Jackal said, "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger! when the good Brahmin opened your cage door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, friend Brahmin. Your road lies that way and mine this."

So saying, the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brahmin went rejoicing on his way in the other.

TIT FOR TAT

By M. Frere

THERE once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugarcane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I'll show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugarcane, and I am sure to find many crabs' bones and bits of fish by the riverside, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented, and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eating the sugarcane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank, devouring all the crabs, bits of fish, and bones he could find.

But being so much smaller an animal, he had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugarcane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him, and thought, "There is a jackal among the sugarcanes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they all went down to the place to drive him away.

But when they got there they found to their surprise not only a Jackal, but a Camel who was eating the sugarcanes! This made them very angry, and they caught the poor Camel and drove him from the field and beat him and beat him until he was nearly dead.

When they had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home." And the Camel said, "Very well; then jump upon my back, as you did before."

So the Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to recross the river. When they had got well into the water, the Camel said, "This is a pretty way in which you have treated me, friend Jackal. No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to beat me black and blue, and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The Camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees — then above them — up, up, up, higher and higher, until he was obliged to swim. Then turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll." "Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal. "I don't know," answered the Camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner." So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the Jackal off as he did so. And the Jackal was drowned, but the Camel swam safely ashore.

THE SON OF SEVEN QUEENS

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had seven queens, but no children. This was a great grief to him, especially when he remembered that on his death there would be no heir to inherit the kingdom.

Now it happened one day that a poor old fakir came to the king, and said, "Your prayers are heard, your desire shall be accomplished, and one of your seven queens shall bear a son."

The king's delight at this promise knew no bounds, and he gave orders for appropriate festivities to be prepared against the coming event throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Meanwhile the seven queens lived luxuriously in a splendid palace, attended by hundreds of female slaves, and fed to their hearts' content on sweetmeats and confectionery.

Now the king was very fond of hunting, and one day, before he started, the seven queens sent him a message saying, "May it please our dearest lord not to hunt towards the north to-day, for we have dreamt bad dreams, and fear lest evil should befall you."

The king, to allay their anxiety, promised regard for their wishes, and set out towards the south; but as luck would have it, although he hunted diligently,

he found no game. Nor had he more success to the east or west, so that, being a keen sportsman, and determined not to go home empty-handed, he forgot all about his promise, and turned to the north. Here also he was at first unsuccessful, but just as he had made up his mind to give up for that day, a white hind with golden horns and silver hoofs flashed past him into a thicket. So quickly did it pass that he scarcely saw it; nevertheless a burning desire to capture and possess the beautiful, strange creature filled his breast. He instantly ordered his attendants to form a ring round the thicket, and so encircle the hind; then, gradually narrowing the circle, he pressed forward till he could distinctly see the white hind panting in the midst. Nearer and nearer he advanced, till, just as he thought to lay hold of the beautiful, strange creature, it gave one mighty bound, leapt clean over the king's head, and fled towards the mountains. Forgetful of all else, the king, setting spurs to his horse, followed at full speed. On, on he galloped, leaving his retinue far behind, keeping the white hind in view, never drawing bridle until, finding himself in a narrow ravine with no outlet, he reined in his steed. Before him stood a miserable hovel, into which, being tired after his long, unsuccessful chase, he entered to ask for a drink of water. An old woman, seated in the hut at a spinning-wheel, answered his request by calling to her daughter, and immediately from an inner room came a maiden so lovely and charming, so white-skinned and golden-haired, that the king was transfixed by astonishment at seeing so beautiful a sight in the wretched hovel.

She held the vessel of water to the king's lips, and as he drank he looked into her eyes, and then it became clear to him that the girl was no other than the white hind with the golden horns and silver feet he had chased so far.

Her beauty bewitched him, so he fell on his knees, begging her to return with him as his bride; but she only laughed, saying seven queens were quite enough for even a king to manage. However, when he would take no refusal, but implored her to have pity on him, promising her everything she could desire, she replied, "Give me the eyes of your seven queens, and then perhaps I may believe you mean what you say."

The king was so carried away by the glamour of the white hind's magical beauty that he went home at once, had the eyes of his seven queens taken out, and, after throwing the poor blind creatures into a noisome dungeon whence they could not escape, set off once more for the hovel in the ravine, bearing with him his horrible offering. But the white hind only laughed cruelly when she saw the fourteen eyes, and threading them as a necklace, flung it round her mother's neck, saying, "Wear that, little mother, as a keepsake, whilst I am away in the king's palace."

Then she went back with the bewitched monarch, as his bride, and he gave her the seven queens' rich clothes and jewels to wear, the seven queens' palace to live in, and the seven queens' slaves to wait upon her; so that she really had everything even a witch could desire.

Now, very soon after the seven wretched, hapless

queens had their eyes torn out, and were cast into prison, a baby was born to the youngest of them. It was a handsome boy, but the other queens were very jealous that the youngest amongst them should be so fortunate. But though at first they disliked the handsome little boy, he soon proved so useful to them that erelong they all looked on him as their son. Almost as soon as he could walk about he began scraping at the mud wall of their dungeon, and in an incredibly short space of time had made a hole big enough for him to crawl through. Through this he disappeared, returning in an hour or so laden with sweetmeats, which he divided equally amongst the seven blind queens.

As he grew older he enlarged the hole, and slipped out two or three times every day to play with the little nobles in the town. No one knew who the tiny boy was, but everybody liked him, and he was so full of funny tricks and antics, so merry and bright, that he was sure to be rewarded by some girdle-cakes, a handful of parched grain, or some sweetmeats. All these things he brought home to his seven mothers, as he loved to call the seven blind queens, who by his help lived on in their dungeon when all the world thought they had starved to death ages before.

At last, when he was quite a big lad, he one day took his bow and arrow, and went out to seek for game. Coming by chance past the palace where the white hind lived in wicked splendor and magnificence, he saw some pigeons fluttering round the white marble turrets, and, taking good aim, shot one dead. It came tumbling

past the very window where the White Queen was sitting; she rose to see what was the matter, and looked out. At the first glance of the handsome young lad standing there bow in hand she knew by witchcraft that it was the king's son.

She nearly died of envy and spite, determining to destroy the lad without delay; therefore, sending a servant to bring him to her presence, she asked him if he would sell her the pigeon he had just shot.

"No," replied the sturdy lad, "the pigeon is for my seven blind mothers, who live in the noisome dungeon, and who would die if I did not bring them food."

"Poor souls!" cried the cunning white witch; "would you not like to bring them their eyes again? Give me the pigeon, my dear, and I faithfully promise to show you where to find them."

Hearing this, the lad was delighted beyond measure, and gave up the pigeon at once. Whereupon the White Queen told him to seek her mother without delay, and ask for the eyes which she wore as a necklace.

"She will not fail to give them," said the cruel queen, "if you show her this token on which I have written what I want done."

So saying, she gave the lad a piece of broken pot-sherd, with these words inscribed on it: "Kill the bearer at once, and sprinkle his blood like water!"

Now, as the son of seven queens could not read, he took the fatal message cheerfully, and set off to find the White Queen's mother.

Whilst he was journeying he passed through a town, where every one of the inhabitants looked so sad that

he could not help asking what was the matter. They told him it was because the king's only daughter refused to marry; so when her father died there would be no heir to the throne. They greatly feared she must be out of her mind, for though every good-looking young man in the kingdom had been shown to her, she declared she would only marry one who was the son of seven mothers; and who ever heard of such a thing? The king, in despair, had ordered every man who entered the city gates to be led before the princess; so, much to the lad's impatience, for he was in an immense hurry to find his mothers' eyes, he was dragged into the presence-chamber.

No sooner did the princess catch sight of him than she blushed, and, turning to the king, said, "Dear father, this is my choice!"

Never were such rejoicings as these few words produced. The inhabitants nearly went wild with joy, but the son of seven queens said he would not marry the princess unless they first let him recover his mothers' eyes. When the beautiful bride heard his story, she asked to see the potsherd, for she was very learned and clever. Seeing the treacherous words, she said nothing, but, taking another similar-shaped bit of potsherd, she wrote on it these words: "Take care of this lad, giving him all he desires," and returned it to the son of seven queens, who, none the wiser, set off on his quest.

Erelong he arrived at the hovel in the ravine, where the white witch's mother, a hideous old creature, grumbled dreadfully on reading the message, especially when the lad asked for the necklace of eyes. Never-

theless she took it off, and gave it him, saying, "There are only thirteen of 'em now, for I lost one last week."

The lad, however, was only too glad to get any at all, so he hurried home as fast as he could to his seven mothers, and gave two eyes apiece to the six elder queens; but to the youngest he gave one, saying, "Dearest little mother! — I will be your other eye always!"

After this he set off to marry the princess, as he had promised, but when passing by the White Queen's palace he saw some pigeons on the roof. Drawing his bow, he shot one, and it came fluttering past the window. The white hind looked out, and lo! there was the king's son alive and well.

She cried with hatred and disgust, but, sending for the lad, asked him how he had returned so soon, and when she heard how he had brought home the thirteen eyes, and given them to the seven blind queens, she could hardly restrain her rage. Nevertheless she pretended to be charmed with his success, and told him that if he would give her this pigeon also, she would reward him with the Jogi's wonderful cow, whose milk flows all day long, and makes a pond as big as a kingdom. The lad, nothing loath, gave her the pigeon; whereupon, as before, she bade him go ask her mother for the cow, and gave him a potsherd whereon was written, "Kill this lad without fail, and sprinkle his blood like water!"

But on the way the son of seven queens looked in on the princess, just to tell her how he came to be delayed, and she, after reading the message on the potsherd, gave him another in its stead; so that when the

lad reached the old hag's hut and asked her for the Jogi's cow, she could not refuse, but told the boy how to find it; and bidding him of all things not to be afraid of the eighteen thousand demons who kept watch and ward over the treasure, told him to be off before she became too angry at her daughter's foolishness in thus giving away so many good things.

Then the lad did as he had been told, bravely. He journeyed on and on till he came to a milk-white pond, guarded by the eighteen thousand demons. They were really frightful to behold, but, plucking up courage, he whistled a tune as he walked through them, looking neither to the right nor the left. By and by he came upon the Jogi's cow, tall, white, and beautiful, while the Jogi himself, who was king of all the demons, sat milking her day and night, and the milk streamed from her udder, filling the milk-white tank.

The Jogi, seeing the lad, called out fiercely, "What do you want here?"

Then the lad answered, according to the old hag's bidding, "I want your skin, for King Indra is making a new kettledrum, and says your skin is nice and tough."

Upon this the Jogi began to shiver and shake (for no Jinn or Jogi dares disobey King Indra's command), and, falling at the lad's feet, cried, "If you will spare me I will give you anything I possess, even my beautiful white cow!"

To this the son of seven queens, after a little pretended hesitation, agreed, saying that after all it would not be difficult to find a nice tough skin like the Jogi's elsewhere; so, driving the wonderful cow before him,

he set off homewards. The seven queens were delighted to possess so marvelous an animal, and though they toiled from morning till night making curds and whey, besides selling milk to the confectioners, they could not use half the cow gave, and became richer and richer day by day.

Seeing them so comfortably off, the son of seven queens started with a light heart to marry the princess; but when passing the white hind's palace he could not resist sending a bolt at some pigeons which were cooing on the parapet. One fell dead just beneath the window where the White Queen was sitting. Looking out, she saw the lad, hale and hearty, standing before her, and grew whiter than ever with rage and spite.

She sent for him to ask how he had returned so soon, and when she heard how kindly her mother had received him, she very nearly had a fit; however, she dissembled her feelings as well as she could, and, smiling sweetly, said she was glad to have been able to fulfill her promise, and that if he would give her this third pigeon, she would do yet more for him than she had done before, by giving him the million-fold rice, which ripens in one night.

The lad was of course delighted at the very idea, and, giving up the pigeon, set off on his quest, armed as before with a potsherd, on which was written, "Do not fail this time. Kill the lad, and sprinkle his blood like water!"

But when he looked in on his princess, just to prevent her becoming anxious about him, she asked to see the potsherd as usual, and substituted another, on

which was written, "Yet again give this lad all he requires, for his blood shall be as your blood!"

Now when the old hag saw this, and heard how the lad wanted the million-fold rice which ripens in a single night, she fell into the most furious rage, but being terribly afraid of her daughter she controlled herself, and bade the boy go and find the field guarded by eighteen millions of demons, warning him on no account to look back after having plucked the tallest spike of rice, which grew in the centre.

So the son of seven queens set off, and soon came to the field where, guarded by eighteen millions of demons, the million-fold rice grew. He walked on bravely, looking neither to the right nor left, till he reached the centre and plucked the tallest ear, but as he turned homewards a thousand sweet voices rose behind him, crying in tenderest accents, "Pluck me too! oh, please pluck me too!" He looked back, and lo! there was nothing left of him but a little heap of ashes!

Now as time passed by and the lad did not return, the old hag grew uneasy, remembering the message, "His blood shall be as your blood;" so she set off to see what had happened.

Soon she came to the heap of ashes, and, knowing by her arts what it was, she took a little water, and kneading the ashes into a paste formed it into the likeness of a man; then, putting a drop of blood from her little finger into its mouth, she blew on it, and instantly the son of seven queens started up as well as ever.

"Don't you disobey orders again!" grumbled the

old hag, "or next time I'll leave you alone. Now be off, before I repent of my kindness!"

So the son of seven queens returned joyfully to his seven mothers, who by the aid of the million-fold rice soon became the richest people in the kingdom. Then they celebrated their son's marriage to the clever princess with all imaginable pomp; but the bride was so clever, she would not rest until she had made known her husband to his father, and punished the wicked white witch. So she made her husband build a palace exactly like the one in which the seven queens had lived, and in which the white witch now dwelt in splendor. Then, when all was prepared, she bade her husband give a grand feast to the king. Now the king had heard much of the mysterious son of seven queens, and his marvelous wealth, so he gladly accepted the invitation; but what was his astonishment when on entering the palace he found it was a facsimile of his own in every particular! And when his host, richly attired, led him straight to the private hall, where on royal thrones sat the seven queens, dressed as he had last seen them, he was speechless with surprise, until the princess, coming forward, threw herself at his feet, and told him the whole story. Then the king awoke from his enchantment, and his anger rose against the wicked white hind who had bewitched him so long, until he could not contain himself. So she was put to death, and her grave ploughed over, and after that the seven queens returned to their own splendid palace, and everybody lived happily.

HOW THE RAJA'S SON WON THE PRINCESS LABAM

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

IN a country there was a raja who had an only son who every day went out to hunt. One day the rani, his mother, said to him, "You can hunt wherever you like on these three sides; but you must never go to the fourth side." This she said because she knew if he went on the fourth side he would hear of the beautiful Princess Labam, and that then he would leave his father and mother and seek for the princess.

The young prince listened to his mother, and obeyed her for some time; but one day, when he was hunting on the three sides where he was allowed to go, he remembered what she had said to him about the fourth side, and he determined to go and see why she had forbidden him to hunt on that side. When he got there he found himself in a jungle, and nothing in the jungle but a quantity of parrots, who lived in it. The young raja shot at some of them, and at once they all flew away up to the sky. All, that is, but one, and this was their raja, who was called Hiraman parrot.

When Hiraman parrot found himself left alone, he called out to the other parrots, "Don't fly away and leave me alone when the raja's son shoots. If you desert me like this, I will tell the Princess Labam."

Then the parrots all flew back to their raja, chattering. The prince was greatly surprised, and said, "Why, these birds can talk!" Then he said to the parrots, "Who is the Princess Labam? Where does she live?" But the parrots would not tell him where she lived. "You can never get to the Princess Labam's country." That is all they would say.

The prince grew very sad when they would not tell him anything more; and he threw his gun away and went home. When he got home, he would not speak or eat, but lay on his bed for four or five days, and seemed very ill.

At last he told his father and mother that he wanted to go and see the Princess Labam. "I must go," he said; "I must see what she is like. Tell me where her country is."

"We do not know where it is," answered his father and mother.

"Then I must go and look for it," said the prince.

"No, no," they said; "you must not leave us. You are our only son. Stay with us. You will never find the Princess Labam."

"I must try to find her," said the prince. "Perhaps God will show me the way. If I live and I find her, I will come back to you; but perhaps I shall die, and then I shall never see you again. Still I must go."

So they had to let him go, though they cried very much at parting with him. His father gave him fine clothes to wear, and a fine horse. And he took his gun, and his bow and arrows, and a great many other

weapons; "for," he said, "I may want them." His father, too, gave him plenty of rupees.

Then he himself got his horse all ready for the journey, and he said good-by to his father and mother; and his mother took her handkerchief and wrapped some sweetmeats in it, and gave it to her son. "My child," she said to him, "when you are hungry eat some of these sweetmeats."

He then set out on his journey, and rode on and on till he came to a jungle in which were a tank and shady trees. He bathed himself and his horse in the tank, and then sat down under a tree. "Now," he said to himself, "I will eat some of the sweetmeats my mother gave me, and I will drink some water, and then I will continue my journey." He opened his handkerchief and took out a sweetmeat. He found an ant in it. He took out another. There was an ant in that one, too. So he laid the two sweetmeats on the ground, and he took out another, and another, and another, until he had taken them all out; but in each he found an ant.

"Never mind," he said, "I won't eat the sweetmeats; the ants shall eat them." Then the Ant-Raja came and stood before him and said, "You have been good to us. If ever you are in trouble, think of me, and we will come to you."

The raja's son thanked him, mounted his horse, and continued his journey. He rode on and on until he came to another jungle, and there he saw a tiger who had a thorn in his foot, and was roaring loudly from the pain.

"Why do you roar like that?" said the young raja. "What is the matter with you?"

"I have had a thorn in my foot for twelve years," answered the tiger, "and it hurts me so; that is why I roar."

"Well," said the raja's son, "I will take it out for you. But perhaps, as you are a tiger, when I have made you well, you will eat me?"

"Oh, no," said the tiger, "I won't eat you. Do make me well."

Then the prince took a little knife from his pocket and cut the thorn out of the tiger's foot; but when he cut, the tiger roared louder than ever — so loud that his wife heard him in the next jungle, and came bounding along to see what was the matter. The tiger saw her coming, and hid the prince in the jungle, so that she should not see him.

"What man hurt you that you roared so loud?" said the wife.

"No one hurt me," answered the husband; "but a raja's son came and took the thorn out of my foot."

"Where is he? Show him to me," said his wife.

"If you promise not to kill him, I will call him," said the tiger.

"I won't kill him; only let me see him," answered his wife.

Then the tiger called the raja's son, and when he came the tiger and his wife made him a great many salaams. Then they gave him a good dinner, and he stayed with them for three days. Every day he looked at the tiger's foot, and the third day it was quite healed.

Then he said good-by to the tigers, and the tiger said to him, "If ever you are in trouble, think of me, and we will come to you."

The raja's son rode on and on till he came to a third jungle. Here he found four fakirs whose teacher and master had died, and had left four things,— a bed, which carried whoever sat on it whithersoever he wished to go; a bag, that gave its owner whatever he wanted, jewels, food, or clothes; a stone bowl that gave its owner as much water as he wanted, no matter how far he might be from a tank; and a stick and rope, to which its owner had only to say, if any one came to make war on him, "Stick, beat as many men and soldiers as are here," and the stick would beat them and the rope would tie them up.

The four fakirs were quarreling over these four things. One said, "I want this;" another said, "You cannot have it, for I want it;" and so on.

The raja's son said to them, "Do not quarrel for these things. I will shoot four arrows in four different directions. Whichever of you gets to my first arrow shall have the first thing,— the bed. Whosoever gets to the second arrow shall have the second thing, — the bag. He who gets to the third arrow shall have the third thing, — the bowl. And he who gets to the fourth arrow shall have the last things, — the stick and rope." To this they agreed.

And the prince shot off his first arrow. Away raced the fakirs to get it. When they brought it back to him he shot off the second, and when they had found and brought it to him he shot off his third, and

when they had brought him the third he shot off the fourth.

When they were away looking for the fourth arrow the raja's son let his horse loose in the jungle and sat on the bed, taking the bowl, the stick and rope, and the bag with him. Then he said, "Bed, I wish to go to the Princess Labam's country." The little bed instantly rose up into the air and began to fly, and it flew and flew till it came to the Princess Labam's country, where it settled on the ground. The raja's son asked some men he saw, "Whose country is this?"

"The Princess Labam's country," they answered. Then the prince went on till he came to a house where he saw an old woman.

"Who are you?" she said. "Where did you come from?"

"I come from a far country," he said; "do let me stay with you to-night."

"No," she answered, "I cannot let you stay with me; for our king has ordered that men from other countries may not stay in this country. You cannot stay in my house."

"You are my aunty," said the prince; "let me remain with you for this one night. You see it is evening, and if I go into the jungle, then the wild beasts will eat me."

"Well," said the old woman, "you may stay here to-night; but to-morrow morning you must go away, for if the king hears you have passed the night in my house, he will have me seized and put into prison."

Then she took him into her house, and the raja's

son was very glad. The old woman began preparing dinner, but he stopped her. "Aunty," he said, "I will give you food." He put his hand into his bag, saying, "Bag, I want some dinner," and the bag gave him instantly a delicious dinner, served up on two gold plates. The old woman and the raja's son then dined together.

When they had finished eating, the old woman said, "Now I will fetch some water."

"Don't go," said the prince. "You shall have plenty of water directly." So he took his bowl and said to it, "Bowl, I want some water," and then it filled with water. When it was full, the prince cried out, "Stop, bowl!" and the bowl stopped filling. "See, aunty," he said, "with this bowl I can always get as much water as I want."

By this time night had come. "Aunty," said the raja's son, "why don't you light a lamp?"

"There is no need," she said. "Our king has forbidden the people in his country to light any lamps; for, as soon as it is dark, his daughter, the Princess Labam, comes and sits on her roof, and she shines so that she lights up all the country and our houses, and we can see to do our work as if it were day."

When it was quite black night the princess got up. She dressed herself in her rich clothes and jewels, and rolled up her hair, and across her head she put a band of diamonds and pearls. Then she shone like the moon, and her beauty made night day. She came out of her room and sat on the roof of her palace. In the daytime she never came out of her house; she only came out

PRINCESS LABAM COMES AND SITS ON HER ROOF: SHE SHINES SO THAT SHE LIGHTS UP ALL THE COUNTRY AND OUR HOUSES, AND WE CAN SEE TO DO OUR WORK AS IF IT WERE DAY

at night. All the people in her father's country then went about their work and finished it.

The raja's son watched the princess quietly, and was very happy. He said to himself, "How lovely she is!"

At midnight, when everybody had gone to bed, the Princess came down from her roof and went to her room; and when she was in bed and asleep, the raja's son got up softly and sat on his bed. "Bed," he said to it, "I want to go to the Princess Labam's bedroom." So the little bed carried him to the room where she lay fast asleep.

The young raja took his bag and said, "I want a great deal of betel-leaf," and it at once gave him quantities of betel-leaf. This he laid near the princess's bed, and then his little bed carried him back to the old woman's house.

Next morning all the princess's servants found the betel-leaf, and began to eat it. "Where did you get all that betel-leaf?" asked the princess.

"We found it near your bed," answered the servants. Nobody knew the prince had come in the night and put it all there.

In the morning the old woman came to the raja's son. "Now it is morning," she said, "and you must go; for if the king finds out all I have done for you, he will seize me."

"I am ill to-day, dear aunty," said the prince; "do let me stay till to-morrow morning."

"Good," said the old woman. So he stayed, and they took their dinner out of the bag, and the bowl gave them water.

When night came the princess got up and sat on her roof, and at twelve o'clock, when every one was in bed, she went to her bedroom, and was soon fast asleep. Then the raja's son sat on his bed, and it carried him to the princess. He took his bag and said, "Bag, I want a most lovely shawl." It gave him a splendid shawl, and he spread it over the princess as she lay asleep. Then he went back to the old woman's house and slept till morning.

In the morning, when the princess saw the shawl, she was delighted. "See, mother," she said; "Khuda must have given me this shawl, it is so beautiful." Her mother was very glad too.

"Yes, my child," she said; "Khuda must have given you this splendid shawl."

When it was morning the old woman said to the raja's son, "Now you must really go."

"Aunty," he answered, "I am not well enough yet. Let me stay a few days longer. I will remain hidden in your house, so that no one may see me." So the old woman let him stay.

When it was black night, the princess put on her lovely clothes and jewels and sat on her roof. At midnight she went to her room and went to sleep. Then the raja's son sat on his bed and flew to her bedroom. There he said to his bag, "Bag, I want a very, very beautiful ring." The bag gave him a glorious ring. Then he took the Princess Labam's hand gently to put on the ring, and she started up very much frightened.

"Who are you?" she said to the prince. "Where do you come from? Why do you come to my room?"

"Do not be afraid, princess," he said; "I am no thief. I am a great raja's son. Hiraman parrot, who lives in the jungle where I went to hunt, told me your name, and then I left my father and mother and came to see you."

"Well," said the princess, "as you are the son of such a great raja, I will not have you killed, and I will tell my father and mother that I wish to marry you."

The prince then returned to the old woman's house; and when morning came the princess said to her mother, "The son of a great Raja has come to this country, and I wish to marry him." Her mother told this to the king.

"Good," said the king; "but if this raja's son wishes to marry my daughter, he must first do whatever I bid him. If he fails I will kill him. I will give him eighty pounds' weight of mustard seed, and out of this he must crush the oil in one day. If he cannot do this he shall die."

In the morning the raja's son told the old woman that he intended to marry the princess. "Oh," said the old woman, "go away from this country, and do not think of marrying her. A great many rajas and rajas' sons have come here to marry her, and her father has had them all killed. He says whoever wishes to marry his daughter must first do whatever he bids him. If he can, then he shall marry the princess; if he cannot, the king will have him killed. But no one can do the things the king tells him to do; so all the rajas and rajas' sons who have tried have been put to death. You will be killed too, if you try. Do go

away." But the prince would not listen to anything she said.

The king sent for the prince to the old woman's house, and his servants brought the raja's son to the king's court. There the king gave him eighty pounds of mustard-seed, and told him to crush all the oil out of it that day, and bring it next morning to him to the court. "Whoever wishes to marry my daughter," he said to the prince, "must first do all I tell him. If he cannot, then I have him killed. So if you cannot crush all the oil out of this mustard-seed you will die."

The prince was very sorry when he heard this. "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard-seed in one day?" he said to himself; "and if I do not, the king will kill me." He took the mustard-seed to the old woman's house, and did not know what to do. At last he remembered the Ant-Raja, and the moment he did so, the Ant-Raja and his ants came to him. "Why do you look so sad?" said the Ant-Raja.

The prince showed him the mustard-seed, and said to him, "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard-seed in one day? And if I do not take the oil to the king to-morrow morning, he will kill me."

"Be happy," said the Ant-Raja; "lie down and sleep; we will crush all the oil out for you during the day, and to-morrow morning you shall take it to the king." The raja's son lay down and slept, and the ants crushed out the oil for him. The prince was very glad when he saw the oil.

The next morning he took it to the king. But the king said, "You cannot yet marry my daughter. If you

wish to do so, you must first fight with my two demons, and kill them." The king a long time ago had caught two demons, and then, as he did not know what to do with them, he had shut them up in a cage. He was afraid to let them loose for fear they would eat up all the people in his country; and he did not know how to kill them. So all the kings and kings' sons who wanted to marry the Princess Labam had to fight with these demons; "for," said the king to himself, "perhaps the demons may be killed, and then I shall be rid of them."

When he heard of the demons the raja's son was very sad. "What can I do?" he said to himself. "How can I fight with these two demons?" Then he thought of his tiger: and the tiger and his wife came to him and said, "Why are you so sad?" The raja's son answered, "The king has ordered me to fight with his two demons and kill them. How can I do this?" "Do not be frightened," said the tiger. "Be happy. I and my wife will fight with them for you."

Then the raja's son took out of his bag two splendid coats. They were all gold and silver, and covered with pearls and diamonds. These he put on the tigers to make them beautiful, and he took them to the king, and said to him, "May these tigers fight your demons for me?" "Yes," said the king, who did not care in the least who killed his demons, provided they were killed. "Then call your demons," said the raja's son, "and these tigers will fight them." The king did so, and the tigers and the demons fought and fought until the tigers had killed the demons.

"That is good," said the king. "But you must do something else before I give you my daughter. Up in the sky I have a kettledrum. You must go and beat it. If you cannot do this I will kill you."

The raja's son thought of his little bed; so he went to the old woman's house and sat on his bed. "Little bed," he said, "up in the sky is the king's kettledrum. I want to go to it." The bed flew up with him, and the raja's son beat the drum, and the king heard him. Still, when he came down, the king would not give him his daughter. "You have," he said to the prince, "done the three things I told you to do; but you must do one thing more." "If I can, I will," said the raja's son.

Then the king showed him the trunk of a tree that was lying near his court. It was a very, very thick trunk. He gave the prince a wax hatchet, and said, "To-morrow morning you must cut this trunk in two with this wax hatchet."

The raja's son went back to the old woman's house. He was very sad, and thought that now the king would certainly kill him. "I had his oil crushed out by the ants," he said to himself. "I had his demons killed by the tigers. My bed helped me to beat his kettledrum. But now what can I do? How can I cut that thick tree-trunk in two with a wax hatchet?"

At night he went on his bed to see the princess. "To-morrow," he said to her, "your father will kill me." "Why?" asked the princess.

"He has told me to cut a thick tree-trunk in two with a wax hatchet. How can I ever do that?" said the

raja's son. "Do not be afraid," said the princess; "do as I bid you, and you will cut it in two quite easily."

Then she pulled out a hair from her head and gave it to the prince. "To-morrow," she said, "when no one is near you, you must say to the tree-trunk, 'The Princess Labam commands you to let yourself be cut in two by this hair.' Then stretch the hair down the edge of the wax hatchet's blade."

The prince next day did exactly as the princess had told him; and the minute the hair that was stretched down the edge of the hatchet-blade touched the tree-trunk it split into two pieces.

The king said, "Now you can marry my daughter." Then the wedding took place. All the rajas and kings of the countries round were asked to come to it, and there were great rejoicings. After a few days the raja's son said to his wife, "Let us go to my father's country." The Princess Labam's father gave them a quantity of camels and horses and rupees and servants; and they traveled in great state to the prince's country, where they lived happily.

The prince always kept his bag, bowl, bed, and stick; only, as no one ever came to make war on him, he never needed to use the stick.

CELTIC STORIES

JACK AND HIS MASTER

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

A POOR woman had three sons. The eldest and second eldest were cunning, clever fellows, but they called the youngest Jack the Fool, because they thought he was no better than a simpleton. The eldest got tired of staying at home, and said he'd go look for service. He stayed away a whole year, and then came back one day, dragging one foot after the other, and a poor, wizened face on him, and he was as cross as two sticks. When he was rested and had got something to eat, he told them how he had taken service with the Gray Churl of the Townland of Mischance, and that the agreement was whoever would first say he was sorry for his bargain should get an inch wide of the skin of his back, from shoulder to hips, taken off. If it was the master, he should also pay double wages; if it was the servant, he should get no wages at all. "But the thief," says he, "gave me so little to eat, and kept me so hard at work, that flesh and blood couldn't stand it; and when he asked me once, when I was in a passion, if I was sorry for my bargain, I was mad enough to say I was, and here I am disabled for life."

Vexed enough were the poor mother and brothers; and the second eldest said on the spot he'd go and take service with the Gray Churl, and punish him by all the an-

noyance he'd give him till he'd make him say he was sorry for his agreement. "Oh, won't I be glad to see the skin coming off the old villain's back!" said he. All they could say had no effect: he started off for the Townland of Mischance, and in a twelvemonth he was back just as miserable and helpless as his brother.

All the poor mother could say did n't prevent Jack the Fool from starting to see if he was able to regulate the Gray Churl. He agreed with him for a year for twenty pounds, and the terms were the same.

"Now, Jack," said the Gray Churl, "if you refuse to do anything you are able to do, you must lose a month's wages."

"I'm satisfied," said Jack; "and if you stop me from doing a thing after telling me to do it, you are to give me an additional month's wages."

"I am satisfied," said the master.

"Or if you blame me for obeying your orders, you must give me the same."

"I am satisfied," said the master again.

The first day that Jack served he was fed very poorly, and was worked to the saddleskirts. Next day he came into the parlor just before the dinner was served up. They were taking the goose off the spit, but, well becomes Jack, he whipped a knife off the dresser, and cut off one side of the breast, one leg and thigh, and one wing, and fell to. In came the master, and began to abuse him for his assurance. "Oh, you know, master, you're to feed me, and wherever the goose goes won't have to be filled again till supper. Are you sorry for our agreement?"

The master was going to cry out he was, but he bethought himself in time. "Oh, no, not at all," said he.

"That's well," said Jack.

Next day Jack was to go clamp turf on the bog. They were n't sorry to have him away from the kitchen at dinner time. He did n't find his breakfast very heavy on his stomach; so he said to the mistress, "I think, ma'am, it will be better for me to get my dinner now, and not lose time coming home from the bog."

"That's true, Jack," said she. So she brought out a good cake, and a print of butter, and a bottle of milk, thinking he'd take them away to the bog. But Jack kept his seat, and never drew rein till bread, butter, and milk had gone down the red lane.

"Now, mistress," said he, "I'll be earlier at my work to-morrow if I sleep comfortably on the sheltery side of a pile of dry peat on dry grass, and not be coming here and going back. So you may as well give me my supper, and be done with the day's trouble." She gave him that, thinking he'd take it to the bog; but he fell to on the spot, and did not leave a scrap to tell tales on him; and the mistress was a little astonished.

He called to speak to the master in the haggard, and said he, "What are servants asked to do in this country after aten their supper?"

"Nothing at all, but to go to bed."

"Oh, very well, sir." He went up on the stable-loft, stripped, and lay down, and some one that saw him told the master. He came up.

"Jack, you anointed scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"To go to sleep, master. The mistress, God bless her, is after giving me my breakfast, dinner, and supper, and yourself told me that bed was the next thing. Do you blame me, sir?"

"Yes, you rascal, I do."

"Hand me out one pound thirteen and fourpence, if you please, sir."

"One divil and thirteen imps, you tinker! what for?"

"Oh, I see, you've forgot your bargain. Are you sorry for it?"

"Oh, ya — NO, I mean. I'll give you the money after your nap."

Next morning early Jack asked how he'd be employed that day. "You are to be holding the plough in that fallow, outside the paddock." The master went over about nine o'clock to see what kind of a ploughman was Jack, and what did he see but the little boy driving the bastes, and the sock and coulter of the plough skimming along the sod, and Jack pulling ding-dong again' the horses.

"What are you doing, you contrary thief?" said the master.

"An' ain't I strivin' to hold this divil of a plough, as you told me; but that ounkrawn of a boy keeps whipping on the bastes in spite of all I say; will you speak to him?"

"No, but I'll speak to you. Did n't you know, you bosthoon, that when I said 'holding the plough,' I meant reddening [ploughing up] the ground?"

"Faith, an' if you did, I wish you had said so. Do you blame me for what I have done?"

The master caught himself in time, but he was so stomached [disconcerted], he said nothing.

"Go on and redden the ground now, you knave, as other ploughmen do."

"An' are you sorry for our agreement?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all!"

Jack ploughed away like a good workman all the rest of the day.

In a day or two the master bade him go and mind the cows in a field that had half of it under young corn. "Be sure, particularly," said he, "to keep Browney from the wheat; while she's out of mischief there's no fear of the rest."

About noon he went to see how Jack was doing his duty, and what did he find but Jack asleep with his face to the sod, Browney grazing near a thorn-tree, one end of a long rope round her horns, and the other end round the tree, and the rest of the beasts all trampling and eating the green wheat. Down came the switch on Jack.

"Jack, you vagabone, do you see what the cows are at?"

"And do you blame me, master?"

"To be sure, you lazy sluggard, I do."

"Hand me out one pound thirteen and fourpence, master. You said if I only kept Browney out of mischief, the rest would do no harm. There she is as harmless as a lamb. Are you sorry for hiring me, master?"

"To be — that is, not at all. I'll give you your money when you go to dinner. Now, understand me; don't

let a cow go out of the field nor into the wheat the rest of the day."

"Never fear, master!" and neither did he. But the churl would rather than a great deal he had not hired him.

The next day three heifers were missing, and the master bade Jack go in search of them.

"Where shall I look for them?" said Jack.

"Oh, every place likely and unlikely for them all to be in."

The churl was getting very exact in his words. When he was coming into the bawn at dinner time, what work did he find Jack at but pulling armfuls of the thatch off the roof, and peeping into the holes he was making.

"What are you doing there, you rascal?"

"Sure, I'm looking for the heifers, poor things!"

"What would bring them there?"

"I don't think anything could bring them in it; but I looked first into the likely places, that is the cowhouses, and the pastures, and the fields next 'em, and now I'm looking in the unlikeliest place I can think of. Maybe it's not pleasing to you it is."

"And to be sure it is n't pleasing to me, you aggravating goose-cap!"

"Please, sir, hand me one pound thirteen and fourpence before you sit down to your dinner. I'm afraid it's sorrow that's on you for hiring me at all."

"May the div — oh, no; I'm not sorry. Will you begin, if you please, and put in the thatch again, just as if you were doing it for your mother's cabin?"

"Oh, faith I will, sir, with a heart and a half;" and

by the time the farmer came out from his dinner, Jack had the roof better than it was before, for he made the boy give him new straw.

Says the master when he came out, "Go, Jack, and look for the heifers, and bring them home."

"And where shall I look for 'em?"

"Go and search for them as if they were your own." The heifers were all in the paddock before sunset.

Next morning says the master, "Jack, the path across the bog to the pasture is very bad; the sheep does be sinking in it every step; go and make the sheep's feet a good path." About an hour after he came to the edge of the bog, and what did he find Jack at but sharpening a carving knife, and the sheep standing or grazing around.

"Is this the way you are mending the path, Jack?" said he.

"Everything must have a beginning, master," said Jack, "and a thing well begun is half done. I am sharpening the knife, and I'll have the feet off every sheep in the flock while you'd be blessing yourself."

"Feet off my sheep, you anointed rogue! and what would you be taking their feet off for?"

"An', sure, to mend the path as you told me. Says you, 'Jack, make a path with the foot of the sheep.'"

"Oh, you fool, I meant make good the path for the sheep's feet."

"It's a pity you did n't say so, master. Hand me out one pound thirteen and fourpence if you don't like me to finish my job."

"Divil do you good with your one pound thirteen and fourpence!"

"It's better pray than curse, master. Maybe you're sorry for your bargain?"

"And to be sure I am — not yet, anyway."

The next night the master was going to a wedding; and says he to Jack, before he set out, "I'll leave at midnight, and I wish you to come and be with me home, for fear I might be overtaken with the drink. If you're there before, you may throw a sheep's eye at me, and I'll be sure to see that they'll give you something for yourself."

About eleven o'clock, while the master was in great spirits, he felt something clammy hit him on the cheek. It fell beside his tumbler, and when he looked at it what was it but the eye of a sheep. Well, he could n't imagine who threw it at him, or why it was thrown at him. After a little he got a blow on the other cheek, and still it was by another sheep's eye. Well, he was much vexed, but he thought better to say nothing. In two minutes more, when he was opening his mouth to take a sup, another sheep's eye was slapped into it. He sputtered it out, and cried, "Man o' the house, is n't it a great shame for you to have any one in the room that would do such a nasty thing?"

"Master," says Jack, "don't blame the honest man. Sure it's only myself that was throwin' them sheep's eyes at you, to remind you I was here, and that I wanted to drink the bride and bridegroom's health. You know yourself bade me."

"I know that you are a great rascal; and where did you get the eyes?"

"An' where would I get 'em but in the heads of

your own sheep? Would you have me meddle with the bastes of any neighbor, who might put me in the Stone Jug for it?"

"Sorrow on me that ever I had the bad luck to meet with you."

"You're all witness," said Jack, "that my master says he is sorry for having met with me. My time is up. Master, hand me over double wages, and come into the next room, and lay yourself out like a man that has some decency in him, till I take a strip of skin an inch broad from your shoulder to your hip."

Every one shouted out against that; but, says Jack, "You did n't hinder him when he took the same strips from the backs of my two brothers, and sent them home in that state, and penniless, to their poor mother."

When the company heard the rights of the business, they were only too eager to see the job done. The master bawled and roared, but there was no help at hand. He was stripped to his hips, and laid on the floor in the next room, and Jack had the carving-knife in his hand ready to begin.

"Now you cruel old villain," said he, giving the knife a couple of scrapes along the floor, "I'll make you an offer. Give me, along with my double wages, two hundred guineas to support my poor brothers, and I'll do without the strip."

"No!" said he, "I'd let you skin me from head to foot first."

"Here goes, then," said Jack with a grin; but the first little scar he gave, Churl roared out, "Stop your hand; I'll give the money."

"Now, neighbors," said Jack, "you must n't think worse of me than I deserve. I would n't have the heart to take an eye out of a rat itself; I got half a dozen of them from the butcher, and only used three of them."

So all came again into the other room, and Jack was made to sit down, and everybody drank his health, and he drank everybody's health at one offer. And six stout fellows saw himself and the master home, and waited in the parlor while he went up and brought down the two hundred guineas, and double wages for Jack himself. When he got home, he brought the summer along with him to the poor mother and the disabled brothers; and he was no more Jack the Fool in the people's mouths, but "Skin-Churl Jack."

THE STORY-TELLER AT FAULT

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

AT the time when the Tuatha De Danaan held the sovereignty of Ireland, there reigned in Leinster a king who was remarkably fond of hearing stories. Like the other princes and chieftains of the island, he had a favorite story-teller, who held a large estate from his majesty, on condition of telling him a new story every night of his life, before he went to sleep. Many indeed were the stories he knew, so that he had already reached a good old age without failing even for a single night in his task; and such was the skill he displayed that whatever cares of state or other annoyances might prey upon the monarch's mind, his story-teller was sure to send him to sleep.

One morning the story-teller rose early, and, as his custom was, strolled out into his garden, turning over in his mind incidents which he might weave into a story for the king at night. But this morning he found himself quite at fault; after pacing his whole demesne, he returned to his house without being able to think of anything strange or new. He found no difficulty in "There was once a king who had three sons," or "One day the king of all Ireland," but further than that he could not get. At length he went in to breakfast, and found his wife much perplexed at his delay.

"Why don't you come to breakfast, my dear?" said she.

"I have no mind to eat anything," replied the story-teller; "long as I have been in the service of the King of Leinster, I never sat down to breakfast without having a new story ready for the evening, but this morning my mind is quite shut up, and I don't know what to do. I might as well lie down and die at once. I'll be disgraced forever this evening, when the king calls for his story-teller."

Just at this moment the lady looked out of the window.

"Do you see that black thing at the end of the field?" said she.

"I do," replied her husband.

They drew nigh, and saw a miserable-looking old man lying on the ground with a wooden leg placed beside him.

"Who are you, my good man?" asked the story-teller.

"Oh, then, 't is little matter who I am. I'm a poor, old, lame, decrepit, miserable creature, sitting down here to rest awhile."

"An' what are you doing with the box and dice I see in your hand?"

"I am waiting here to see if any one will play a game with me," replied the beggarman.

"Play with you! Why, what has a poor old man like you to play for?"

"I have one hundred pieces of gold in this leathern purse," replied the old man.

"You may as well play with him," said the story-

teller's wife; "and perhaps you'll have something to tell the king in the evening."

A smooth stone was placed between them, and upon it they cast their throws.

It was but a little while and the story-teller lost every penny of his money.

"Much good may it do you, friend," said he. "What better hap could I look for, fool that I am!"

"Will you play again?" asked the old man.

"Don't be talking, man; you have all my money."

"Have n't you chariot and horses and hounds?"

"Well, what of them?"

"I'll stake all the money I have against thine."

"Nonsense, man! Do you think for all the money in Ireland I'd run the risk of seeing my lady tramp home on foot?"

"Maybe you'd win," said the bocough.

"Maybe I would n't," said the story-teller.

"Play with him, husband," said his wife. "I don't mind walking, if you do, love."

"I never refused you before," said the story-teller, "and I won't do so now."

Down he sat again, and in one throw lost horses, hounds, and chariot.

"Will you play again?" asked the beggar.

"Are you making game of me, man; what else have I to stake?"

"I'll stake all my winnings against your wife," said the old man.

The story-teller turned away in silence, but his wife stopped him.

"Accept his offer," said she. "This is the third time, and who knows what luck you may have? You'll surely win now."

They played again, and the story-teller lost. No sooner had he done so than, to his sorrow and surprise, his wife went and sat down near the ugly old beggar.

"Is that the way you're leaving me?" said the story-teller.

"Sure I was won," said she. "You would not cheat the poor man, would you?"

"Have you any more to stake?" asked the old man.

"You know very well I have not," replied the story-teller.

"I'll stake the whole now, wife and all, against your own self," said the old man.

Again they played, and again the story-teller lost.

"Well! here I am, and what do you want with me?"

"I'll soon let you know," said the old man, and he took from his pocket a long cord and a wand.

"Now," said he to the story-teller, "what kind of animal would you rather be, a deer, a fox, or a hare? You have your choice now, but you may not have it later."

To make a long story short, the story-teller made his choice of a hare; the old man threw the cord round him, struck him with the wand, and lo! a long-eared, frisking hare was skipping and jumping on the green.

But it was n't for long; who but his wife called the hounds, and set them on him. The hare fled, the dogs followed. Round the field ran a high wall, so

that run as he might he could n't get out, and mightily diverted were beggar and lady to see him twist and double.

In vain did he take refuge with his wife; she kicked him back again to the hounds, until at length the beggar stopped the hounds, and at a stroke of the wand, panting and breathless the story-teller stood before them again.

"And how did you like the sport?" said the beggar.

"It might be sport to others," replied the story-teller, looking at his wife; "for my part I could well put up with the loss of it."

"Would it be asking too much," he went on to the beggar, "to question who you are at all, or where you come from, or why you take a pleasure in plaguing a poor old man like me?"

"Oh!" replied the stranger, "I'm an odd kind of good-for-little fellow, one day poor, another day rich; but if you wish to know more about me or my habits, come with me, and perhaps I may show you more than you would make out if you went alone."

"I'm not my own master to go or stay," said the story-teller with a sigh.

The stranger put one hand into his wallet and drew out of it before their eyes a well-looking middle-aged man, to whom he spake as follows, —

"By all you heard and saw since I put you into my wallet, take charge of this lady and of the carriage and horses, and have them ready for me whenever I want them."

Scarcely had he said these words when all vanished,

and the story-teller found himself at the Foxes' Ford, near the castle of Red Hugh O'Donnell. He could see all, but none could see him.

O'Donnell was in his hall, and heaviness of flesh and weariness of spirit were upon him.

"Go out," said he to his doorkeeper, "and see who or what may be coming."

The doorkeeper went, and what he saw was a lank, gray beggarman; half his sword bared behind his haunch, his two shoes full of cold road-a-wayish water sousing about him, the tips of his two ears out through his old hat, his two shoulders out through his scant tattered cloak, and in his hand a green wand of holly.

"Save you, O'Donnell," said the lank, gray beggarman.

"And you likewise," said O'Donnell. "Whence come you, and what is your craft."

> "I came from the outmost stream of earth,
> From the glens where the white swans glide,
> A night in Islay, a night in Man,
> A night on the cold hillside."

"It's the great traveler you are," said O'Donnell. "Maybe you've learnt something on the road."

"I am a juggler," said the lank, gray beggarman, "and for five pieces of silver you shall see a trick of mine."

"You shall have them," said O'Donnell; and the lank, gray beggarman took three small straws and placed them in his hand.

"The middle one," said he, "I'll blow away; the other two I'll leave."

"Thou canst not do it," said one and all.

But the lank, gray beggarman put a finger on either outside straw, and, whiff, away he blew the middle one.

"'T is a good trick," said O'Donnell; and he paid him his five pieces of silver.

"For half the money," said one of the chief's lads, "I'll do the same trick."

"Take him at his word, O'Donnell."

The lad put the three straws on his hand, and a finger on either outside straw, and he blew; and what happened but that the fist was blown away with the straw.

"Thou art sore, and thou wilt be sorer," said O'Donnell.

"Six more pieces, O'Donnell, and I'll do another trick for thee," said the lank, gray beggarman.

"Six shalt thou have."

"Seest thou my two ears! One I'll move, but not t' other."

"'T is easy to see them, they're big enough, but thou canst never move one ear and not the two together."

The lank, gray beggarman put his hand to his ear, and he gave it a pull.

O'Donnell laughed, and paid him the six pieces.

"Call that a trick?" said the fistless lad; "any one can do that," and so saying, he put up his hand, pulled his ear, and what happened was that he pulled away ear and head.

"Sore thou art, and sorer thou 'lt be," said O'Donnell.

"Well, O'Donnell," said the lank, gray beggarman, "strange are the tricks I've shown thee, but I'll show thee a stranger one yet for the same money."

"Thou hast my word for it," said O'Donnell.

With that the lank, gray beggarman took a bag from under his armpit, and from out the bag a ball of silk, and he unwound the ball and he flung it slantwise up into the clear blue heavens, and it became a ladder; then he took out a hare and placed it upon the thread, and up it ran; again he took out a red-eared hound, and it swiftly ran up after the hare.

"Now," said the lank, gray beggarman, "has any one a mind to run after the dog and on the course?"

"I will," said a lad of O'Donnell's.

"Up with you, then," said the juggler; "but I warn you if you let my hare be killed I'll cut off your head when you come down."

The lad ran up the thread, and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time, the lank, gray beggarman said, "I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our friend has fallen asleep."

Saying this he began to wind the thread, and down came the lad fast asleep; and down came the red-eared hound, and in its mouth the last morsel of the hare.

He struck the lad a stroke with the edge of his sword, and so cast his head off. As for the hound, if he used it no worse, he used it no better.

"It's little I'm pleased, and sore I'm angered," said O'Donnell, "that a hound and a lad should be killed at my court."

"Five pieces of silver told over for each of them," said the juggler, "and their heads shall be on them as before."

"Thou shalt get that," said O'Donnell.

Five pieces and again five were paid him, and lo! the lad had his head and the hound his. And though they lived to the uttermost end of time, the hound would never touch a hare again, and the lad took good care to keep his eyes open.

Scarcely had the lank, gray beggarman done this when he vanished from out their sight, and no one present could say if he had flown through the air or if the earth had swallowed him up.

"He moved as wave tumbling o'er wave,
As whirlwind following whirlwind,
As a furious wintry blast,
So swiftly, sprucely, cheerily,
Right proudly,
And no stop made
Until he came
To the court of Leinster's King,
He gave a cheery leap
O'er top of turret,
Of court and city
Of Leinster's King."

Heavy was the flesh and weary the spirit of Leinster's King. 'T was the hour he was wont to hear a story, but send he might right and left, not a jot of tidings about the story-teller could he get.

"Go to the door," said he to his doorkeeper, "and see if a soul is in sight who may tell me something about my story-teller."

The doorkeeper went, and what he saw was a lank, gray beggarman, half his sword bared behind his haunch, his two old shoes full of cold road-a-wayish water sousing about him, the tips of his two ears out through his old hat, his two shoulders out through his scant, tattered cloak, and in his hand a three-stringed harp.

"What canst thou do?" said the doorkeeper.

"I can play," said the lank, gray beggarman.

"Never fear," added he to the story-teller, "thou shalt see all, and not a man shall see thee."

When the king heard a harper was outside he bade him in.

"It is I that have the best harpers in the five fifths of Ireland," said he, and he signed them to play. They did so, and if they played, the lank, gray beggarman listened.

"Heardst thou ever the like?" said the king.

"Did you ever, O king, hear a cat purring over a bowl of broth, or the buzzing of beetles in the twilight, or a shrill-tongued old woman scolding your head off?"

"That I have often," said the king.

"More melodious to me," said the lank, gray beggarman, "were the worst of these sounds than the sweetest harping of thy harpers."

When the harpers heard this, they drew their swords and rushed at him, but instead of striking him, their blows fell on each other, and soon not a man but was cracking his neighbor's skull and getting his own cracked in turn.

When the king saw this, he thought it hard the harpers were n't content with murdering their music, but must needs murder each other.

"Hang the fellow who began it all," said he; "and if I can't have a story, let me have peace."

Up came the guards, seized the lank, gray beggarman, marched him to the gallows, and hanged him high and dry. Back they marched to the hall, and whom should they see but the lank, gray beggarman seated on a bench with his mouth to a flagon of ale.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "did n't we hang you this minute, and what brings you here?"

"Is it me myself, you mean?"

"Who else?" said the captain.

"May your hand turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope; why should you speak of hanging me?"

Back they scurried to the gallows, and there hung the king's favorite brother.

Back they hurried to the king, who had fallen fast asleep.

"Please your majesty," said the captain, "we hanged that strolling vagabond, but here he is back again as well as ever."

"Hang him again," said the king, and off he went to sleep once more.

They did as they were told, but what happened was that they found the king's chief harper hanging where the lank, gray beggarman should have been.

The captain of the guard was sorely puzzled.

"Are you wishful to hang me a third time?" said the lank, gray beggarman.

"Go where you will," said the captain, "and as fast as you please, if you'll only go far enough. It's trouble enough you've given us already."

"Now you're reasonable," said the beggarman, "and since you've given up trying to hang a stranger because he finds fault with your music, I don't mind telling you that if you go back to the gallows you'll find your friends sitting on the sward none the worse for what has happened."

As he said these words he vanished; and the story-teller found himself on the spot where they first met, and where his wife still was with the carriage and horses.

"Now," said the lank, gray beggarman, "I'll torment you no longer. There's your carriage and your horses, and your money and your wife; do what you please with them."

"For my carriage and my horses and my hounds," said the story-teller, "I thank you; but my wife and my money you may keep."

"No," said the other. "I want neither, and as for your wife, don't think ill of her for what she did; she could n't help it."

"Not help it! Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me off for the sake of a beggarly old" —

"I'm not as beggarly or as old as ye think. I am Angus of the Bruff; many a good turn you've done me with the King of Leinster. This morning my magic

told me the difficulty you were in, and I made up my mind to get you out of it. As for your wife there, the power that changed your body changed her mind. Forget and forgive as man and wife should do, and now you have a story for the King of Leinster when he calls for one;" and with that he disappeared.

It's true enough he now had a story fit for a king. From first to last he told all that had befallen him; so long and loud laughed the king that he could n't go to sleep at all. And he told the story-teller never to trouble for fresh stories, but every night as long as he lived he listened again and he laughed afresh at the tale of the lank, gray beggarman.

JACK AND HIS COMRADES

Adapted by Joseph Jacobs

ONCE there was a poor widow, as often there has been, and she had one son. A very scarce summer came, and they did n't know how they'd live till the new potatoes would be fit for eating. So Jack said to his mother one evening, "Mother, bake my cake, and kill my hen, till I go seek my fortune; and if I meet it, never fear but I'll soon be back to share it with you."

So she did as he asked her, and he set out at break of day on his journey. His mother came along with him to the yard gate, and says she, "Jack, which would you rather have, half the cake and half the hen with my blessing, or the whole of 'em with my curse?"

"O musha, mother," says Jack, "why do you ax me that question? Sure you know I would n't have your curse and Damer's estate along with it."

"Well, then, Jack," says she, "here's the whole lot of 'em, with my thousand blessings along with them." So she stood on the yard fence and blessed him as far as her eyes could see him.

Well, he went along and along, till he was tired, and ne'er a farmer's house he went into wanted a boy.

At last his road led by the side of a bog, and there was a poor ass up to his shoulders near a big bunch of grass he was striving to come at.

"Ah, then, Jack asthore," says he, "help me out or I'll be drowned."

"Never say 't twice," says Jack, and he pitched in big stones and sods into the slob, till the ass got good ground under him.

"Thank you, Jack," says he, when he was out on the hard road; "I'll do as much for you another time. Where are you going?"

"Faith, I'm going to seek my fortune till harvest comes in, God bless it!"

"And if you like," says the ass, "I'll go along with you; who knows what luck we may have!"

"With all my heart; it's getting late, let us be jogging."

Well, they were going through a village, and a whole army of gossoons were hunting a poor dog with a kettle tied to his tail. He ran up to Jack for protection, and the ass let such a roar out of him, that the little thieves took to their heels as if the ould boy was after them.

"More power to you, Jack," says the dog. "I'm much obleeged to you: where is the baste and yourself going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till harvest comes in."

"And would n't I be proud to go with you!" says the dog, "and get rid of them ill-conducted boys; purshuin' to 'em."

"Well, well, throw your tail over your arm, and come along."

They got outside the town, and sat down under an old wall, and Jack pulled out his bread and meat, and

shared with the dog; and the ass made his dinner on a bunch of thistles. While they were eating and chatting, what should come by but a poor half-starved cat, and the moll-row he gave out of him would make your heart ache.

"You look as if you saw the tops of nine houses since breakfast," says Jack; "here's a bone and something on it."

"May your child never know a hungry belly!" says Tom; "it's myself that's in need of your kindness. May I be so bold as to ask where yez are all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in, and you may join us if you like."

"And that I'll do with a heart and a half," says the cat, "and thank 'ee for asking me."

Off they set again, and just as the shadows of the trees were three times as long as themselves, they heard a great cackling in a field inside the road, and out over the ditch jumped a fox with a fine black cock in his mouth.

"Oh, you anointed villain!" says the ass, roaring like thunder.

"At him, good dog!" says Jack, and the word was n't out of his mouth when Coley was in full sweep after the Red Dog. Reynard dropped his prize like a hot potato, and was off like a shot, and the poor cock came back fluttering and trembling to Jack and his comrades.

"O musha, naybours!" says he, "was n't it the height o' luck that threw you in my way! Maybe I

won't remember your kindness if ever I find you in hardship; and where in the world are you all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in; you may join our party if you like, and sit on Neddy's crupper when your legs and wings are tired."

Well, the march began again, and just as the sun was gone down they looked around, and there was neither cabin nor farmhouse in sight.

"Well, well," says Jack, "the worse luck now the better another time, and it's only a summer night after all. We'll go into the wood, and make our bed on the long grass."

No sooner said than done. Jack stretched himself on a bunch of dry grass, the ass lay near him, the dog and cat lay in the ass's warm lap, and the cock went to roost in the next tree.

Well, the soundness of deep sleep was over them all, when the cock took a notion of crowing.

"Bother you, Black Cock!" says the ass; "you disturbed me from as nice a wisp of hay as ever I tasted. What's the matter?"

"It's daybreak, that's the matter; don't you see light yonder?"

"I see a light indeed," says Jack, "but it's from a candle it's coming, and not from the sun. As you've roused us we may as well go over and ask for lodging."

So they all shook themselves, and went on through grass and rocks and briers, till they got down into a hollow, and there was the light coming through the shadow, and along with it came singing, and laughing, and cursing.

"Easy, boys!" says Jack; "walk on your tippy toes till we see what sort of people we have to deal with."

So they crept near the window, and there they saw six robbers inside, with pistols, and blunderbushes, and cutlashes, sitting at a table, eating roast beef and pork, and drinking mulled bee, and wine, and whiskey punch.

"Was n't that a fine haul we made at the Lord of Dunlavin's?" says one ugly-looking thief with his mouth full; "and it's little we'd get only for the honest porter! here's his purty health!"

"The porter's purty health!" cried out every one of them, and Jack bent his finger at his comrades.

"Close your ranks, my men," says he in a whisper, "and let every one mind the word of command."

So the ass put his fore-hoofs on the sill of the window, the dog got on the ass's head, the cat on the dog's head, and the cock on the cat's head. Then Jack made a sign, and they all sang out like mad.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" roared the ass; "bow-wow!" barked the dog; "meaw-meaw!" cried the cat; "cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the cock.

"Level your pistols!" cried Jack, "and make smithereens of 'em. Don't leave a mother's son of 'em alive; present, fire!"

With that they gave another halloo, and smashed every pane in the window. The robbers were frightened out of their lives. They blew out the candles, threw down the table, and skelped out at the back door as if they were in earnest, and never drew rein till they were in the very heart of the wood.

Jack and his party got into the room, closed the shutters, lighted the candles, and ate and drank till hunger and thirst were gone. Then they lay down to rest; — Jack in the bed, the ass in the stable, the dog on the doormat, the cat by the fire, and the cock on the perch.

At first the robbers were very glad to find themselves safe in the thick wood, but they soon began to get vexed.

"This damp grass is very different from our warm room," says one.

"I was obliged to drop a fine pig's foot," says another.

"I did n't get a tayspoonful of my last tumbler," says another.

"And all the Lord of Dunlavin's gold and silver that we left behind," says the last.

"I think I'll venture back," says the captain, "and see if we can recover anything."

"That's a good boy," said they all, and away he went.

The lights were all out, and so he groped his way to the fire, and there the cat flew in his face, and tore him with teeth and claws. He let a roar out of him, and made for the room door, to look for a candle inside. He trod on the dog's tail, and when he did, he got the marks of his teeth in his arms and legs and thighs.

"Thousand murders!" cried he; "I wish I was out of this unlucky house."

When he got to the street door, the cock dropped down upon him with his claws and bill, and what the cat and dog did to him was only a flay-bite to what he got from the cock.

"Oh, tattheration to you all, you unfeeling vagabones!" says he, when he recovered his breath; and he staggered and spun round and round till he reeled into the stable, back foremost, but the ass received him with a kick on the broadest part of his smallclothes, and laid him comfortably on the dunghill.

When he came to himself, he scratched his head, and began to think what had happened him; and as soon as he found that his legs were able to carry him, he crawled away, dragging one foot after another, till he reached the wood.

"Well, well," cried they all, when he came within hearing, "any chance of our property?"

"You may say chance," says he, "and it's itself is the poor chance all out. Ah, will any of you pull a bed of dry grass for me? All the sticking-plaster in Enniscorthy will be too little for the cuts and bruises I have on me. Ah, if you only knew what I have gone through for you! When I got to the kitchen fire, looking for a sod of lighted turf, what should be there but an old woman carding flax, and you may see the marks she left on my face with the cards. I made to the room door as fast as I could, and who should I stumble over but a cobbler and his seat, and if he did not work at me with his awls and his pinchers, you may call me a rogue. Well, I got away from him somehow, but when I was passing through the door, it must be the divil himself that pounced down on me with his claws, and his teeth, that were equal to sixpenny nails, and his wings — ill luck be in his road! Well, at last I reached the stable, and there, by way of salute, I got

a pelt from a sledge-hammer that sent me half a mile off. If you don't believe me, I'll give you leave to go and judge for yourselves."

"Oh, my poor captain," says they, "we believe you to the nines. Catch us, indeed, going within a hen's race of that unlucky cabin!"

Well, before the sun shook his doublet next morning, Jack and his comrades were up and about. They made a hearty breakfast on what was left the night before, and then they all agreed to set off to the castle of the Lord of Dunlavin, and give him back all his gold and silver. Jack put it all in the two ends of a sack and laid it across Neddy's back, and all took the road in their hands. Away they went, through bogs, up hills, down dales, and sometimes along the yellow high road, till they came to the hall-door of the Lord of Dunlavin, and who should be there, airing his powdered head, his white stockings, and his red breeches, but the thief of a porter.

He gave a cross look to the visitors, and says he to Jack, "What do you want here, my fine fellow? There is n't room for you all."

"We want," says Jack, "what I'm sure you have n't to give us — and that is, common civility."

"Come, be off, you lazy strollers!" says he, "while a cat 'ud be licking her ear, or I'll let the dogs at you."

"Would you tell a body," says the cock that was perched on the ass's head, "who was it that opened the door for the robbers the other night?"

Ah! maybe the porter's red face did n't turn the color of his frill, and the Lord of Dunlavin and his

pretty daughter, that were standing at the parlor window unknownst to the porter, put out their heads.

"I'd be glad, Barney," says the master, "to hear your answer to the gentleman with the red comb on him."

"Ah, my lord, don't believe the rascal; sure I did n't open the door to the six robbers."

"And how did you know there were six, you poor innocent?" said the lord.

"Never mind, sir," says Jack; "all your gold and silver is there in that sack, and I don't think you will begrudge us our supper and bed after our long march from the wood of Athsalach."

"Begrudge, indeed! Not one of you will ever see a poor day if I can help it."

So all were welcomed to their hearts' content, and the ass and the dog and the cock got the best posts in the farmyard, and the cat took possession of the kitchen. The lord took Jack in hands, dressed him from top to toe in broadcloth, and frills as white as snow, and turnpumps, and put a watch in his fob. When they sat down to dinner, the lady of the house said Jack had the air of a born gentleman about him, and the lord said he'd make him his steward. Jack brought his mother, and settled her comfortably near the castle, and all were as happy as you please.

THE HAUGHTY PRINCESS[1]

By Patrick Kennedy

THERE was once a very worthy king, whose daughter was the greatest beauty that could be seen far or near, but she was as proud as Lucifer, and no king or prince would she agree to marry. Her father was tired out at last, and invited every king, and prince, and duke, and earl that he knew or did n't know to come to his court to give her one trial more. They all came, and next day after breakfast they stood in a row in the lawn, and the princess walked along in the front of them to make her choice. One was fat, and says she, "I won't have you, Beer-barrel!" One was tall and thin, and to him she said, "I won't have you, Ramrod!" To a white-faced man she said, "I won't have you, Pale Death;" and to a red-cheeked man she said, "I won't have you, Cockscomb!" She stopped a little before the last of all, for he was a fine man in face and form. She wanted to find some defect in him, but he had nothing remarkable but a ring of brown curling hair under his chin. She admired him a little, and then carried it off with, "I won't have you, Whiskers!"

So all went away, and the king was so vexed, he said to her, "Now to punish your *impedence*, I'll give you to the first beggarman or singing *sthronshuch* that

[1] *Fireside Stories of Ireland.*

calls;" and, as sure as the hearth-money, a fellow all over rags, with hair that came to his shoulders, and a bushy red beard all over his face, came next morning, and began to sing before the parlor window.

When the song was over, the hall-door was opened, the singer asked in, the priest brought, and the princess married to Beardy. She roared and she bawled, but her father did n't mind her. "There," says he to the bridegroom, "is five guineas for you. Take your wife out of my sight, and never let me lay eyes on you or her again."

Off he led her, and dismal enough she was. The only thing that gave her relief was the tones of her husband's voice and his genteel manners. "Whose wood is this?" said she, as they were going through one. "It belongs to the king you called Whiskers yesterday." He gave her the same answer about meadows and cornfields, and at last a fine city. "Ah, what a fool I was!" said she to herself. "He was a fine man, and I might have him for a husband." At last they were coming up to a poor cabin. "Why are you bringing me here?" says the poor lady. "This was my house," said he, "and now it's yours." She began to cry, but she was tired and hungry, and she went in with him.

Ovoch! there was neither a table laid out, nor a fire burning, and she was obliged to help her husband to light it, and boil their dinner, and clean up the place after; and next day he made her put on a stuff gown and a cotton handkerchief. When she had her house readied up, and no business to keep her employed, he brought home sallies [willows], peeled them, and showed

her how to make baskets. But the hard twigs bruised her delicate fingers, and she began to cry. Well, then he asked her to mend their clothes, but the needle drew blood from her fingers, and she cried again. He could n't bear to see her tears, so he bought a creel of earthenware, and sent her to the market to sell them. This was the hardest trial of all, but she looked so handsome and sorrowful, and had such a nice air about her, that all her pans, and jugs, and plates, and dishes were gone before noon, and the only mark of her old pride she showed was a slap she gave a buckeen across the face when he axed her to go in an' take share of a quart.

Well, her husband was so glad, he sent her with another creel the next day; but, faith! her luck was after deserting her. A drunken huntsman came up riding, and his beast got in among her ware, and made *brishe* of every mother's son of 'em. She went home cryin', and her husband was n't at all pleased. "I see," said he, "you're not fit for business. Come along, I'll get you a kitchen-maid's place in the palace. I know the cook."

So the poor thing was obliged to stifle her pride once more. She was kept very busy, and the footman and the butler would be very impedent about looking for a kiss, but she let a screech out of her the first attempt was made, and the cook gave the fellow such a lambasting with the besom that he made no second offer. She went home to her husband every night, and she carried broken victuals wrapped in papers in her side pockets.

A week after she got service there was great bustle in the kitchen. The king was going to be married,

but no one knew who the bride was to be. Well, in the evening the cook filled the princess's pockets with cold meat and puddens, and, says she, "Before you go, let us have a look at the great doings in the big parlor." So they came near the door to get a peep, and who should come out but the king himself, as handsome as you please, and no other but King Whiskers himself. "Your handsome helper must pay for her peeping," said he to the cook, "and dance a jig with me." Whether she would or no, he held her hand and brought her into the parlor. The fiddlers struck up, and away went *him* with *her*. But they had n't danced two steps when the meat and the puddens flew out of her pockets. Every one roared out, and she flew to the door, crying piteously. But she was soon caught by the king, and taken into the back parlor. "Don't you know me, my darling?" said he. "I'm both King Whiskers, your husband the ballad-singer, and the drunken huntsman. Your father knew me well enough when he gave you to me, and all was to drive your pride out of you." Well, she did n't know how she was, with fright, and shame, and joy. Love was uppermost, anyhow, for she laid her head on her husband's breast and cried like a child. The maids-of-honor soon had her away and dressed her as fine as hands and pins could do it; and there were her mother and father, too; and while the company were wondering what end of the handsome girl and the king, he and his queen, *who* they did n't know in her fine clothes, and the other king and queen, came in, and such rejoicings and fine doings as there was, none of us will ever see, anyway.

DANIEL O'ROURKE

By T. Crofton Croker

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Pooka's tower. I knew the man well. He lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time he told me the story, with gray hair and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar-tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often axed to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go before Bonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The ould gentlemen were the gentlemen after all, saving your honor's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and, maybe, give one a cut of a whip now and then,

but we were no losers by it in the end; and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in a year; but now it's another thing. No matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen — a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place; only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself — for why? it was Lady-day — I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for men-

tioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog — I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone* — when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan,' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. ''Tis, sir,' says I; so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields — my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.'

'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honor 's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a-horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honor of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog — besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance. 'I thank your honor,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up — up — up, God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him — thinking he did not know the right road home — very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely; 'sir,' says I, 'please your honor's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a could stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where

in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure thus on the ground with the end of his stick).

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world axed you to fly so far — was it I? did not I beg and pray and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be kilt and spilt, and smashed all to bits; you are a vile deceiver — so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'Maybe not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know

what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good-morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('t was true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you,' says I. 'You ugly, unnatural baste, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'T was all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a-laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled forever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this — sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before, I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks — who do you think, but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good-morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honor,' said I. 'I hope your honor's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little

overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a dissolute island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how, instead of that, he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ''tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he; 'Dan, mine is to tell you that here you must not stay; so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveler lodging; I'm sure 't is not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 't is a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go,—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen

cleaver in his hand, and, without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good-morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me!' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth when, whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know *me?* The ould gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of bedevilment, and, besides, I knew him of ould. 'Good-morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honor's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand

and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought within myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah, my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head anyway, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because, you see, we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose, why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind. 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he; 'if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"'If you must, you must,' said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right — sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went,

and I gave myself up then forever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there was n't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass! and I heard somebody saying — 't was a voice I knew, too — 'Get up, you drunken brute, off o' that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me — for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

"'Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place sarve your turn to lie down upon but under the ould walls of Carrigapooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had: for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

AMERICAN STORIES

COMPAIR LAPIN'S GODCHILD

A LOUISIANA FOLK-TALE

By Alcée Fortier

ONCE upon a time Compair Lapin was working for Compair Bouki. The latter had bought a barrel of butter, and had hidden it in his cellar. The two companions were working one day in the field together, when, all at once, Lapin raised his head, and said, "They are calling me to be godfather to a child."

"Go immediately," replied Bouki; "you must not make them wait."

Lapin ran off, and when he returned, Bouki said to him, "Well, did you baptize the child? How did you call him?"

"I called him 'Begun.'"

"Indeed, that is a strange name."

A little later Lapin raised his head again, and said: "They are calling me again to be godfather to another child."

"Go," said Bouki; "you cannot tell them no."

Compair Lapin ran off again, and remained away longer than the first time. On his return Bouki said, "How did you call the child this time?"

"I called him 'Half.'"

"Half! But what name is that? I never heard such

strange names as those which you give the children baptized by you."

A little later again while they were working, Lapin raised his head, and said, "There, they are calling me again for another child; it is very annoying; I shall never be able to finish my work."

"Go," said Bouki; "you cannot say no."

Lapin ran off, laughing to himself.

When he returned Bouki said, "What is the name of the child?"

"Oh! I called him 'All Finished,' because I do not want to be godfather to any other child."

Now Bouki said to himself, "I must have a good dinner; let me fill my butter dish with my good butter." He looked into his barrel; there was nothing in it. Lapin had eaten all the butter.

"Oh! that is too much," said Bouki; "he shall pay me for that." He caught Lapin, he tied him with a rope, and said, "Now, what am I going to do with you? I'll throw you in the river."

"Ah, yes, that is what I like."

"No, you are too glad; I'll throw you in the fire."

"Ah, yes, throw me in the fire."

"No, you are too glad; I'll throw you in the briers."

"Oh! I pray you, my dear Bouki, do not throw me in the briers."

"Yes, it is there you must go."

Bouki threw Lapin in the briers. As soon as he fell, he cut the rope with his teeth, and ran away, crying, "Thank you, my good Bouki; you placed me exactly where my mother resides."

B' LOGGERHEAD AND B' CONCH

A BAHAMA STORY

By Charles L. Edwards

DEY vwanted de king's daughter. King told de two to have a race, de one dat beat de race to have his daughter. Dey hask him, "Vw'at sort o' race dey mus' have." 'E said 'e vwanted to see who could walk de fastes' out o' two. Dat vwas de loggerhead and de conch. De conch knowed dat de loggerhead could beat 'im walkin', so de conch vwent an' hired hother conchs an' put 'em to de mark's stake. Den after dat 'e vwent down to de river whe' de loggerhead vwas an' told 'im 'e's all ready for de race.

'Im an' de loggerhead started off together. De first mark de loggerhead get to 'e meet a conch dere, takin' it to be de one dat 'e start off to race with, but standin' talkin'. De one dat went to race, *'e* went ahead o'de loggerhead. Den de loggerhead started from de place where de conch vwas, expecting it vwas de same conch. Vw'en 'e git to de nex' pole 'e meet a conch again, still thinkin' it vwas de same conch. Stand dere dey small-talk; whilst talkin' give de conch vw'at hired de other conchs a chance to chat with 'im, den de conch had chance to go 'is vway. Vw'en de loggerhead git to king's palace 'e met de conch 'head of 'im. De conch had beaten de race an' 'e got de king's daughter. Den after dat de loggerhead say 'e vwould take de sea for 'is dwellin' place.

COMPAIR LAPIN AND MR. TURKEY

A LOUISIANA FOLK-TALE

By Alcée Fortier

EVERY evening when Compair Lapin returned from his work he passed through a yard where there was a large turkey sleeping on its perch, and like all other turkeys that one also had its head under its wing to sleep.

Every evening Compair Lapin stopped to look at the turkey, and he asked himself what it had done with its head. Finally, one evening, he was so curious that he stopped underneath the perch, and said, "Good-evening, Mr. Turkey."

"Good-evening," said the turkey, without raising its head.

"Do you have a head, Mr. Turkey?"

"Yes, I have a head."

"Where is it?"

"My head is here."

Compair Lapin looked in vain, but he could not see Mr. Turkey's head. As he saw that the turkey did not want to talk to him or show him where was its head, he went to his house and said to his sister, "Do you

know that to go to sleep turkeys take off their heads? Well, I believe I shall do the same thing, because it is less trouble to sleep without a head, and one can speak without a head, for the turkey spoke to me."

Before his sister had the time to tell him anything, he took an axe and cut off his head. His sister tried in every way possible to stick it on again, but could not do so, as her brother had killed himself.

THE BOY AND THE MUD PONY

A SKIDI PAWNEE TALE

By George A. Dorsey

THERE was a village, and in the village lived a poor boy. The poor boy's parents were poor, for they had no ponies. The boy was very fond of ponies, and often sat upon the bank when the other boys watered theirs.

One day the boy made up his mind that he would have ponies of his own. So he arose and crossed the creek, brought timber, and made a corral for his ponies. He then dug a quantity of sticky mud, which he took to the corral. He also found a buffalo bladder, and with this carried water to the place where he had left the mud. He then poured water over the mud, which became sticky. Then he made two ponies of mud. He also got white clay, which he put upon one pony, so that it was bald-faced. Every day the boy went and watered the ponies. He would carry them down to the creek, then dip their noses in the water. He would take them back to the corral, get grass and green young cottonwood shoots, and place these before, the ponies.

One day the boy went down to see his mud ponies and found only one standing, for the other had crumbled.

The boy cried awhile and said, "I will take good care of the one I have left." So every day he would go down to the pony and stay there.

One day while the boy was with his pony the people broke camp and went on a buffalo hunt. The boy's parents looked for him, but could not find him. So they went on without the boy. The boy left his pony and went up to the village, and found only the village site. No people were there. The boy went through the village, picked up dried meat, and ate it. He cried, but, thinking of his horse, went and sat down beside the bald-faced mud pony. The boy cried and cried until he fell asleep. He had a dream. He thought he had a fine pony; but when he waked he saw none. Again he went to sleep, and in his dream saw a bald-faced pony, which spoke to him and said, "My son, I know you are poor. The Mother-Earth has taken pity upon you. I am part of the Mother-Earth. I am to belong to you. You must do as I say, and you will be a chief among your people." The boy woke up, and it was broad daylight. So he went to the place where he had left his pony, and there, in front of the little willow corral, stood a fine-looking bald-faced sorrel.

The boy rubbed his eyes to see if the pony were real. He went up to the pony and rubbed his hands over it. The boy went into his little corral and took therefrom a piece of rope. The boy put the rope around the pony's neck and led the pony to water. The pony now spoke to the boy and said, "My boy, the Mother-Earth has taken pity upon you. I am one of the mud ponies you

had in the corral." So the boy rubbed the pony, for he was very proud of him. As he went up to the corral again the pony said, "My son, you and I will now travel to your people, who are far away. You must not try to guide me, for I know where to go. Lead me to the hill; then you must get upon my back."

So the boy led the pony, and now and then would turn to see if it were really coming. He was very proud. After crossing the stream and getting upon the bank, he jumped upon the back of the pony, which went on and on. In the evening they came to the first village site. The boy jumped off and led the pony to a pasture where there was grass; but the pony said, "Do not mind me; find something to eat for yourself." So the boy walked through the deserted camp, picking up grains of corn or pieces of dried meat. He found something to eat, and then lay down. In the night he again dreamed of the pony. The boy felt so happy, he found himself walking about in his sleep. He lay down again. In the morning he got up and his pony was standing by him. He jumped upon the pony and rode on.

At noon they came to the site of another village. The pony stopped, while the boy, after getting off, went through the village, picking up here and there a piece of dried meat. The boy ate, mounted the pony, and proceeded.

In the evening they came to the site of a village which had lately been occupied. Then he stopped again. The next day the boy started and by noon came to another site, where the coals were still hot. The boy

rested, and in the afternoon again set out. This time they found the village. The pony spoke to the boy and said, "Leave me here. Go to your tipi and wake your mother, so that she will know you have come back. I will stay here, for I will take care of myself. I do not want anything to eat, for I am part of the Mother-Earth. I will not eat." The pony continued and said, "I shall be there. When the people break camp, stay behind, and I will be ready for you to ride me." So the boy started for the village. He passed several tipis and came to a small one, which he thought must belong to his parents.

So he went in, sat down, and threw dried grass into the fireplace, so that the blaze of the fire went up. At this he looked around and saw his mother and father lying. He went up to his mother's bed and woke her, saying, "Mother, I am now here. I came back this night;" but his mother would not rise up, for she thought she was dreaming. At last she did rise and was about to talk to herself about her boy, when she reached out her hand and touched him. She drew the boy to herself and said, "Are you my son?" He answered, "Yes, I am your son; I returned." The mother woke up the father, who brought in dry limbs and made a fire.

The boy sat down and told his father where he had been. The relatives of the boy entered and were glad to see him. The next morning, when the people broke camp, the boy told his parents to go on and not wait for him.

After the people were gone the boy went over the

hill, and there stood his pony. The pony came, and the boy mounted and rode after the people. When they overtook them the pony stopped again, and the boy went into camp. For several days the boy would follow and soon overtake the people. The last time the pony spoke and said, "My son, as soon as the people discover that you have a fine pony, the chief will send for you. He will wish to give you several ponies for me. Let him take me, and do you take his ponies; the chief will not keep me long." So the boy rode the pony into camp, and the people came to look at the pony and said, "The pony looks like a mud pony, which boys smooth down by spitting and rubbing with the finger." The chief heard, went to the boy's tipi, and liked the pony. He returned and told his wife to boil some dried meat; for he desired to invite the poor boy. The boy was sent for, and as he entered the chief's tipi the chief saluted him with "Nawa, tiki" (Now, my son), "take a seat upon that cushion." The boy sat down, and the chief said, "My son, I sent for you to eat with me. I wish to tell you that I like your pony. I want the pony, and will give you four of my best horses." The boy said, "Nawa, I have listened to the great chief. I will let the chief have the pony." So the chief was thankful.

The wife of the chief then filled a wooden bowl with dried meat and soup. She also put two buffalo-horn spoons into the bowl. She set the wooden bowl before the chief and boy, and they ate together. After eating, the chief had the four horses caught and gave them to the boy.

Now the boy took home the horses, the chief follow-

ing. The boy turned the pony over to the chief. The chief took the pony and was very proud. "What a fine pony," he would say. The chief led the pony to a place where there was good grass, but the pony would not eat it. He also brought young cottonwood boughs, but the pony would not eat.

While the pony was in the keeping of the chief the boy dreamed of the pony, who said, "My son, while I am here, have a buffalo hide tanned for me, so that when it rains you can put it over me, for I am the Mother-Earth, and must not get wet." So the boy had prepared a buffalo hide.

A few days after, scouts came into camp and said, "We saw many buffalo." The chief was glad to hear this report, for he wanted to try the pony and find out if it was fast. So the men got their horses and went out to attack the buffalo. The chief was on the pony, giving orders, and felt very proud. When the command was given to attack, the chief on the pony was far in the lead of all the rest, and was the first to get among the buffalo. After killing his first buffalo, the chief went on and tried to kill a second. But as he rode the pony staggered and nearly fell. The chief jumped off and looked at the feet of the pony. The hind feet had unjointed, and the pony was ruined.

The chief was angry, and said to himself, "Why did I give in exchange my four best horses! I will take them back." The boy heard and was glad. When the chief returned to the village he took the pony to the boy's tipi and bade them tell the boy that he wanted back his horses. So the boy took them to the tipi. In a

few days the pony was well again. The chief was again angered, and tried to get back the pony, but the boy would not consent.

So the people journeyed on, and at one place were attacked by the enemy. The men went out to fight. The boy stayed behind, and the pony said, "My son, I am part of the Mother-Earth. Put dust all over your body, that the enemy's arrows will not pierce through; when the men shoot at anything the arrows will hit the earth, and they will not go through the earth. So do not be afraid, for they will not be able to kill you or me." So the boy covered his body with dust and mounted the pony. He went out and gave full rein to the pony, which ran straight among the enemy; it struck one of the horses, so that it threw the enemy and he was killed. The boy was observed, so that the enemy fled.

The boy was now considered a brave. On their return to their permanent village they were again attacked. This time the enemy had among them a man whose spirit and powers were those of a turtle, so that arrows could not pierce him. The boy noticed him. He knew that the only place the turtle-man could be hurt was under the arm. So the boy attacked the turtle-man, and as the turtle-man lifted his arms to shoot, the boy thrust his spear under his arm and killed him.

After the battle the people sat in council and selected the boy for their chief. On fine days the boy used to take many eagle feathers and tie them to the mane and tail of his pony. Among the boy's herd was a colt that was the very image of the pony. So one night the boy had a dream. His pony came to the boy and said,

"My son, my doings are over. You are a chief. You shall rear the colt that looks like me, and it will take my place. I will go back to the place where you got me." When the boy awoke it was stormy and raining hard. The boy went out hunting the pony, to blanket it, but could not find it. He did not find the pony, so he went home. The next morning the boy went out, and on the side of a hill found a pile of mud, still in the shape of a pony. He cried, and in the night he went to sleep and had a dream. The pony came and said, "My son, go home. You are now a chief. You are no longer poor. Take care of the colt, for it will take my place, and you will have the same power that you had before, for it was the Mother-Earth gave you the power and not I. Do not cry, but go home and think of me no more." So the boy went home and told his people that his pony had turned to mud.

THE STORY OF THE PIGS

By Joel Chandler Harris

UNCLE REMUS relapsed into silence again, and the little boy, with nothing better to do, turned his attention to the bench upon which the old man kept his shoemaker's tools. Prosecuting his investigations in this direction, the youngster finally suggested that the supply of bristles was about exhausted.

"I dunner w'at Miss Sally wanter be sendin' un you down yer fer, ef you gwine ter be stirr'n' en bodderin' 'longer dem ar doin's," exclaimed Uncle Remus indignantly. "Now don't you scatter dem hog-bristle! De time wuz w'en folks had a mighty slim chance fer ter git bristle, en dey ain't no tellin' w'en dat time gwine come ag'in. Let 'lone dat, de time wuz w'en de breed er hogs wuz done run down ter one po' little pig, en it look lak mighty sorry chance fer dem w'at was bleedzd ter have bristle."

By this time Uncle Remus's indignation had vanished, disappearing as suddenly and unexpectedly as it came. The little boy was curious to know when and where and how the bristle famine occurred.

"I done tole you 'bout dat too long 'go to talk 'bout," the old man declared; but the little boy insisted that he had never heard about it before, and he was so persistent that at last Uncle Remus, in self-defense, consented to tell the story of the pigs.

"One time, 'way back yander, de ole Sow en 'er chilluns wuz all livin' 'longer de yuther creeturs. Hit seem lak ter me dat de ole Sow wuz a widder 'oman, en ef I don't run inter no mistakes, hit look like ter me dat she got five chilluns. Lemme see," continued Uncle Remus, with the air of one determined to justify his memory by a reference to the record, and enumerating with great deliberation, — "dar wuz Big Pig, en dar wuz Little Pig, en dar wuz Speckle Pig, en dar wuz Blunt, en las' en lonesomes' dar wuz Runt.

"One day, deze yer pig ma she know she gwine kick de bucket, and she tuck 'n' call up all 'er chilluns en tell um dat de time done come w'en dey got ter look out fer deyse'f, en den she up 'n' tell um good ez she kin, dough 'er breff mighty scant, 'bout w'at a bad man is ole Brer Wolf. She say, sez she, dat if dey kin make der' scape from ole Brer Wolf, dey 'll be doin' monst'us well. Big Pig 'low she ain't skeer'd, Speckle Pig 'low she ain't skeer'd. Blunt, he say he mos' big a man ez Brer Wolf hisse'f, en Runt, she des tuck 'n' root 'roun' in de straw en grunt. But ole Widder Sow, she lay dar, she did, en keep on tellin' um dat dey better keep der eye on Brer Wolf, kaz he mighty mean en 'seetful man.

"Not long arter dat, sho' 'nuff ole Miss Sow lay down en die, en all dem ar chilluns er hern wuz flung back on deyse'f, en dey whirl in, dey did, en dey buil' um all a house ter live in. Big Pig, she tuck 'n' buil' 'er a house outer bresh; Little Pig, she tuck 'n' buil' a stick house; Speckle Pig, she tuck 'n' buil' a mud house; Blunt, he tuck 'n' buil' a plank house; en Runt, she don't make no

great ter-do, en no great brags, but she went ter wuk, she did, en buil' a rock house.

"Bimeby, w'en dey done got all fix, en marters wuz sorter settle, soon one mawnin' yer come ole Brer Wolf, a-lickin' un his chops en a-shakin' un his tail. Fus' house he come ter wuz Big Pig house. Brer Wolf walk ter de do', he did, en he knock sorter saf' — *blim! blim! blim!* Nobody ain't answer. Den he knock loud — *blam! blam! blam!* Dis wake up Big Pig, en she come ter de do', en she ax who dat. Brer Wolf 'low it's a frien', en den he sing out, —

"'Ef you 'll open de do' en let me in,
I 'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"Still Big Pig ax who dat, en den Brer Wolf, he up 'n' say, sezee, —

"'How yo' ma?' sezee.

"'My ma done dead,' sez Big Pig, sez she, 'en 'fo' she die she tell me fer ter keep my eye on Brer Wolf. I sees you thoo de crack er de do', en you look mighty like Brer Wolf,' sez she.

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he draw a long breff lak he feel mighty bad, en he up 'n' say, sezee, —

"'I dunner w'at change yo' ma so bad, less'n she 'uz out'n 'er head. I year tell dat ole Miss Sow wuz sick, en I say ter myse'f dat I'd kinder drap 'roun' en see how de ole lady is, en fetch 'er dish yer bag er roas'n'-years. Mighty well does I know dat ef yo' ma wuz yer right now, en in 'er min', she'd take de roas'n'-years en be glad fer ter git um, en mo' n dat, she'd take' n' ax me in by de fire fer ter wom my han's,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee.

"De talk 'bout de roas'n-years make Big Pig mouf

water, en bimeby, atter some mo' palaver, she open de do' en let Brer Wolf in, en bless yo' soul, honey! dat uz de las' er Big Pig. She ain't had time fer ter squeal en needer fer ter grunt 'fo' Brer Wolf gobble 'er up.

"Next day, ole Brer Wolf put up de same game on Little Pig; he go en he sing he song, en Little Pig, she tuck 'n' let 'im in, en den Brer Wolf he tuck 'n' 'turn de compelerments [1] en let Little Pig in."

Here Uncle Remus laughed long and loud at his conceit, and he took occasion to repeat it several times.

"Little Pig, she let Brer Wolf in, en Brer Wolf, he let Little Pig in, en w'at mo' kin you ax dan dat? Nex' time Brer Wolf pay a call, he drop in on Speckle Pig, en rap at de do' en sing his song,—

"'Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"But Speckle Pig, she kinder 'spicion sump'n', en she 'fuse ter open de do'. Yit Brer Wolf mighty 'seetful man, en he talk mighty saf' en he talk mighty sweet. Bimeby, he git he nose in de crack er de do' en he say ter Speckle Pig, sezee, fer ter des let 'im git one paw in, en den he won't go no furder. He git de paw in, en den he beg fer ter git de yuther paw in, en den w'en he git dat in he beg fer ter git he head in, en den w'en he git he head in, en he paws in, co'se all he got ter do is ter shove de do' open en walk right in; en w'en marters stan' dat way, 't wan't long 'fo' he done make fresh meat er Speckle Pig.

"Nex' day, he make way wid Blunt, en de day atter, he 'low dat he make a pass at Runt. Now, den, right dar

[1] Compliment.

whar ole Brer Wolf slip up at. He lak some folks w'at I knows. He'd er' bin mighty smart, ef he had n't er bin too smart. Runt wuz de littles' one er de whole gang, yit all de same news done got out dat she 'uz pestered wid sense like grown folks.

"Brer Wolf, he crope up ter Runt house, en he got un'need de winder, he did, en he sing out, —

"'Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"But all de same, Brer Wolf can't coax Runt fer ter open de do', en needer kin he break in, kaze de house done made outer rock. Bimeby Brer Wolf make out he done gone off, en den atter while he come back en knock at de do' — *blam, blam, blam!*

"Runt she sot by de fier, she did, en sorter scratch 'er year, en holler out, —

"'Who dat?' sez she.

"'Hit's Speckle Pig,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee, 'twix' a snort en a grunt. 'I fotch yer some peas fer you' dinner!'

"Runt, she tuck 'n' laugh, she did, en holler back, —

"'Sis Speckle Pig ain't never talk thoo dat many toofies."

"Brer Wolf go off 'g'in, en bimeby he come back en knock. Runt she sot en rock, en holler out, —

"'Who dat?'

"'Big Pig,' sez Brer Wolf. 'I fotch some sweet-co'n fer yo' supper.'

"Runt, she look thoo de crack un'need de do', en laugh en say, sez she, —

"'Sis Big Pig ain't had no ha'r on 'er huff.'

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he git mad, he did, en say he gwine come down de chimbley, en Runt, she say, sez she, dat de onliest way wa't he kin git in; en den' w'en she year Brer Wolf clam'in' up on de outside er de chimbley, she tuck 'n' pile up a whole lot er broom sage front er de h'a'th, en w'en she year 'im clam'in' down on de inside, she tuck de tongs en shove de straw on de fier, en de smoke make Brer Wolf head swim, en he drap down, en 'fo' he know it he 'uz done bu'nt ter a cracklin'; en dat wuz de las' er ole Brer Wolf. Leas'ways," added Uncle Remus, putting in a cautious proviso to fall back upon in case of an emergency, "leas'ways, hit 'uz de las' er dat Brer Wolf."

HOW BROTHER FOX FAILED TO GET HIS GRAPES

By Joel Chandler Harris

ONE night the little boy failed to make his appearance at the accustomed hour, and the next morning the intelligence that the child was sick went forth from the "big house." Uncle Remus was told that it had been necessary during the night to call in two physicians. When this information was imparted to the old man, there was an expression upon his countenance of awe not unmixed with indignation. He gave vent to the latter,—

"Dar now! Two un um! W'en dat chile rize up, ef rize up he do, he'll des nat'ally be a shadder. Yer I is, gwine on eighty year, en I ain't tuck none er dat ar doctor truck yit, ceppin' it's dish yer flas' er poke-root w'at ole Miss Favers fix up fer de stiffness in my j'ints. Dey'll come en dey'll go, en dey'll po' in der jollup yer en slap on der fly-plarster dar, en sprinkle der calomy yander, twel bimeby dat chile won't look like hisse'f. Dat's w'at! En mo'n dat, hit's mighty kuse unter me dat ole folks kin go 'long en stan' up ter de rack en gobble up der 'lowance, en yit chilluns is got ter be strucken down. Ef Miss Sally'll des tu'n dem doctor mens loose onter me, I lay I lick up der physic twel dey go off 'stonish'd."

But no appeal of this nature was made to Uncle Remus. The illness of the little boy was severe, but not fatal. He took his medicine and improved, until finally even the doctors pronounced him convalescent. But he was very weak, and it was a fortnight before he was permitted to leave his bed. He was restless, and yet his term of imprisonment was full of pleasure. Every night after supper Uncle Remus would creep softly into the back piazza, place his hat carefully on the floor, rap gently on the door by way of announcement, and so pass into the nursery. How patient his vigils, how tender his ministrations, only the mother of the little boy knew; how comfortable and refreshing the change from the bed to the strong arms of Uncle Remus, only the little boy could say.

Almost the first manifestation of the child's convalescence was the renewal of his interest in the wonderful adventures of Brother Rabbit, Brother Fox, and the other brethren who flourished in that strange past over which this modern Æsop had thrown a veil of fable. "Miss Sally," as Uncle Remus called the little boy's mother, sitting in an adjoining room, heard the youngster pleading for a story, and after a while she heard the old man clear up his throat with a great affectation of formality, and begin.

"Dey ain't ska'cely no p'int whar old Brer Rabbit en ole Brer Fox made der 'greements side wid one er 'n'er; let 'lone dat, dey wuz one p'int 'twix' um w'ich it wuz same ez fier en tow, en dat wuz Miss Meadows en de gals. Little ez you might 'speck, dem same creeturs wuz bofe un um flyin' 'roun' Miss Meadows en de gals.

Ole Brer Rabbit, he'd go dar, en dar he'd fine old Brer Fox settin' up gigglin' wid de gals, en den he'd skuze hisse'f, he would, en gallop down de big road a piece, en paw up de san' same lak dat ar bal'-face steer w'at tuck 'n' tuck off yo' pa' coat-tail las' Feberwary. En lakwise ole Brer Fox, he'd sa'nter in, en fine old man Rab settin' 'longside er de gals, en den he'd go out down de road en grab a simmon-bush in he mouf, en nat'ally gnyaw de bark off'n it. In dem days, honey," continued Uncle Remus, responding to a look of perplexity on the child's face, "creeturs wuz wuss dan w'at dey is now. Dey wuz dat — lots wuss.

"Dey went on dis a-way twel, bimeby, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter cas' 'roun', he did, fer ter see ef he can't bus' inter some er Brer Fox 'rangerments, en, atter w'ile, one day w'en he wer' settin' down by de side er de road wukkin up de diffunt oggyment w'at strak pun he mine, en fixin' up he tricks, des 'bout dat time he year a clatter up de long green lane, en yer come ole Brer Fox — *too-bookity — bookity — bookity-book* — lopin' 'long mo' samer dan a bay colt in de bolly-patch. En he wuz all primp up, too, mon, en he look slick en shiny lak he des come outen de sto'. Ole man Rab, he sot dar, he did, en w'en ole Brer Fox came gallopin' 'long, Brer Rabbit, he up 'n' hail 'im. Brer Fox, he fotch up, en dey pass de time er day wid one er nudder monst'us perlite; en den, bimeby atter w'ile, Brer Rabbit, he up 'n' say, sezee, dat he got some mighty good news fer Brer Fox; en Brer Fox, he up 'n' ax 'im w'at is it. Den Brer Rabbit, he sorter scratch he year wid his behime foot, en say, sezee, —

"'I wuz takin' a walk day 'fo' yistiddy,' sezee, 'w'en de fus' news I know'd I run up gin de bigges' en de fattes' bunch er grapes dat I ever lay eyes on. Dey wuz dat fat en dat big,' sezee, 'dat de nat'al juice wuz des drappin' fum um, en de bees wuz a-swawmin' atter de honey, en little ole Jack Sparrer en all er his fambly conneckshun wuz skeetin' 'roun' dar dippin' in der bills,' sezee.

"Right den en dar," Uncle Remus went on, "Brer Fox mouf 'gun ter water, en he look outer he eye like he de bes' frien' w'at Brer Rabbit got in de roun' worl'. He done fergit all 'bout de gals, en he sorter sidle up ter Brer Rabbit, he did, en he say, sezee,—

"'Come on, Brer Rabbit,' sezee, 'en less you 'n' me go git dem ar grapes 'fo' deyer all gone,' sezee. En den ole Brer Rabbit, he laff, he did, en up 'n' 'spon', sezee,—

"'I hungry myse'f, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but I ain't hankerin' atter grapes, en I'll be in monst'us big luck ef I kin rush 'roun' yer some'rs en scrape up a bait er pusley time nuff fer ter keep de breff in my body. En yit,' sezee, 'ef you take 'n' rack off atter deze yer grapes, w'at Miss Meadows en de gals gwine do? I lay dey got yo' name in de pot,' sezee.

"'Ez ter dat,' sez ole Brer Fox, sezee, 'I kin drap 'roun' en see de ladies atterwards,' sezee.

"'Well, den, ef dat's yo' game,' sez ole man Rab, sezee, 'I kin squot right flat down yer on de groun' en p'int out de way des de same ez leadin' you dar by de han',' sezee; en den Brer Rabbit sorter chaw on he cud lak he gedder'n up his 'membunce, en he up 'n' say, sezee,—

"'You know dat ar place whar you went atter sweetgum fer Miss Meadows en de gals t'er day?' sezee.

"Brer Fox 'low dat he know dat ar place same ez he do he own tater-patch.

"'Well, den,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'de grapes ain't dar. You git ter de sweetgum,' sezee, 'en den you go up de branch twel you come ter a little patch er bamboo-brier—but de grapes ain't dar. Den you follow yo' lef' han' en strike 'cross de hill twel you come ter dat big red-oak root—but de grapes ain't dar. On you goes down de hill twel you come ter 'n'er branch, en on dat branch dar 's a dogwood-tree leanin' 'way over, en nigh dat dogwood dar 's a vine, en in dat vine, dar you 'll fine yo' grapes. Deyer dat ripe,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat dey look like deyer done melt tergedder, en I speck you 'll fine um full er bugs, but you kin take dat fine bushy tail er yone, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'en bresh dem bugs away.'

"Brer Fox 'low he much 'blige, en den he put out atter de grapes in a han'-gallop, en w'en he done got outer sight, en likewise outer year'n, Brer Rabbit, he take 'n' git a blade er grass, he did, en tickle hisse'f in de year, en den he holler en laff, en laff en holler, twel he hatter lay down fer ter git he breff back 'gin.

"Den, atter so long time, Brer Rabbit he jump up, he do, en take atter Brer Fox, but Brer Fox, he ain't look ter de right ner de lef', en needer do he look behime; he des keep a-rackin' 'long twel he come ter de sweetgum-tree, en den he tu'n up de branch twel he come ter de bamboo-brier, en den he tu'n squar ter de lef' twel he come ter de big red-oak root, en den he keep on down

de hill twel he come ter de yuther branch, en dar he see de dogwood; en mo 'n dat, dar nigh de dogwood he see de vine, en in dat vine dar wuz de big bunch er grapes. Sho' nuff, dey wuz all kivvud wid bugs.

"Ole Brer Rabbit, he 'd bin a-pushin' 'long atter Brer Fox, but he des hatter scratch gravel fer ter keep up. Las' he hove in sight, en he lay off in de weeds, he did, fer ter watch Brer Fox motions. Present'y Brer Fox crope up de leanin' dogwood-tree twel he come nigh de grapes, en den he sorter ballunce hisse'f on a lim' en gun um a swipe wid his big bushy tail, fer ter bresh off de bugs. But, bless yo' soul, honey! no sooner is he done dat dan he fetch a squall w'ich Miss Meadows vow atterwards she year plum ter her house, en down he come — *kerblim!*"

"What was the matter, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

"Law, honey! dat 'seetful Brer Rabbit done fool ole Brer Fox. Dem ar grapes all so fine wuz needer mo' ner less dan a great big was'-nes', en dem bugs wuz deze yer red wassies, — deze yer speeshy w'at 's rank pizen fum een' ter een'. W'en Brer Fox drap fum de tree de wassies dey drap wid 'im, en de way dey wom ole Brer Fox up wuz sinful. Dey ain't mo 'n tetch 'im 'fo' dey had 'im het up ter de b'ilin' p'int. Brer Fox, he run, en he kick, en he scratch, en he bite, en he scramble, en he holler, en he howl, but look lak dey git wuss en wuss. One time, hit seem lak Brer Fox en his new 'quaintance wuz makin' todes Brer Rabbit, but dey ain't no sooner p'int dat way dan ole Brer Rabbit, he up 'n' make a break, en he went sailin' thoo de woods

wuss 'n wunner dese whully-win's, en he ain't stop twel he fetch up at Miss Meadows'.

"Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ax 'im, dey did, wharbouts wuz Brer Fox, en Brer Rabbit, he up 'n' 'spon' dat he done gone a-grape-huntin', en den Miss Meadows, she 'low, she did,—

"'Laws, gals! is you ever year de beat er dat? En dat, too, w'en Brer Fox done say he comin' ter dinner,' sez she. 'I lay I done wid Brer Fox, kaze you can't put no pennunce in deze yer men-folks,' sez she. 'Yer de dinner bin done dis long time, en we bin a-waitin' lak de quality. But now I'm done wid Brer Fox,' sez she.

"Wid dat, Miss Meadows en de gals dey ax Brer Rabbit fer ter stay ter dinner, en Brer Rabbit, he sorter make like he wanter be skuze, but bimeby he tuck a cheer en sot um out. He tuck a cheer," continued Uncle Remus, "en he ain't bin dar long twel he look out en spy ole Brer Fox gwine 'long by, en w'at do Brer Rabbit do but call Miss Meadows en de gals en p'int 'im out. Soon 's dey seed 'im dey sot up a monst'us gigglement, kaze Brer Fox wuz dat swell up twel little mo 'n' he'd a bus'. He head wuz swell up, en down ter he legs, dey wuz swell up. Miss Meadows, she up 'n' say dat Brer Fox look like he done gone en got all de grapes dey wuz in de neighborhoods, en one er de yuther gals, she squeal, she did, en say,—

"'Law, ain't you 'shame', en right yer 'fo' Brer Rabbit!'

"En den dey hilt der han's 'fo' deir face en giggle des like gals duz deze days."

WHY BROTHER BEAR HAS NO TAIL

By Joel Chandler Harris

I 'CLAR ter gracious, honey," Uncle Remus exclaimed one night, as the little boy ran in, "you sholy ain't chaw'd yo' vittles. Hit ain't bin no time, ska'cely, sence de supper-bell rung, en ef you go on dis a-way, you'll des nat'ally pe'sh yo'se'f out."

"Oh, I was n't hungry," said the little boy. "I had something before supper, and I was n't hungry anyway."

The old man looked keenly at the child, and presently he said,—

"De ins en de outs er dat kinder talk all come ter de same p'int in my min'. Youer bin a-cuttin' up at de table, en Mars John, he tuck 'n 'sont you 'way fum dar, en w'iles he think youer off some'rs a-snifflin' en a-feelin' bad, yer you is a-high-primin' 'roun' des lak you done had mo' supper dan de King er Philanders."

Before the little boy could inquire about the King of Philanders he heard his father calling him. He started to go out, but Uncle Remus motioned him back.

"Des set right whar you is, honey — des set right still."

Then Uncle Remus went to the door and answered

for the child; and a very queer answer it was — one that could be heard half over the plantation, —

"Mars John, I wish you en Miss Sally be so good ez ter let dat chile 'lone. He down yer cryin' he eyes out, en he ain't bodderin' 'long er nobody in de roun' worl'."

Uncle Remus stood in the door a moment to see what the reply would be, but he heard none. Thereupon he continued, in the same loud tone, —

"I ain't bin use ter no sich gwines on in Ole Miss time, en I ain't gwine git use ter it now. Dat I ain't."

Presently 'Tildy, the house-girl, brought the little boy his supper, and the girl was no sooner out of hearing than the child swapped it with Uncle Remus for a roasted yam, and the enjoyment of both seemed to be complete.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, after a while, "you know I was n't crying just now!"

"Dat's so, honey," the old man replied, "but 't would n't er bin long 'fo' you would er bin, kaze Mars John bawl out lak a man w'at got a strop in he han', so w'at de diff'unce?"

When they had finished eating, Uncle Remus busied himself in cutting and trimming some sole-leather for future use. His knife was so keen, and the leather fell away from it so smoothly and easily, that the little boy wanted to trim some himself. But to this Uncle Remus would not listen.

"'T ain't on'y chilluns w'at got de consate er doin' eve'ything dey see yuther folks do. Hit's grown folks w'at oughter know better," said the old man. "Dat's

des de way Brer B'ar git his tail broke off smick-smack-smoove, en down ter dis day he de funnies'-lookin' creetur w'at wobble on top er dry groun'."

Instantly the little boy forgot all about Uncle Remus's sharp knife.

"Hit seem lak dat in dem days Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin done gone in cahoots fer ter outdo de t'er creeturs. One time Brer Rabbit tuck 'n' make a call on Brer Tarrypin, but w'en he git ter Brer Tarrypin house, he year talk fum Miss Tarrypin dat her ole man done gone fer ter spen' de day wid Mr. Mud-Turkle, w'ich dey wuz blood kin. Brer Rabbit he put out atter Brer Tarrypin, en w'en he got ter Mr. Mud-Turkle house, dey all sot up, dey did, en tole tales, en den w'en twelf er'clock come dey had crawfish fer dinner, en dey 'joy deyse'f right erlong. Atter dinner dey went down ter Mr. Mud-Turkle mill-pon', en w'en dey git dar Mr. Mud-Turkle en Brer Tarrypin dey 'muse deyse'f, dey did, wid slidin' fum de top uv a big slantin' rock down inter de water.

"I 'speck you moughter seen rocks in de water 'fo' now, whar dey git green en slipp'y," said Uncle Remus.

The little boy had not only seen them, but had found them to be very dangerous to walk upon, and the old man continued,—

"Well, den, dish yer rock wuz mighty slick en mighty slantin'. Mr. Mud-Turkle, he'd crawl ter de top, en tu'n loose, en go a-sailin' down inter de water — *kersplash!* Ole Brer Tarrypin, he'd foller atter, en slide down inter de water — *kersplash!* Ole Brer Rabbit, he sot off, he did, en praise um up.

"W'iles dey wuz a-gwine on dis a-way, a-havin' der fun, en 'joyin' deyse'f, yer come ole Brer B'ar. He year um laffin' en holl'in', en he hail um.

"'Heyo, folks! W'at all dis? Ef my eye ain't 'ceive me, dish yer's Brer Rabbit, en Brer Tarrypin, en ole Unk' Tommy Mud-Turkle,' sez Brer B'ar, sezee.

"'De same,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en yer we is 'joyin' de day dat passes des lak dey wan't no hard times.'

"'Well, well, well!' sez ole Brer B'ar, sezee, 'a-slippin' en a-slidin' en makin' free! En w'at de matter wid Brer Rabbit dat he ain't j'inin' in?' sezee.

"Ole Brer Rabbit he wink at Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Tarrypin he hunch Mr. Mud-Turkle, en den Brer Rabbit he up 'n' 'low, he did,—

"'My goodness, Brer B'ar! you can't 'speck a man fer ter slip en slide de whole blessid day, kin you? I done had my fun, en now I'm a-settin' out yer lettin' my cloze dry. Hit's tu'n en tu'n about wid me en deze gents w'en dey's any fun gwine on,' sezee.

"'Maybe Brer B'ar might jine in wid us,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit he des holler en laff.

"'Shoo!' sezee, 'Brer B'ar foot too big en he tail too long fer ter slide down dat rock,' sezee.

"Dis kinder put Brer B'ar on he mettle, en he up 'n' 'spon', he did,—

"'Maybe dey is, en maybe dey ain't, yit I ain't a-feared ter try.'

"Wid dat de yuthers tuck 'n' made way fer 'im, en ole Brer B'ar he git up on de rock, he did, en squot down on

"'I YEAR TELL DAT FLAXSEED POULTICES IS MIGHTY GOOD FER SO' PLACES!'"

he hunkers, en quile he tail und' 'im, en start down. Fus' he go sorter slow, en he grin lak he feel good; den he go sorter peart, en he grin lak he feel bad; den he go mo' pearter, en he grin lak he skeerd; den he strack de slick part, en, gentermens! he swaller de grin, en fetch a howl dat moughter bin yeard a mile, en he hit de water lak a chimbly a-fallin'.

"You kin gimme denial," Uncle Remus continued after a little pause, "but des ez sho' ez you er settin' dar, w'en Brer B'ar slick'd up en flew down dat rock, he break off he tail right smick-smack-smoove, en mo'n dat, w'en he made his disappear'nce up de big road, Brer Rabbit holler out,—

"'Brer B'ar! — O Brer B'ar! I year tell dat flaxseed poultices is mighty good fer so' places!'

"Yit Brer B'ar ain't look back."

STORIES OLD AND NEW

FABLES FROM ÆSOP

THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS

THERE was a man who once had a very handsome goose, that always laid golden eggs. Now, he thought there must be gold inside of her, so he wrung her neck straightway, and found she was exactly like all other geese. He thought to find riches, and lost the little he had.

The fable teaches that one who has anything should be content with it, and avoid covetousness, lest he lose what he has.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

A COMPANY of idle boys were watching some frogs by the side of a pond, and as fast as any of the frogs lifted their heads the boys would pelt them down again with stones.

"Boys," said one of the frogs, "you forget that, though this may be fun for you, it is death to us."

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF

A SHEPHERD-BOY who kept his flock a little way from a village for some time amused himself with this sport: he would call loudly on the villagers to come to his help, crying, "Wolf! wolf! the wolves are among my lambs!" Twice, three times the vil-

lagers were startled, and hurried out, and went back laughed at, when finally the wolves really did come. And as the wolves made way with the flock, and he ran crying for help, they supposed him only at his old joke, and paid no attention. And so he lost all his flock.

It only shows that people who tell lies get this for their pains, that nobody believes them when they speak the truth.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A MOUSE happened to run into the mouth of a sleeping lion, who roused himself, caught him, and was just about eating him, when the little fellow begged him to let him go, saying, "If I am saved, I shall be everlastingly grateful." So, with a smile, the lion let him off. It befell him not long after to be saved by the mouse's gratitude, for when he was caught by some hunters and bound by ropes to a tree, the mouse, hearing his roaring groans, came and gnawed the ropes, and set him free, saying, "You laughed at me once, as if you could receive no return from me, but now, you see, it is you who have to be grateful to me."

The story shows that there come sudden changes of affairs, when the most powerful owe everything to the weakest.

THE SUN AND THE WIND

THERE happened a controversy betwixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the stronger of the two, and they put the point upon this issue: There was a traveler upon the way, and which of the two could

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make him throw off his cloak should gain his case. The Wind fell presently a-storming, and threw hail shot over and above in the very teeth of him. The man wrapped himself closer, and kept advancing still in spite of the weather; but this gust in a short time blew over, and then the sun broke out, and fell to work upon him with his beams, but still he pushed forward, till in the end he was forced to quit his cloak, and lay himself down upon the ground in a cool shade for his relief, so that the sun, in the conclusion, carried the point.

BELLING THE CAT

THERE was a sly cat, it seems, in a certain house, and the mice were so plagued with her at every turn that they called a court to advise upon some ways to prevent being surprised. "If you 'll be ruled by me," says one of the mice, "there's nothing like hanging a bell about the cat's neck, to give warning beforehand when Puss is coming." They all looked upon it as a capital contrivance. "Well," says another, "and now we are agreed upon the bell, say who shall put it about the cat's neck?" But there was no one ready to bell the cat.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY fox discovered some bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up a tree, and, as he gazed, longed to get at them, and could not; so he left them hanging there and went off muttering, "They're sour grapes."

THE FROG AND THE OX

AN ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news. "O mother," said he, "it was a beast — such a big four-footed beast, that did it!" "Big?" quoth the old frog, "How big? was it as big" — and she puffed herself out — "as big as this?" "Oh, a great deal bigger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." The old frog made one more trial, determined to be as big as the ox, and burst herself, indeed.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG made his bed in a manger, where he neither ate the grain himself, nor let the cow eat it, who could.

THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

A CAT and a monkey were sitting one day in the chimney corner watching some chestnuts which their master had laid down to roast in the ashes. The chestnuts had begun to burst with the heat, and the monkey said to the cat, "It is plain that your paws were made especially for pulling out those chestnuts. Do

you reach forth and draw them out. Your paws are, indeed, exactly like our master's hands." The cat was greatly flattered by this speech, and reached forward for the tempting chestnuts, but scarcely had he touched the hot ashes than he drew back with a cry, for he had burnt his paw; but he tried again, and managed to pull one chestnut out; then he pulled another, and a third, though each time he singed the hair on his paws. When he could pull no more out he turned about and found that the monkey had taken the time to crack the chestnuts and eat them.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILKPAIL

A COUNTRY maid was walking slowly along with a pail of milk upon her head, and thinking thus: —

"The money for which I shall sell this milk will buy me three hundred eggs. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addled, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always brings a good price, so that by May-day I shall have money enough to buy a new gown. Let me see — green suits me; yes, it shall be green. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will want me for a partner, but I shall refuse every one of them." By this time she was so full of her fancy that she tossed her head proudly, when over went the pail, which she had entirely forgotten, and all the milk was spilled on the ground.

Moral. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

THE FOX IN THE WELL

AN unlucky fox dropped into a well, and cried out for help. A wolf overheard him, and looked down to see what the matter was. "Ah," says Reynard, "pray lend me your hand, friend, and get me out of this." "Poor creature," says the wolf, "how did this come about? how long hast thou been here? thou must be mighty cold." "Come, come," says the fox, "this is no time for pitying and asking questions; get me out of the well first, and I will tell you all about it afterward."

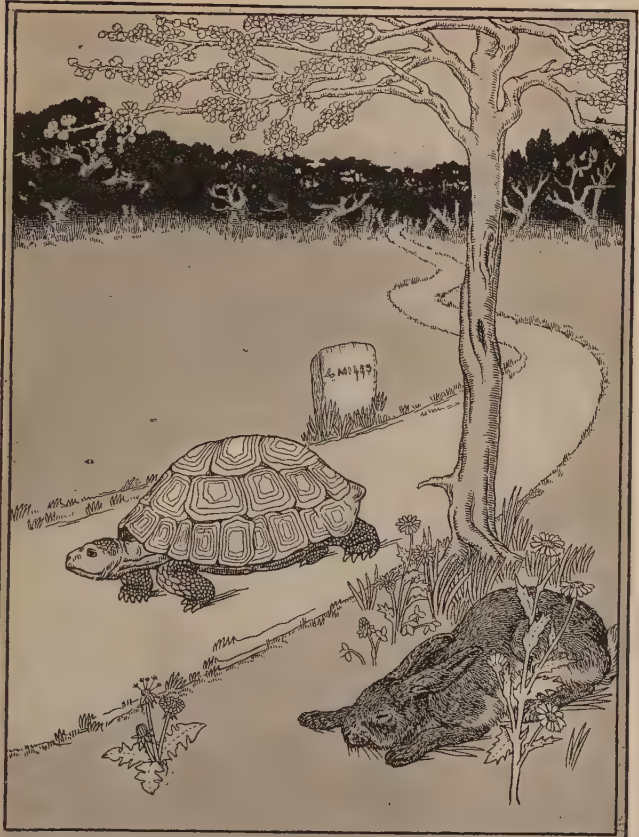
THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

THE Ass once dressed himself in the Lion's skin and went about frightening all the little beasts. Now he happened on the Fox, and tried to frighten him too; but the Fox chanced to hear him speak, and said: "Well, to be sure, I should have been frightened too, if I had n't heard you bray, and seen your ears sticking out."

So there are some men who make themselves appear very fine outwardly, but are betrayed as soon as they begin to talk.

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

WHAT a dull, heavy creature," says the Hare, "is this Tortoise!" "And yet," says the Tortoise, "I'll run with you for a wager." "Done," says the Hare, and then they asked the Fox to be the judge.



THE·HARE AND THE·TORTOISE

THEY STARTED TOGETHER, AND THE TORTOISE KEPT JOGGING ON STILL, TILL HE CAME TO THE END OF THE COURSE. THE HARE LAID HIMSELF DOWN MIDWAY AND TOOK A NAP; "FOR," SAYS HE, "I CAN CATCH UP WITH THE TORTOISE WHEN I PLEASE"

They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on still, till he came to the end of the course. The Hare laid himself down midway and took a nap; "for," says he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please." But it seems he overslept himself, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as possible, the Tortoise had got to the post before him and won the wager.

Slow and steady wins the race.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

AS a dog was crossing a river with a morsel of good flesh in his mouth, he saw, as he thought, a bigger piece in the water; so he dropped what he had, to catch at what was a shadow, and lost both.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

THERE was a brood of young larks in a field of corn, which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of the crops. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbors and get my corn reaped." When the old lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbors, he will have to wait a while yet for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again,

and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe, and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he; "we cannot depend upon our neighbors: we must call in our relations," and turning to his son, "Go, call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow." In still greater fear the young ones repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, for the relations have got harvest work of their own; but take particular notice what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know." She went abroad the next day, and the owner, coming as before, and finding the grain falling to the ground from over-ripeness, and still no one at work, called to his son, "We must wait for our neighbors and friends no longer; do you go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves to-morrow." When the young ones told their mother this, "Then," said she, "it is time to be off indeed; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

THE FOX AND THE STORK

THE Fox invited the Stork to sup with him, and placed a shallow dish on the table, out of which it was impossible for the Stork, with her long bill, to get anything, while the Fox could lap up the food with his tongue, and so the Fox had the laugh on the Stork. The Stork, in her turn, invited the Fox to dine with her, and she placed the food in a long-necked jar, from which

she could easily feed with her bill, while the Fox could get nothing, and that was tit for tat.

Rudeness sometimes gets paid with a just retaliation.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

By Jane Taylor

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: —

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate. "As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who

have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do." "As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

"This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours — perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?" The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

"Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so

have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum. "Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

THE GOLDEN EGG AND THE COCK OF GOLD

Adapted by Horace Elisha Scudder

PROBABLY you have heard the story about the hen that laid the golden eggs; that is a story well known among the hens, also, who are the ones most concerned about it. The event happened many years ago, but the memory of it has been handed down from hen to chicken, to the present day; it happened in the East, but wherever hens are found, there is the story told. You may well believe that so wonderful a story excites the greatest interest. There is not a chicken that grows up that does not hope to discover the secret or receive the power of laying golden eggs, and not a hen lays an egg of any sort, but she cackles immoderately as soon as she has done it, in hopes of its proving golden. It would be tiresome to tell of all the tricks that foolish hens have played, trying to deceive others into the belief that their eggs were golden. But one thing is certain, — at a period not indeed within the memory of any hens now living, and yet for all that, not so very long ago, there was a Hen who succeeded, and it was thus.

She had wandered beyond the limits of the farmyard, and had strayed into a gentleman's place. As she walked about, trying the yard and scratching in the garden, she came upon a Flamingo that stood, as was its wont,

upon one leg, having tucked the other away somewhere, and so appeared to be driven into the ground. The Hen stood for some time before it, unable to make up her mind whether this strange creature were alive or not. She also stood upon one leg, curling up the toes of the other.

The Flamingo saw her, and at last winked. The Hen then made bold to speak.

"Good-morrow," said she, "excuse me, but how do you get about on one leg? or are you driven in?"

This would have been impertinent if the Hen had not been very simple, and ignorant of the world's ways.

"I am well enough," said the Flamingo, with dignity. "I have something better to do than to go gadding about. I reflect upon things and make up my mind about matters in general."

When the Hen heard this, a sudden thought entered her mind, — the only thought, indeed, that hens ever have that does not directly concern their everyday life.

"Are you a wise bird?" she asked.

The Flamingo nodded. "You may well say so."

"Then perhaps you can tell me how the hen laid the golden egg."

"I know all about it," said the Flamingo. "I had it from the storks, and they visit the East and Egypt and Persia. It was in that neighborhood that it happened. An old woman had a hen."

"I know the story by heart," said his companion. "I pray you come to the point, for I am anxious to hear."

"I must begin at the beginning," said the Flamingo. "An old woman had a hen" —

"Yes, I know," said the Hen, "and she laid golden eggs. But how did she lay them? that's the thing."

"I advise you to learn manners," said the Flamingo. "An old woman had a hen, and she laid golden eggs, one each day, and the old woman thought: 'One a day is not enough; if the hen has so many eggs in her, 't would be best to cut her open, and have all the eggs at once;' so she took a knife and cut her open, and lo! there were no eggs there at all. Moral" —

"Is the moral how she laid her eggs?" asked the Hen, interrupting.

"Moral!" repeated the Flamingo. "Be content with what you have."

"But how were the eggs laid?" persisted the Hen.

"That never was known," said the Flamingo.

"But you promised to tell me."

"Will you let me finish?" said the other, quite angrily. "I have a great mind not to tell you. But you never can lay golden eggs," he added contemptuously. "Nevertheless, what the storks told me I have no objections to repeating, only you must not interrupt me."

"Only go on," said the Hen.

"Well, the storks know everything, and every year they come north and tell it. They don't come about here. I heard this when I was abroad. You need not imagine I always lived here," and the Flamingo looked about with contempt.

"Did you live on the Hill?" asked the Hen. "One of our roosters came from there."

"The Hill! I came from across the water."

"I know," said the Hen, in a lively fashion, "our duck has told me about it. She has swum the longest way. But do go on. I won't interrupt."

The Flamingo thought at first he would not reply, but he was anxious to show his wisdom, and so he went on.

"The storks have told me that the thing has been done since. This is the way. You must go out the coldest evening in winter, just when the rest are going to roost, and lay an egg in the thorn-bush. You must watch it till morning, standing by the side of it; when the sun rises, the first rays that touch the egg will turn it to gold. This I have heard, and it is no doubt true. I have composed a moral about it. It is always" —

"Good-night," said the Hen. "I should be very glad to stay and hear you talk, but it is getting late," and she went off.

"An ill-mannered thing," said the Flamingo, and he put his other leg down and walked away.

It was now midwinter and the coldest night had come. This was known to the ducks, for they could tell by the coldness of the water. You may easily believe that the Hen had remembered what was told her, and that she had told no one else. When the rest had gone to roost she was not to be found, but it was too cold to go for her. In the morning, however, as the others were going about the garden picking up what little they could, and trying to scratch the frozen ground, they came to the thorn-bush. What did they see! In the bush a gold egg, but by the egg the Hen, frozen

stiff. She had indeed laid the egg, she had watched by it bravely and faithfully, but when the morning rays turned the egg to gold they could not warm into life the icy Hen. The assembled hens, chickens, and cocks stood around in awe. The cock of the yard stood by the side of the egg and crowed. Such a crow! It sounded like a trumpet, so triumphant, long, and clear! The chickens stood each upon one leg, utterly dumb with amazement. The hens said among themselves, "She never told us! and now how is one to know how it was done!"

But what was to be done with the egg? The cock decided. The speckled hen was to sit on it in a nest, and see what hatched forth. So the speckled hen sat. She sat fifty days, which was twenty more than usual, but she was determined the egg should hatch. She sat herself dead, for on the fiftieth day, just when the cock declared she should sit no more, she died, and there was the golden egg. He pecked it, but could not break the shell. They all pecked together, as many as could get around it, but still the shell would not break. They rolled it out of the nest on to the stone pavement. It rolled farther than they meant, for it kept rolling till it fell into the cistern, and the bravest duck dived in vain for it.

But the cock that had crowed so lustily over it — what did he think?

"To lay golden eggs," said he, "may be very fine, — I don't say it is; but as for me, I will be a golden cock, that will be worth while. Other hens have laid golden eggs. I will be the first golden cock."

But how was that to be done? He asked nobody, he was too proud for that, but he thought all the more.

"The sun makes gold," said he. "There is no doubt about that; if once I can reach the sun I shall become a golden cock." He was a noble-looking fellow, and looked like a king among the meek hens of the yard.

"He is most as fine as an eagle," said a little boy to the man-servant, one day; "but he cannot fly so far, — the eagle can fly to the sun."

"Then I will fly with the eagle," said the cock, and he remembered it. In the summer he went into the woods, where he had seen an eagle alight. He was so grand a looking bird that the eagle listened to what he had to say.

"You can fly to the sun," said the cock. "I also would fly there, for I would see what it is like."

"Well, we will go in company," said the eagle; "are you ready?"

"Now," said the cock, and he lighted upon the eagle's back. Up flew the eagle in great circles. Still higher, — above woods and houses, always higher, but also toward the great city. They were now over it; now it was out of sight to the cock, for they were too high to see it. But the eagle could still see it. Higher still, — now the eagle could not see it. Higher and higher, until the eagle with the unusual weight was ready to drop.

"I cannot go farther," said he. The cock drove his spurs into his side.

"Up," he cried. The eagle made another dart.

"Though you spur me forever," said he then, "I

cannot go higher." The cock spread his wings and set up a clarion crow. The eagle dropped, while the cock flew up: one more flap, — he has touched the sun.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Bravo, chanticleer, cock of gold! It was his last crow. Turned to gold, indeed, he was, but the next moment he fell, — fell like a meteoric stone; he passed swiftly the eagle, who was sailing easily downward. Still he fell down! down! The city was below him. The spire of St. Nicholas's Church lifted its point upward! The cock of gold, down dropping, was transfixed upon it.

It is there to-day; when the wind turns, he turns, but he never crows, and yet — he is a cock of gold.

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES NEVER LOSE THEIR LEAVES

By Florence Holbrook

WINTER was coming, and the birds had flown far to the south, where the air was warm and they could find berries to eat. One little bird had broken its wing and could not fly with the others. It was alone in the cold world of frost and snow. The forest looked warm, and it made its way to the trees as well as it could, to ask for help.

First it came to a birch-tree. "Beautiful birch-tree," it said, "my wing is broken, and my friends have flown away. May I live among your branches till they come back to me?"

"No, indeed," answered the birch-tree, drawing her fair green leaves away. "We of the great forest have our own birds to help. I can do nothing for you."

"The birch is not very strong," said the little bird to itself, "and it might be that she could not hold me easily. I will ask the oak." So the bird said, "Great oak-tree, you are so strong, will you not let me live on your boughs till my friends come back in the springtime?"

"In the springtime!" cried the oak. "That is a long way off. How do I know what you might do in all

that time? Birds are always looking for something to eat, and you might even eat up some of my acorns."

"It may be that the willow will be kind to me," thought the bird, and it said, "Gentle willow, my wing is broken, and I could not fly to the south with the other birds. May I live on your branches till the springtime?"

The willow did not look gentle then, for she drew herself up proudly and said, "Indeed, I do not know you, and we willows never talk to people whom we do not know. Very likely there are trees somewhere that will take in strange birds. Leave me at once."

The poor little bird did not know what to do. Its wing was not yet strong, but it began to fly away as well as it could. Before it had gone far, a voice was heard. "Little bird," it said, "where are you going?"

"Indeed, I do not know," answered the bird sadly. "I am very cold."

"Come right here, then," said the friendly spruce-tree, for it was her voice that had called. "You shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you choose."

"Will you really let me?" asked the little bird eagerly.

"Indeed, I will," answered the kind-hearted spruce-tree. "If your friends have flown away, it is time for the trees to help you. Here is the branch where my leaves are thickest and softest."

"My branches are not very thick," said the friendly pine-tree, "but I am big and strong, and I can keep the north wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help too," said a little juniper-tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

So the spruce gave the lonely little bird a home, the pine kept the cold north wind away from it, and the juniper gave it berries to eat.

The other trees looked on and talked together wisely.

"I would not have strange birds on my boughs," said the birch.

"I shall not give my acorns away for any one," said the oak.

"I never have anything to do with strangers," said the willow, and the three trees drew their leaves closely about them.

In the morning all those shining green leaves lay on the ground, for a cold north wind had come in the night, and every leaf that it touched fell from the tree.

"May I touch every leaf in the forest?" asked the wind in its frolic.

"No," said the frost king. "The trees that have been kind to the little bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

This is why the leaves of the spruce, the pine, and the juniper are always green.

WHY THERE IS A MAN IN THE MOON

By Florence Holbrook

GOODMAN," said the goodwife, "you must go out into the forest and gather sticks for the fire. To-morrow will be Sunday, and we have no wood to burn."

"Yes, goodwife," answered the goodman, "I will go to the forest."

He did go to the forest, but he sat on a mossy rock and fished till it was dark, and so he brought home no wood. "The goodwife shall not know it," he thought. "I will go to the forest to-morrow morning and gather sticks."

When morning came, he crept softly out of the house when it was hardly light, and went to the forest. Soon he had as many sticks as he could carry, and he was starting for home when a voice called sternly, "Put those sticks down." He looked to the right, to the left, before him, behind him, and over his head. There was no one to be seen.

"Put those sticks down," said the voice again.

"Please, I do not dare to put them down," replied the goodman, trembling with fear. "They are to burn, and my wife cannot cook the dinner without them."

"You will have no dinner to-day," said the voice.

"The goodwife will not know that I did not gather them last night, and she will let me have some dinner. I am almost sure she will," the goodman replied.

"You must not gather sticks to-day," said the voice more sternly than ever. "It is Sunday. Put them down."

"Indeed, Mr. Voice, I dare not," whispered the goodman; and afar off he thought he heard his wife calling, "Goodman, where are you? There is no wood to burn."

"Will you put them down, or will you carry them forever?" cried the voice angrily.

"Truly, I cannot put them down, for I dare not go home without them," answered the goodman, shaking with fear from head to foot. "The goodwife would not like it."

"Then carry them forever," said the voice. "You care not for Sunday, and you shall never have another Sunday."

The goodman could not tell how it came about, but he felt himself being lifted, up, up, up, sticks and all, till he was in the moon.

"Here you shall stay," said the voice sternly. "You will not keep Sunday, and here you need not. This is the moon, and so it is always the moon's day, or Monday, and Monday it shall be with you always. Whenever any one looks up at the moon, he will say, 'See the man with the sticks on his back. He was taken to the moon because he gathered wood on Sunday.'"

"Oh, dear, oh dear," cried the goodman, "what will the goodwife say?"

WHY THE CAT ALWAYS FALLS UPON HER FEET

By Florence Holbrook

SOME magicians are cruel, but others are gentle and good to all the creatures of the earth. One of these good magicians was one day traveling in a great forest. The sun rose high in the heavens, and he lay down at the foot of a tree. Soft, green moss grew all about him. The sun shining through the leaves made flecks of light and shadow upon the earth. He heard the song of the bird and the lazy buzz of the wasp. The wind rustled the leafy boughs above him. All the music of the forest lulled him to slumber, and he closed his eyes.

As the magician lay asleep, a great serpent came softly from the thicket. It lifted high its shining crest and saw the man at the foot of the tree. "I will kill him!" it hissed. "I could have eaten that cat last night if he had not called, 'Watch, little cat, watch!' I will kill him, I will kill him!"

Closer and closer the deadly serpent moved. The magician stirred in his sleep. "Watch, little cat, watch!" he said softly. The serpent drew back, but the magician's eyes were shut, and it went closer. It hissed its war-cry. The sleeping magician did not move. The serpent was upon him — no, far up in the high

branches of the tree above his head the little cat lay hidden. She had seen the serpent when it came from the thicket. She watched it as it went closer and closer to the sleeping man, and she heard it hiss its war-cry. The little cat's body quivered with anger and with fear, for she was so little and the serpent was so big. "The magician was very good to me," she thought, and she leaped down upon the serpent.

Oh, how angry the serpent was! It hissed, and the flames shot from its eyes. It struck wildly at the brave little cat, but now the cat had no fear. Again and again she leaped upon the serpent's head, and at last the creature lay dead beside the sleeping man whom it had wished to kill.

When the magician awoke, the little cat lay on the earth, and not far away was the dead serpent. He knew at once what the cat had done, and he said, "Little cat, what can I do to show you honor for your brave fight? Your eyes are quick to see, and your ears are quick to hear. You can run very swiftly. I know what I can do for you. You shall be known over the earth as the friend of man, and you shall always have a home in the home of man. And one thing more, little cat: you leaped from the high tree to kill the deadly serpent, and now as long as you live, you shall leap where you will, and you shall always fall upon your feet."

END OF VOLUME I

SHE LEAPED DOWN UPON THE SERPENT